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N. C. WYETH

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BUGLER, SOUND THE ADVANCE!

HOW A GREAT LAWMAN DIED

—TILGHMAN'S LAST ASSIGNMENT—

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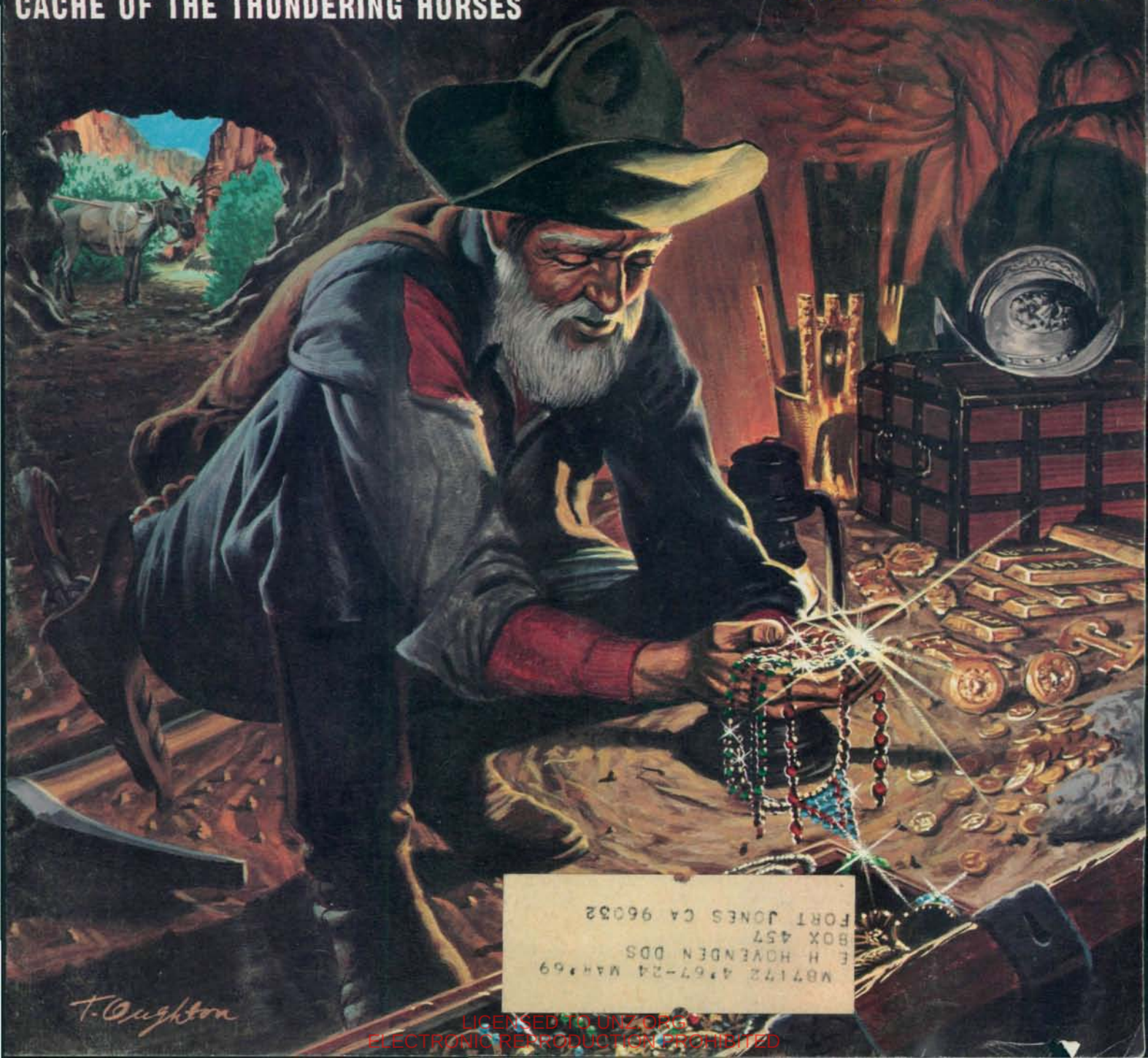

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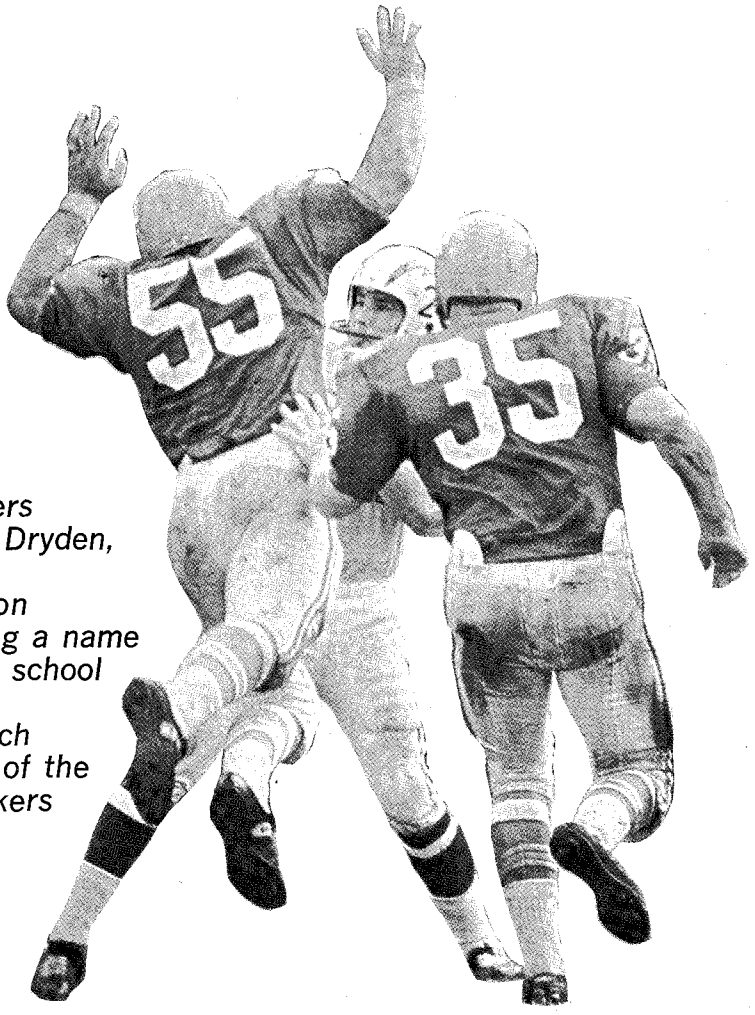

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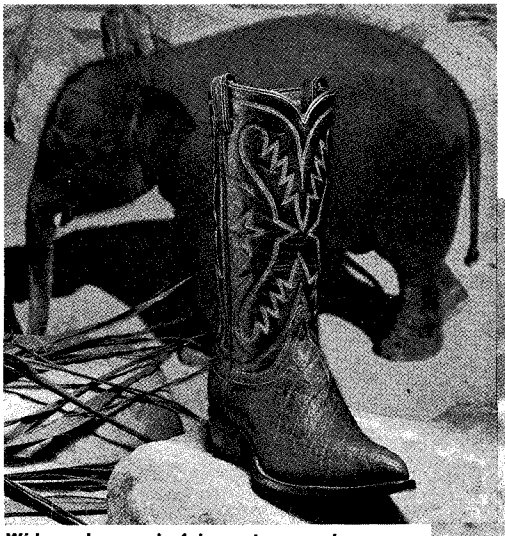

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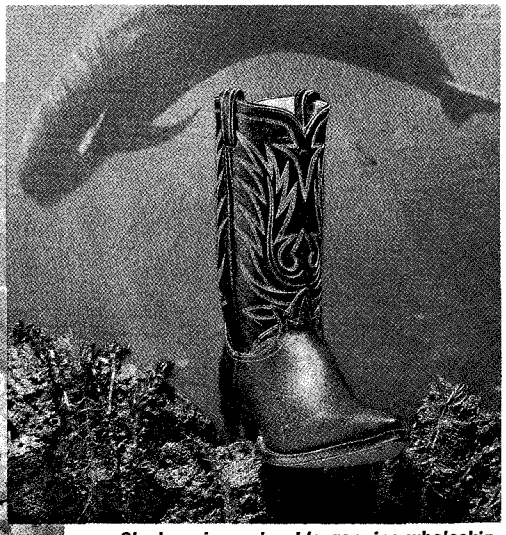

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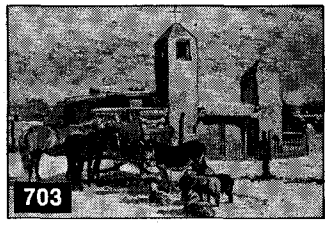
High-Tailed and Happy by **Randy Steffen**—Season's Greetings and many, many Good Wishes for a Happy Holiday Season.

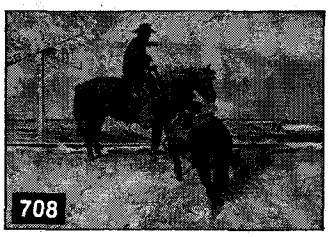
Greetings from Our Outfit to Yours by **Nick Eggenhofer**—With Best Wishes for Christmas and all the New Year.



Friends at the Feed Rack by **Robert Lougheed**—Peace and Good Will at Christmas and through all the New Year.

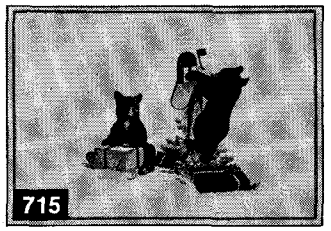
Peace on Earth by **Robert R. Lorenz**—May the Peace and Joy of Christmas be with you Today and all through the Year.

Holiday Whirl by **H. Goodwine**—Wishing you Happiness at this Holiday Season and through the New Year.



Waitin' for Christmas Company by **Robert Lougheed**—Bringing you every Good Wish for Happiness this Christmas and in the Coming Year.

Thinkin' of You at Christmas by **Gordon Snidow**—May every Happiness be yours at Christmas and throughout the New Year.

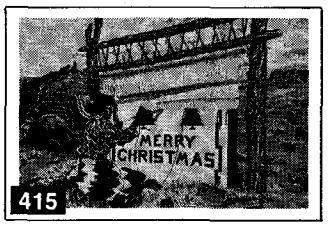


Christmas Capers by **Clark Bronson**—Holiday Greetings and Best Wishes for the New Year.

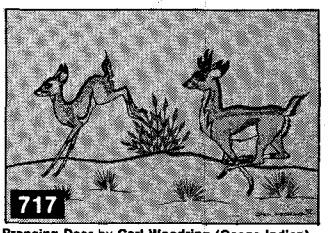
White Splendor by **Muriel Delaplaine (Mrs. Randy Steffen)**—Greetings of the Season and Best Wishes for the New Year.

Reflections of Yesteryears by **Fred Harman**—Christmas Blessings and Best Wishes for a Joyous New Year.

Rangeland Greetings by **James Emery Greer**—Holiday Greetings and Best Wishes for the New Year.

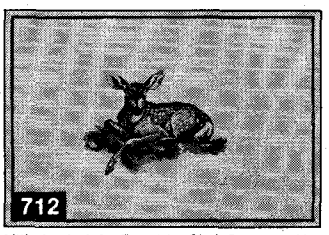


Navajo Weaver by **Robert R. Lorenz**—With Best Wishes for a Happy Holiday Season.

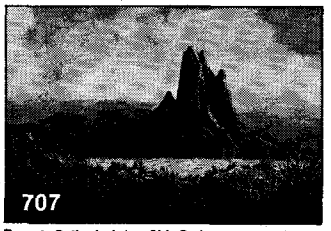


Prancing Deer by **Carl Woodring (Osage Indian)**—May the Great Spirit bring you Health and Happiness.

Rangeland Santa by **H. Goodwine**—Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.



Little Lord of the Forest by **Clark Bronson**—May the Peace and Happiness of the Yuletide Season be yours throughout the Coming Year.



Desert Cathedral by **Sid Cedargreen**—May the Blessings and Peace of Christmas be yours and Happiness fill each Day of the New Year.

Couldn't Wait by **Gordon Snidow**—Wishing you a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

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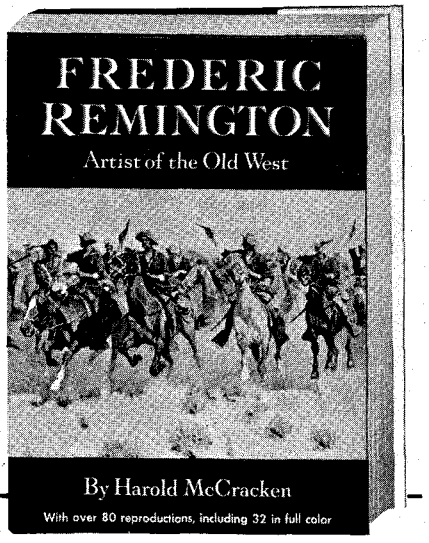

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A JOE SMALL PUBLICATION

November-December, 1967
Volume 15, No. 2
Whole No. 84

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real West

PAT WAGNER Editor	JOE AUSTELL SMALL Publisher	ROBERT SMALL Advertising
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In This Issue—

TRULY WESTERN 4
PIRATE'S COVE ..... By Mary Wiegand 6
BUGLER, SOUND THE ADVANCE! ..... By James M. Merrill 10
THE INIMITABLE BREEZY COX ..... By Walt Coburn 14
BEST OF THE POCKETHUNTERS ..... By Vernon C. Hammond 18
N. C. WYETH: PAINTER OF WESTERN MEN IN ACTION! ..... By Les Beitz 20
THE BITTER TRIP BACK ..... By Paul G. Allen 22
TREASURE IN A SYRUP CAN ..... By R. C. Pollen 24
REVENGE—MONTENEGRIN STYLE ..... By Grace Roffey Pratt 26
CACHE OF THE THUNDERING HORSES ..... By Jessie Peterson 28
HOW A GREAT LAWMAN DIED ..... By David C. Craighead 30
LOST GOLD OF THE LAVAS ..... By C. G. Hammer 32
OLD SHARPY OF BUZZARD ROOST RANCH ..... By Agnes Wright Spring 34
BULLDOGGERS! ..... By Milt Hinkle 38
WILD OLD DAYS 40
TERLINGUA FLAPDOODLE ..... By Brice Armstrong 43
WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP 45
TRAILS GROWN DIM 49
TUMBLEWEEDS ..... By Tom K. Ryan 72

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Treasure Kingdom of the World

by

WILLIAM MAHAN

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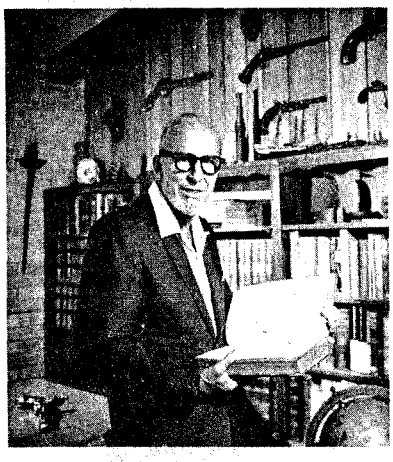

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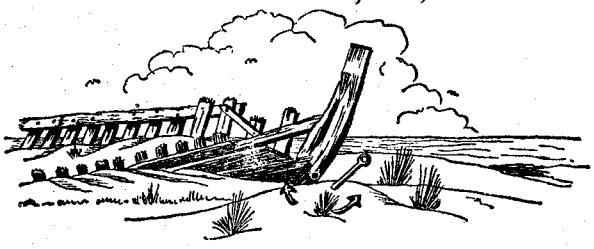

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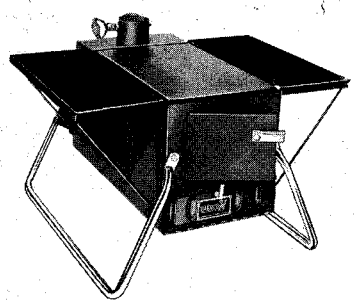

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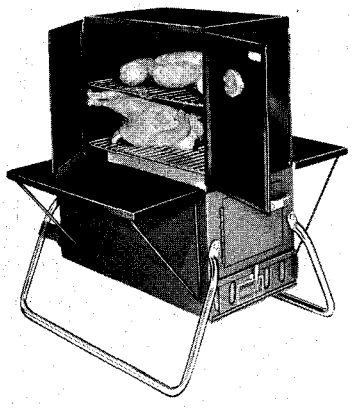

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Truly Western

Adios, Ol' Waddy

Dear Sirs:

I'm writing to tell you that my grandfather, Vivian ("Ol' Waddy") Whitlock, whose stories appeared quite often in your three magazines, passed away on August 2, 1967. He went to rest very peacefully. He had been almost blind for a year and I had been taking care of most of his correspondence. I would be most happy to hear from any of his old friends whenever they might care to drop me a line.—Vivian S. (Whitlock) Scott, 16121 Devonshire Street, San Fernando, California 91344.

Charles Ross' Old Trunk

Dear Editor Joe:

Here's a story your readers may like. Paul Hagsett of Magdalena, New Mexico, showed me a copy of a letter by Charles Ross of the Ladder Ranch, Hermosa, New Mexico, dated June 20, 1942. It told about an old trunk (reportedly once owned by the pirate, Captain Kidd) that was taken west to Sutter's Fort in 1849 by John M. Linton, an Iowan. Later Linton came to the new silver camp at Hermoso, New Mexico, and died there. The trunk was left in Ross' possession and Linton told Ross that the trunk had been in Linton's family since his great-grandfather's time.

Linton said he had no idea how in the dickens his great-grandfather had obtained it but that his family had always believed the trunk had belonged to Captain Kidd.—Leonard Saxon, Abiquiu, New Mexico.

Gilt Edge-Maiden-Fort Maginnis Area

Dear Joe and Crew:

As an assignment in Dr. Burlingame's Montana history class at Montana State College I compiled a paper on the Gilt Edge-Maiden-Fort Maginnis area of central Montana. When the paper was finished and graded I realized I had only scratched the surface. Now I have the bug and want to learn more about this area. Could anyone who lived there or knew people who lived there please drop me a line? I would appreciate anything anyone knows about the countryside, the mining, the fort and its people, and any pictures that I could see of area between 1885-1910.—Mrs. Charles Curtis, 2745 State Street, Butte, Montana.

Without Bending His Knees

Dear Mr. Small:

When the Indians were still massacring white people back in Indiana, three white settlers were out hunting and came upon a very unpleasant scene. Several ox carts had been burned and the people and all the oxen had been killed. Looking over the scene, the hunters heard the cry of a baby and there, in a clump of brush a little way off, they found a small baby wrapped in a blanket. One of the men by the name of Jones took the baby to his home and this family raised the baby.

That baby was my great-grandfather. My great-grandfather married and moved on to Wisconsin where my grandfather and father were born and raised. In 1889 he moved to North Dakota where I was raised.

My father was a contortionist—that is, he was double-jointed and could get himself into a good many shapes. He worked in Ringling Brothers Circus in his younger days.

In September of 1945 he was putting on a little act at the Multnomah County Fair. He was ninety-two years old and claimed to be the oldest man alive who could stand on a stool eight inches high and touch the floor without bending his knees. A reporter in Portland, Oregon, was sponsoring him at that time and he was staying at an old people's home

(Continued on page 64)

George W. Jones, still in tip-top shape at age ninety-two

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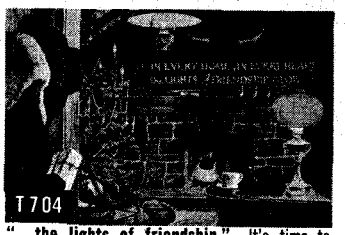
PICK FOR '67 FROM THE **BEST** IN FULL COLOR
WESTERN CHRISTMAS CARDS

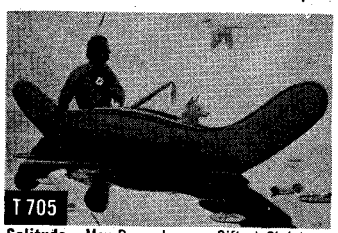
Greetings, Folks — Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas to your outfit from ours — **Hampton**

Christmas Eve — May the Peace and Happiness of Christmas be with you all the Year — **Warren**

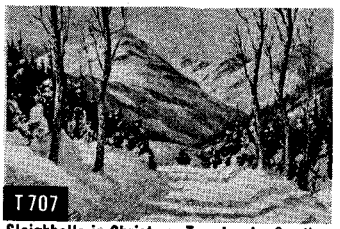
"...a shaft of light across the land." — With Good wishes for Christmas etc. — **Schwiering**



"...the lights of friendship." — It's time to greet friends, etc. — Merry Christmas — **Nicles**



Solitude — May Peace be your Gift at Christmas and your Treasure through all the Year — **Delano**



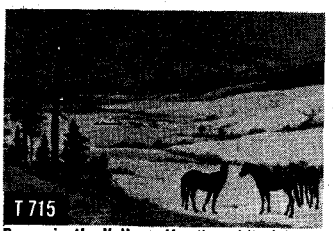
Sleighbells in Christmas Tree Land — Greeting is a cheery, 4 line verse — **Kerswill**

From the Two of Us — to you and all you hold dear, a Joyous Yule and New Year — **FitzSimmons**

Company for Christmas — A friendly wish for a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year — **Hopkinson**

Just Thinkin' of You at Christmas — and wishing you a Happy Holiday Season — **FitzSimmons**

"The Charm of Christmas..." — Merry Christmas and Happy New Year — **Thomas**



Peace in the Valley — May the spirit of Christmas be with you all the Year — **Thomas**

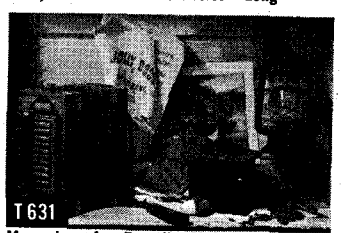
"The light has come..." — May the Peace and Joy of Christmas be with you all the Year — **Paris**

Packin' Home for Christmas — Greeting is a merry and cheerful western verse — **Long**

Comin' a'calling... — May the warmth...of the Christmas Season be with you all Year — **Thomas**

Herdboy and his flute — May the Peace and Joy of Christmas be with you all the Year — **EchoHawk**

May a Star Lead You — May you have the Spirit of Christmas which is Peace, etc. — **Hopkinson**



Memories of a Frontier Christmas — Merry Christmas and Happy New Year — **Wilson**

A Cowboy's Competition — Merry Christmas and Happy New Year — **EchoHawk**

A New Friend for Christmas — May the warmth ...of Christmas be with you all the Year — **Lee**

The Wonder of Christmas fills the World — May the Peace and Joy of Christmas, etc. — **Thomas**

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One of the high seas' most fabled treasures is not lying in an ancient hull many fathoms deep. Without even getting your feet wet, you might find a king's ransom in California's

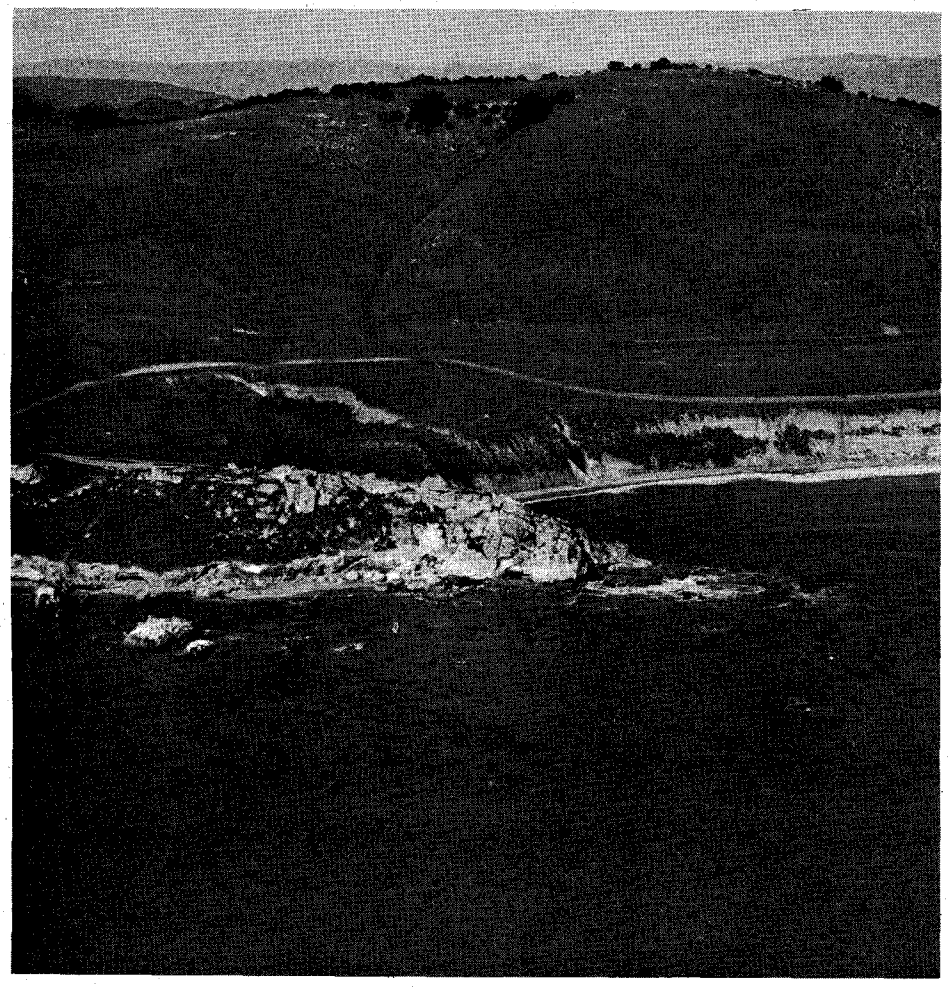
TWO ADVENTURERS and treasure hunters, Robert Pate of Carmichael and Richard Dobson of Rancho Cordova, California, have uncovered convincing proof that Sir Francis Drake, England's naval hero, landed at Pirate's Cove near San Luis Obispo rather than at the historically accepted Drake's Bay site, on his voyage around the world in 1579.

Pate, an engineer and retired Air Force bomber pilot, became interested in the Pirate's Cove (also called Mallagh's Landing) location nearly ten years ago. Dobson is a salesman who met Pate when both worked for Aerojet General Corporation in Sacramento.

Evidence they have found includes remains of a makeshift fort, ancient stone steps carved from rock, and apparent gun emplacements. Through an extensive study of printed material about Drake's voyage, Pate has found further support of his theory.

Although Pate and Dobson want to clear up historical inaccuracies and do a little adventuring, the possibility of treasure is what has kept them interested so long. Whether or not Drake landed at Pirate's Cove or Drake's Bay near San Francisco, there is reason to believe that he cached a $500 million fortune in silver and other treasures near the landing site.

Pirate's Cove from the air. The rocky point held the cannon while Drake's *Golden Hinde* was careened near the sandy beach.



WHEN Drake sailed up the California coast, he had about twenty-six tons of registered silver aboard the *Golden Hinde*, as well as gold, barrels of bone china, and treasure taken from his privateering along the coast of New Spain.

The fact that the twenty-six tons of silver were registered is significant since to avoid giving Prince Philip his due, the Spaniards were in the habit of reporting or registering only about one third of the silver they took from Montezuma. The amount of silver taken from the Spanish ship *Cacafuega*, therefore, could have been well over seventy tons.

The *Golden Hinde* had a capacity of 100 tons. Pate's research affirms that such a ship would normally carry fifteen tons of stores for the crew, plus another fifteen tons of sails, tools, ropes, anchors and wine. Since the *Hinde* was a warship, she also carried a thirty-six-ton arsenal. With sixty-six tons of basic essentials, not counting the crew, the *Golden Hinde* alone could not have carried an additional seventy tons of silver, not to mention other treasure known to have been taken by Drake.

According to some well-hidden Indian drawings (inland about forty miles), Drake sailed to the California landing place with two ships, the *Golden Hinde* and a smaller bark. The *Hinde* was careened—lifted out of the water for cleaning and repairing—and the hold was emptied and cleaned. The smaller ship probably sailed up and down the coast watching for Spanish pursuers.

Drake seems to have left the California landing place, however, with only one ship, again according to the Indian drawings and the fact that he landed in England with only one ship. The ques-

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By MARY WIEGAND

Photos Courtesy Author

tion is: What did he do with the estimated $500 million worth of treasure that he could not have carried in a single vessel?

With evidence that Pirate's Cove holds the secret, that is the question which Pate and Dobson are coming close to answering.

IN THEIR poking around in the San Luis Obispo County site, the two men have had some sinister adventures which make them wonder if they are the only ones interested in the Drake treasure.

On October 29, 1966, Pate and Dobson were exploring at 4:30 in the morning. They had camped out the night before and had been roused by the sound of a power boat pulling out of the small harbor into San Luis Obispo Bay.

Later in the morning, about 6:15, Dobson was working along the base of a cliff when he found some damp earth disguising a door made of loose stones.

Suspecting that the stones hid a cave, he went back to his car for a flashlight to make a thorough search. As Dobson reached into his station wagon, he heard the click of a rifle bolt sliding home.

"I'm a hunter, and I know that sound by heart!" he said later.

Alarmed, Dobson strapped on his pistol holster before returning to the stone door. After the rocks were removed, he entered a tunnel which angled back into the cliff.

At the end of the ten-foot tunnel, Dobson found a large room-like excavation which resembled a mine, but there was no evidence of ore. Forgetting everything outside, Dobson began working around the room with a metal detector.

Suddenly he heard Pate call out, "Dick, come up here! Hurry! Don't say a word, just get up here!"

Puzzled and apprehensive, Dobson climbed to the top of the cliff to find Pate looking down the barrel of a shotgun held by a stranger.

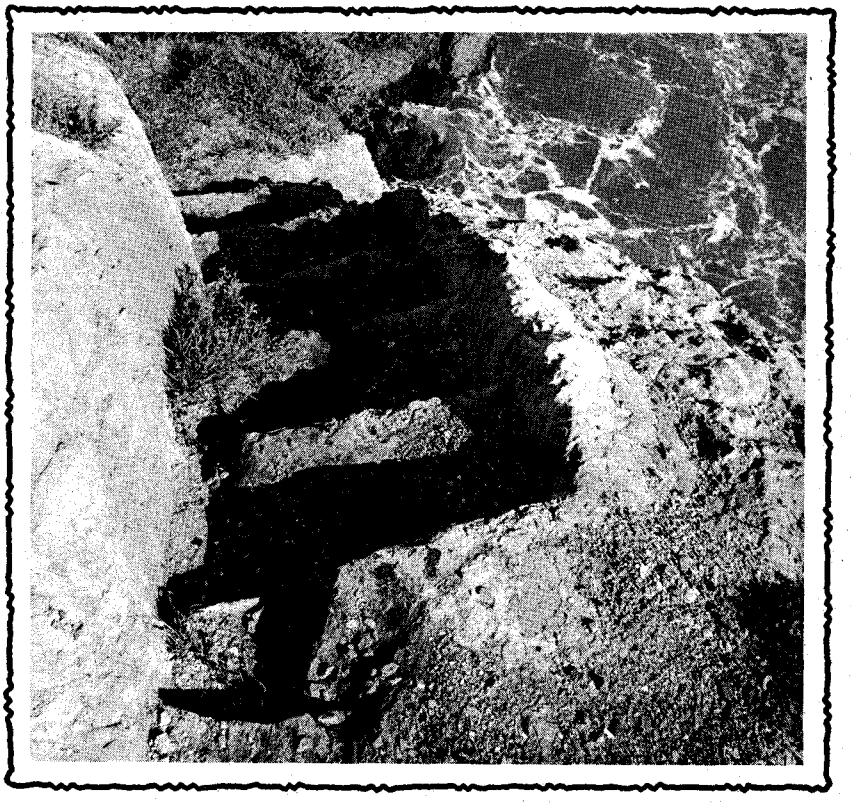
"That man had the look of death on his face," Pate said later. "I know he would have killed me if Dobson hadn't shown up with that pistol!"

Dobson and the stranger stood their ground and stared at each other. No one spoke or moved. Finally, the man lowered his gun and backed off.

Pate and Dobson felt chills run down their spines, for another man appeared from behind some nearby rocks carrying a high-powered rifle. He left with the first man.

When the two shaken treasure hunters returned to the road in hopes of getting the license number of the strangers' car, the men had disappeared. During the rest of the day, Pate and Dobson were aware of a man on a motorcycle who seemed to shadow them.

Toward evening, when they were working near the tunnel again, they looked up to see four men in black jackets watching them like vultures. No one approached, but Pate and Dobson spent the night on another beach.



The stone steps lead to a natural stone wharf.

"We didn't get much sleep!" they admitted.

A suspicious white car which Pate thought belonged to the armed men was on hand the next day. Later, when Pate and Dobson reported the incident to the sheriff's office, the car was found to belong to a harmless resident of a nearby beach town.

Since that day some months ago, Sheriff's Sergeant Norman Epley has been keeping track of the Pirate's Cove spot. A short time after the incident, he and his men found two strangers digging in the tunnel room. It had been enlarged and the two men claimed they were trying to locate an old Spanish mine reportedly in the area. The pair checked out as respectable Los Angeles residents.

Pate wonders if the threatening men whom he encountered earlier were interested in the Drake treasure, the old Spanish silver mine—or something entirely different, perhaps more in Ser-

This hole in the rock, found by Pate and Dobson, was believed to have been used as a cannon emplacement to defend Drake and his crew.

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geant Eply's line.

"It's real accessible," the officer explained. "It has a nice sandy beach. Anyone could come in there and unload stuff in the form of narcotics, hot goods, guns—we're keeping an eye on it."

PIRATE'S COVE has always had a sinister history. A lovely spot for a Sunday stroll, it is not far from a little conclave of expensive beach homes. By night, unfortunately, it turns into a haunt for toughs and hoodlums for miles around.

During Prohibition, it was a rum-running hideout, complete with kegs of hooch hidden in its caves. At present, by night, it is popular for less-than-innocent parties.

Dobson doesn't express much worry over the possible activities of the suspicious men. "They have to be fools to work in there, anyway. When I made my first investigation of the place, I saw how dangerous it was. Why, that whole mountain could cave in at any time!"

Pate has faced death many times. One of the first and youngest B-52 pilots, he did much high altitude flying. Some of his work involved tracing the Japanese jet stream and testing the new B-36 back in 1952.

Shortly after a long period of high altitude flying, he began having difficulty walking. The flight surgeon's tests indicated that Pate had been bombarded by cosmic rays over the North Pole.

After six months in the hospital, the stark verdict was, "You have thirty days to live." Pate was released for a last fling.

Not desiring to go anywhere in particular, the airman finally settled in Shell Beach near San Luis Obispo to spend his last days fishing.

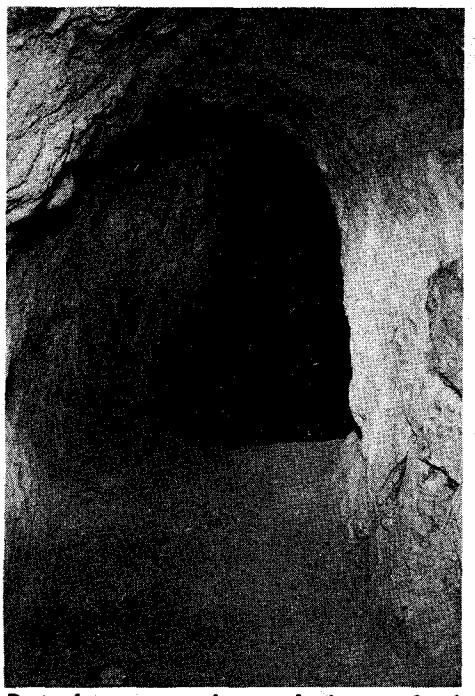
"Well, you can't sit around fishing and thinking about dying and expect to enjoy it! I needed something to take my mind off death, so I enrolled at Cal Poly in San Luis Obispo in April, 1953."

Had the doctors predicted accurately, Pate would never have gotten embroiled in the Drake business, of course. Conversely, if he hadn't become ill, he would never have discovered the evidence at Pirate's Cove.

Pate met Margaret Mallagh, great-granddaughter of the Mallagh who owned the Pirate's Cove wharf. Margie enjoyed standing on the rocks at Pirate's Cove during the area's southeastern storms. She seemed to thrive on the flashing lightning and the thunder of waves pounding the beach below and rushing in and out of the caves.

She often had Pate drive her out to the site during unsettled weather, and it was during one of these excursions that she mentioned that Sir Francis Drake had landed at the Cove, leaving behind him a fabulous treasure.

Pate, engrossed in school, dismissed the incident until one day when he was studying atop the rock cliffs of Pirate's Cove. He discovered four mysterious holes in a straight line, about twelve inches deep and about four by five inches wide. He also found a larger hole, also chisled out of solid rock, approximately two feet square. This was the



Part of an excavation made in search of the silver mine

beginning. During the past ten years, he has unearthed much more evidence.

One thing will always haunt him, though. How did Margie Mallagh know about Drake's having been there? The question will go unanswered, since the girl was killed a few years later in an automobile accident.

PATE BELIEVES the four holes are gun emplacements. Drake reportedly took his guns off the *Golden Hinde* when he landed in order to defend his crew during the repairing operations which took about a month.

"Some people have tried to make a fence post out of these holes, but some of the rocks are ten feet high there, and certainly settlers never kept giraffes!" scoffs Pate.

His research included talking to the family which once lived at the Cove. They told him exactly where their fence posts and buildings had been. The four holes cannot be accounted for in that manner, since the family didn't even know they existed.

The two-foot square hole would have been the anchor site for the "mighty firme poste" which Drake put up when he claimed the land for his Queen.

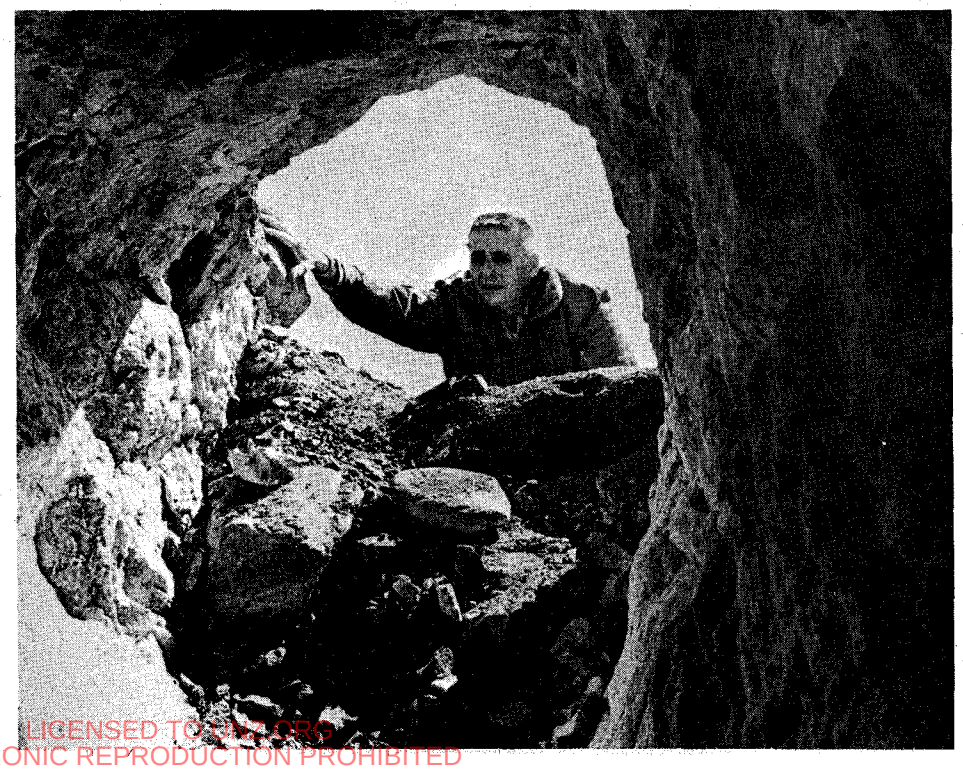
On this post was a "plate of brass," which allegedly was found at the Drake's Bay site near San Francisco in 1937. The *Encyclopedia Britannica* sheds doubt on the plate's authenticity. A Bakersfield woman was one reason for the *Britannica's* guarded view.

She is Mrs. George Sagen, who made a detailed study of the brass plate and filed her findings with the Bancroft Library. Mrs. Sagen contends that the plate of brass contained the letter "j" which had not yet come into the English alphabet. The "js" on the plate of brass have been gouged out to look like "i," which was then used as a "j." Before this time, the gouges were presumed to be random blows from an Indian tomahawk or other implement. The mathematical probability of Indians striking only the "i" or "j" letters is impossibly low.

Mrs. Sagen spotted this detail because she learned her ABCs from an heirloom sampler passed down for generations in her New England family. The sampler had been made by a "backwoods" ancestor, who was not yet aware of the letter "j," and so did not include it.

Others have been shocked by the crudeness of the plate and various parts of the language used. History Professor David B. Quinn of the University of Liverpool, England, stated in a letter to this author, "Drake should have had men on board who could do better, but if he asked his carpenter to do it with a chisel the result could be a little like what was

Pate looks into the opening of the cave-like room reputed to have contained silver ore.



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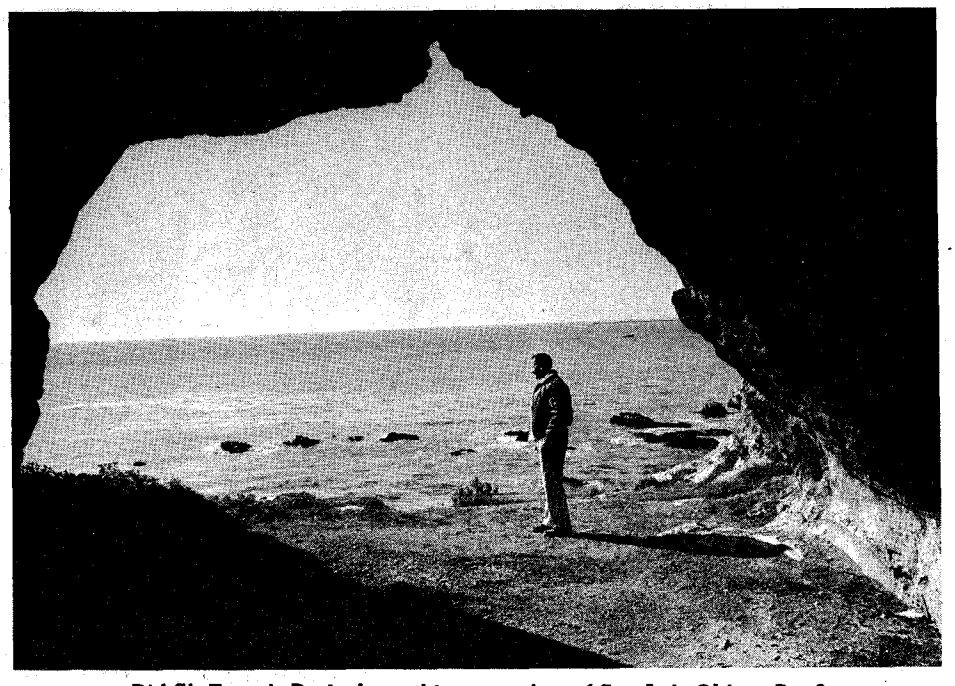

Did Sir Francis Drake have this same view of San Luis Obispo Bay?

found. I'm not satisfied with the shapes of the letters or the spelling. . . ."

Although one account of the voyage states that Drake's name was "underneath" the inscription on the plate, Pate and others believe that "underneath" meant under the plate on the stone.

"It would have been unforgivable for Drake to have put his name near the Queen's! It just wasn't done. Had Drake been so presumptious his head would have rolled when Her Majesty found out about it. Drake had too many enemies, and political times were too fickle for him to take such a chance," explains Pate.

Pate believes that the Spanish later saw the "firme poste" and took it away to destroy the evidence.

"Drake's name should have been inscribed on the rock wall below the post. Oddly enough, just at the place I expected to find it, the rock has been chopped away leaving a large hole."

WHEN COMPARED with the Drake's Bay landing spot in San Francisco, Pirate's Cove is quite convincing. San Francisco Bay, as we know, is a beautiful place to land, but Drake was not aware that the little hole he might have seen from the sea opened into a wide bay. Pate believes that if Drake were the great seaman he was reputed to be, he would never have taken the chance of having his ships dashed against the rocks in the narrow opening.

"When you ask where Drake would land, you have to consider what he needed in the way of a landing place," Pate insists.

Although Drake's Bay is shaped similarly to the landing site sketched on maps, it is totally indefensible from either hostile Indians on land or revenge-seeking Spanish ships by sea.

On the other hand, Pirate's Cove is a natural fort. With cannons mounted where the emplacement holes indicate, and a second ship in the bay, Drake was well defended.

Another great need Drake had to fill in his choice of a landing place was fresh water. After the long voyage from Guatemala, the *Hinde's* water supply was gone. There is no source of fresh water at Drake's Bay, while Pirate's Cove is exactly "up hill, down hill, an English mile" from fresh water, the distance reported by Drake's chroniclers.

Drake also had an engineering problem to work out in careening his ship. At low tide, the bottom of the ship would be exposed and could be cleaned and repaired. But Drake had to provide for the possibility that the ship would roll over on its side. Large rocks or cliffs had to be present for leverage in case of that emergency—a seemingly simple need, but of vital importance. Should the ship roll, the men would be stranded and helpless to right it again.

Pate has tried to put himself in the Admiral's boots by asking himself, "If Drake had the intention of caching a treasure, what would his actions have been during the voyage near the California coast?"

It seems greater than coincidence that the only major discrepancy in reports of the voyage involves the California landing place. Everything else was dutifully recorded by various members of the voyage, with most landmarks consistently three degrees of latitude off from reality.

The amount of confusion surrounding the California site is hard to accept. Accounts differ widely in reporting the latitude, and some editions of the same account are contradictory.

TWO MAIN theories emerge from the confusion. One is that Drake sailed north-northwest from Guatemala to about the 49th parallel, some 600 leagues from the coast. Turning east, he sailed toward shore and landed to the south of his turning point. An account gathered from the writings of Francis Fletcher, places the landing site somewhere between 48 degrees (near the northern border of the United States) and 38 degrees (San Francisco).

The other account, by John Drake, Francis Drake's cousin who sailed on the voyage, describes a completely different approach to California.

According to his writing, they simply sailed up the coast, passing some large islands of "good land," and then landed at the next available bay.

There is no mistaking the large islands of good land: they are the Channel Islands in the Santa Barbara area. The next bay up is San Luis Obispo Bay containing the "portus" or bay-within-a-bay, Pirate's Cove.

Most historians have used old maps to determine the landing place. Maps made after 1579 always placed "Nova Albion," Drake's name for the landing place, somewhere on the coast.

"The trouble has been," Pate says, "in using Cape Mendocino as the reference point in determining the position of New Albion (Nova Albion)."

Apparently Cape Mendocino was one of the places which map-makers and explorers have had difficulty in locating exactly. On the jagged coast of California are many points and capes. With navigation equipment not up to today's standards, sailors never really knew where they were. They were inclined to call any point which loomed out of the fog "Cape Mendocino."

"There are more Cape Mendocinos than the law should allow in this map-reading game," laughed Pate. "I dare say everything has been called Mendocino from Morro Bay right on up to the coast of Canada!"

Rather than use the shifting reference point, Pate began looking for more reliable clues. And he found them. On many old maps, particularly one made by Hondius in 1618, Pate found a "Fin de Sierra Nevada" and "Bahia de Fuegos" or "Tierra de Piscado."

Fin de Sierra Nevada or "Finish of the Sierra Nevada Mountains" can have no other meaning than the point in Southern California where the Sierra Nevadas and the coastal mountains meet, just above Los Angeles.

"Fuegos" (fire) and "Piscado" (fishing) could only mean Santa Barbara, where Indians kept great fires burning and were famous as fishermen.

The next bay up on such maps is invariably Nova Albion, regardless of degrees, placing it at San Luis Obispo Bay.

Looking at the latitude markings, one can see that Hondius placed Santa Barbara at about 38 degrees, approximately four degrees off. Nova Albion is at 42 degrees, seven degrees in error, and Cape Mendocino at 50 degrees, eight degrees in error.

One wonders why Drake's reading of the degrees happens to be so wrong at this point. Since he was navigator, he could have called out any number he pleased for the landing site; certainly he had strong motivation for secrecy if he were to cache a significant amount of treasure.

"Had I been in Drake's place, I assuredly would have made a 'gross error' right then and there!" Pate says.

RESEARCH indicated that Drake wanted to return to California but

(Continued on page 48)

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A clank of sabers—one sound that will ever be associated with the frontier. When the night wind blows across the Plains, ghosts of young cavalrymen ride with it . . .

Bugler, Sound the Advance!

ROBERT PECK had run away from home to join the Cavalry. In 1857, along with 300 other recruits, he was crammed on board a steamboat which chugged up the Missouri River for Fort Leavenworth, dodging snags and huge chunks of ice. The river seemed to stretch endlessly before and after them, always and everywhere twisting and turning back on itself. In many places it was a mile-wide expanse of naked sandbars, reefs, and mud flats.

As the paddle-wheeler neared a miserable, dirty village, the new troopers surged up to the hurricane deck and anxiously scanned the Kansas shore. Instead of seeing a solid and mighty bastion, they stared in disbelief at the dilapidated business houses which fronted the steamboat landing. Before a warehouse, a guard, his bayonet glistening in the winter sun, paced stiffly back and forth.

Peck hollered, "Where's the fort?"

Directing his gaze up over the hill, the sentry pointed to the Stars and Stripes floating from atop a flagpole. "That's the fort," he cried, "about three quarters of a mile back."

Three hundred greenhorns poured off the decks and climbed to the top of the hill. The fort was a conglomeration of stone, brick, log, and frame buildings, which resembled a country village.

Corporals quickly corralled the recruits and formed them into makeshift lines. They assigned Peck to E Company, 1st Cavalry. That afternoon Private Peck made an informal inspection of his barracks' area. Each man's cot was properly opened up for the day with mattress doubled back and bedding folded edge by edge inside. At the head of his bunk each trooper had three wooden pegs driven into the wall where he hung his saber, forage cap, and uniforms. Near the door was a rack nailed to the wall from which dangled two brass bugles with faded yellow cords, braided and tassled. Here in the barracks Private Peck learned that Fort Leavenworth was bulging with soldiers—the entire 1st Cavalry and 6th Infantry and several companies from the 2nd Dragoons and 4th Artillery. Old-timers filled the new cavalrymen with stories about their commanding officer, Colonel Edwin V. Sumner. He was "the greatest martinet in the service," a "chief devil." "Old Sumner," someone growled, "has had one good effect on us—he has taught some of us to pray who never prayed before, for we all put up daily petitions to get rid of him."

Cavalry recruit
Courtesy National Archives

The silver-haired, iron-willed colonel cared little what the troopers thought. His energies were being expended in organizing and equipping an expedition to chastise the western Indians. The Cheyennes, emboldened by the Cavalry's preoccupation in Kansas the summer before, had hit the warpath.

The expedition of 1857 was divided into two commands; Major John Sedgwick and four troops of 1st Cavalry were to march along the Santa Fe Trail and the upper Arkansas River to the foot of the Rockies, searching for Cheyennes. From there Sedgwick was to hike to the South Platte River and down that stream to meet Sumner. The colonel's columns —two troops of cavalry and four companies of Sixth Infantry—after marching to Fort Laramie on the Oregon Trail were to strike back toward the South Platte.

On May 18, 1857, Major Sedgwick's command rolled out from Fort Leavenworth. Private Peck, Company E, Captain Sturgis' command, rode in the mass of men and horses. Later he recorded the events of that march across the plains:

"AFTER passing Council Grove we were fairly on the plains and saw little more of timber, consequently had to depend mostly on buffalo-chips for fuel; and the prairie chickens, which were so numerous in the Kansas settlements that they were a great nuisance to the farmers, were seen no more after we struck the plains.

"At Cottonwood Creek, about fifty miles west of the Grove, we saw the first buffalo, a few scattering small bands appearing at a distance; but from there on their numbers increased amazingly, and, when in the thick of their range, we were often in great danger from the stampeding of the vast swarms of these animals that covered the prairie in every direction, for when those immense herds started on a run it was impossible either to stop or turn them out of their course. . . .

"As we were approaching the Big Bend, crossing the level stretch of eight miles between the Plum Buttes and the Arkansas River, with our beef herd and a train of about fifty six-mule teams strung out behind us, we had an exciting bit of experience in a buffalo stampede. . . . This stampede might have resulted in a direful calamity to us but for the prompt action of Captain Sturgis, who, having been in such a predicament before many times, knew just what to do and how to do it.

"Sedgwick, though an old officer in the service, had never had much experience on the plains, having been in the artillery for nearly twenty years, and

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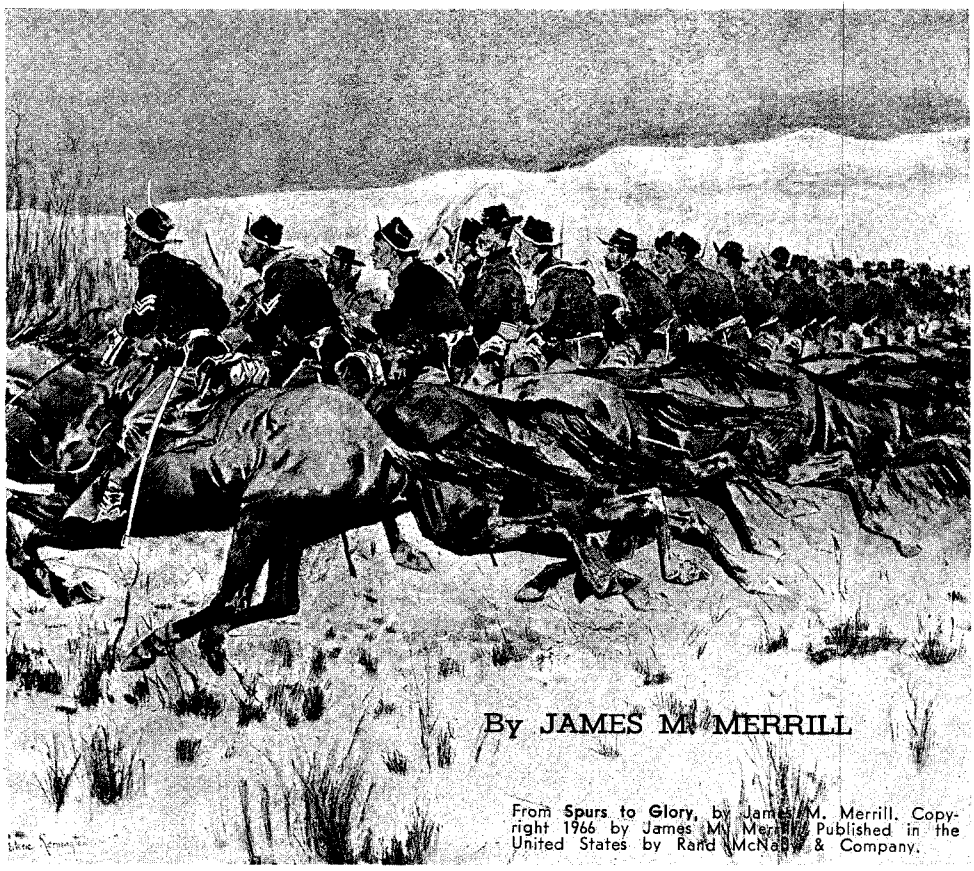

By JAMES M. MERRILL

From **Spurs to Glory**, by James M. Merrill. Copyright 1966 by James M. Merrill. Published in the United States by Rand McNally & Company.

the sight of that brown mass of animals—so vast in extent that we could see no end in flank or depth—thundering towards us in an irresistible torrent, made him turn pale, as he appealed to Sturgis, 'Sturgis, what'll we do?'

" 'Time is too precious for explanations now, major,' replied the captain; "better turn the command over to me for a little while—I'll steer you through it."

" 'Take command, captain, take command, and give your orders,' replied Sedgwick, eagerly.

"Before the last word was out of Sedgwick's mouth, Sturgis was giving his commands: 'Orderly bugler, give my compliments to company commanders and say that Captain Sturgis is in command. Then hurry on back to the train as fast as you can go, and give my compliments to the quartermaster and tell him to corral his wagons quickly, in as small a space as possible, teams heading south, with the beef cattle inside the corral.'

"The buffalo were coming from the north. In another moment Sturgis had us headed about and going back to the train on a gallop. At the start of the stampede the buffalo had been probably two miles or more from us. On reaching the train, which was being hurriedly formed in corral, with the beef herd on the inside, as ordered, Sturgis halted us and commanded: 'Dismount, to fight on foot!' This leaves each No. 4 holding the horses of the other three men of his set. We quickly 'formed ranks,' after dismounting, and were then marched out, on 'double quick,' about a hundred yards to meet the buffalo. Our flanks were then thrown back, forming us in the shape of a huge V, with the point towards the coming herd, and the open ends of the V enclosing our horses and train.

"THE STAMPEDE was now coming near, driving right at us, making the earth tremble, presenting a solid front as far as we could see, right and left. To me it was a fearful sight, for I thought, 'What will be left of us when that dense avalanche of horns and hoofs sweeps over us?' I had been told that we were to split the herd by firing into them, but could not see how they could find room to divide, they were crowded so closely together. However, when the command was given, 'Commence firing,' we poured into their faces such a sheet of fire and lead from our Sharps' rifles that they did the impossible, splitting, but crowding savagely to the right and left, actually climbing over each other in their frantic effort to avoid our withering fire, thus making an opening that cleared our train and horses; but that torrent of brown wool went right on without any perceptible check in its speed.

"We stood there loading and firing as fast as we could work our pieces, boxes of cartridges being brought up from the ammunition wagons and placed in rear of each company to keep us supplied, and it seemed at times that in spite of our efforts we were doomed to be overwhelmed by that living tornado; the dust they kicked up was often blinding to us, as well as to the buffalo, and we had been crowded back, inch by inch, till we were closely packed about our horses and wagons, when we were greatly relieved to perceive a thinning and straggling in the threatening mass, and were glad to hear the command to 'Cease firing.' The danger, with the buffalo, had passed, leaving the ground around us covered with dead and badly crippled buffalo, while many wounded ones went limping on after the stampeders. I heard one of the officers say, as he looked at his watch, that it lacked but a few minutes of half an hour from the command 'Commence firing' to 'Cease firing,' with the buffalo going on a steady lope all the time.

"We cut up and stowed away in our wagons the choicest meat from some of the young and tender buffalo, and leaving the rest of the killed and crippled

"We cut up . . . the choicest meat from some of the young and tender buffalo, and leaving the rest of the killed and crippled for a grand feast for the wolves, we moved on to the Big Bend . . ."

Courtesy Title Insurance and Trust Company

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for a grand feast for the wolves, we moved on to the Big Bend, camping on the bank of the river. . . .

"Our road from the Big Bend westward lay along the north bank of the Arkansas River, sometimes several miles off, sometimes close in. . . .

"About fifteen or eighteen miles west of the ruins of old Fort Atkinson was the Santa Fe crossing of the Arkansas. The crossing was opposite—almost under—a high bluff, that overlooked the ford and surrounding country for some distance. . . .

"At the Santa Fe crossing, of course, we parted company with that famous old trail, and traveled along the north bank of the river on a well-worn road, then called the California trail.

"The Santa Fe road, from the Arkansas to the Cimarron, then ran about due north and south on the sixty-mile stretch, without water, called the 'journeda,' for I remember to have noticed, in traveling it afterwards by night, coming from the Cimarron to the Arkansas, that we were going towards the north star all night.

"All the freight for the western country was then transported across the plains in wagontrains, sometimes of mule teams, sometimes oxen. We had met several of these outfits from New Mexico, going into the states for goods, their wagons being usually empty, but sometimes carrying light loads of wool in huge sacks, that being about the only commodity that New Mexico exported. We had also overtaken and passed some freight trains going out loaded, and several emigrant outfits en route to California. The teamsters employed in the New Mexico trains were mostly Mexicans.

"Frequent graves were to be seen along the roadside, many of them being marked by rude wooden crosses. Such almost invariably indicated the last resting place of some Mexican, who is always a Catholic. I had noticed, too, but thought it the result of carelessness in placing the crosses on the graves, that nearly all these cross-pieces were in a slanting position, but on mentioning this peculiarity to one of the old soldiers, he informed me that when the horizontal piece was slanted it meant, 'died with his boots on,' or a violent death—usually killed by Indians—and that where the cross-piece was fastened at right angles to the upright (and these were few, for people seldom die of disease on the plains), it signified, 'died on the square,' or a natural death.

"MAJOR SEDGWICK had employed at Leavenworth, as guides, scouts and trailers for the expedition, a half-dozen Delaware Indians from their reservation on the Kaw River, near Lawrence. They were under the command of old Fall Leaf, a noted chief of their tribe. The Delawares had then adopted white men's garb and ways to a great extent, and were far superior to the plains Indians. They did us excellent service throughout the trip.

"The Arkansas River, from where we first struck it, at Big Bend, to some distance west of the Santa Fe crossing, was a broad, shallow stream, showing many sand-bars and islands, but no timber except a few scattered trees now and then on some of the islands, but as we approached the mountains we found more timber along the river banks, and the streams grew narrower and deeper.

"Bent's Fort, on the upper Arkansas, was the second white man's habitation we struck after leaving Council Grove. . . .

"Shortly after passing Bent's Fort, following the California trail up the river, we got our first sight of the snow-covered summit of Pike's Peak, resting on the western horizon like a small white cloud, which many of us thought it really was; but day after day, as we marched towards it, the white cloud grew larger, higher, and plainer, other mountains on each side of it coming into view, till in a few days it seemed like we were running up against the whole Rocky Mountain range.

"Near the mouth of a creek called Fountain que Bouille, we turned off from the Arkansas and struck over the divide for the head of Cherry Creek, passing through some fine bodies of pine timber. . . .

"Soon after reaching Cherry Creek, while marching down it, we met a party of six or eight men—Missourians, and all afoot—with a little old wagon drawn by a single yoke of steers. . . . These men were the first discoverers of gold in the Pike's Peak region. I have always been sorry that I did not ascertain their names, and more about them, in order to give them the credit to which they are entitled, for giving to the country so important a discovery. The honor of this discovery has been claimed by others, but I am satisfied that those Missourians were the first to make known to the public the presence of gold in that part of the country. . . .

"Those men had a wounded comrade lying in their wagon who had accidentally shot himself through the hand in pulling his rifle out of the wagon, muzzle foremost, a day or so before we met them. The wound had reached the gangrene stage, and they halted to ask surgical aid from our doctor. Our surgeon decided that it would be necessary to take the man along with us, and while halting to bring up a wagon and transfer the man, we got a chance to talk to them a little, and they told us their troubles. I think they had been in the mountains between the mouth of Cherry Creek and Pike's Peak all winter and spring prospecting, and had found plenty of gold, some of which they showed us, put up in bottles and little buckskin bags.

"They had originally intended to keep the discovery of gold a secret, but the Indians had run off all their stock except the yoke of steers, and had otherwise made life such a burden to them that they finally concluded the only way to make mining safe and profitable was to go back to Missouri, proclaim their discovery, make up a strong party that

Standing while eating had certain advantages to the new cavalry trooper.

Courtesy Custer Battlefield Museum

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would be able to hold their own against the Indians, and return determined to have 'the dust.'

"We parted company with them—they continuing on towards the States, and we moving on down to the mouth of Cherry Creek, where Denver now stands, and camped, on the twenty-ninth of June, 1857....

"The California trail, which we had been following, crosses the South Platte here, just below (north of) the mouth of Cherry Creek, and seems to take through the mountains, while we leave it and follow down the right bank of the river on a dim wagon-trail that did not appear to be used much.

"This part of Kansas Territory was literally a 'howling wilderness,' with little indication of its having been occupied or traversed by white men, except the old wagon-road we had been traveling, with here and there a stump and a few chips by the roadside, as the mark of some California emigrant. Game was very abundant, and comparatively tame. Herds of elk, antelope, and deer were frequently seen from the trail as we marched along, and occasionally a bear....

"We had one or two desertions shortly after leaving Cherry Creek, and our officers seemed to fear that the reported gold discovery had caused these men to abscond for the purpose of going into the mountains prospecting. For fear of others being led to desert to go gold hunting they caused to be circulated through the camp reports that the rumored gold discovery was a fake, and instructed the wounded prospector to contradict his first statements and deny the discovery of gold in paying quantities. . . .

"ON THE Fourth of July we laid over on the bank of the Platte, and, with our two howitzers, fired our national salute of thirty-two guns in honor of the day.

"We had now got clear of the foothills and timbered country and were back again on the plains. We had expected to form a junction with Colonel Sumner's command somewhere in this part of the country, but had not heard a word from them since leaving Fort Leavenworth. As the echo of our last gun died away we were cheered by the answering boom of cannon from down the river, and distinctly counted thirty-two guns. Of course, we understood that this must be from Colonel Sumner, and Major Sedgwick immediately dispatched one of Fall Leaf's young Delawares to the colonel's camp, which was found to be about fifteen miles down and on the opposite side of the river, near the mouth of Crow Creek.

"Next day we moved down opposite the colonel's camp, and in fording the river to join him got a lot of our horses and mule teams mired in the quicksands, but finally got over without the loss of an animal....

"On the thirteenth of July, with twenty days' rations on our pack-mules and otherwise lightly equipped, we crossed the river, leaving our trains of six-mule teams under charge of P. G. Lowe, chief wagon-master, escorted by a company of the Sixth Infantry, to return to Fort Laramie, for a supply of rations and forage, and then again to come back to the South Platte, about the old Salt Lake crossing, and there await orders from Sumner.

"The wounded gold prospector . . . was left with our train and I never heard of him again, but suppose he recovered and returned to his home in Missouri.

"I think most of our officers and soldiers of our pack-mule outfit fully expected that we would find and clean out the Cheyennes and get back to our supply-train within the twenty days for which we were rationed. But I doubt whether Colonel Sumner and the more experienced men anticipated such an easy job, for it was said of the 'old bull o' the woods' that whenever he started on such a trip he never expected to get back in twice the time of his rations, and during the last half after rations had run out, his command was liable to have to subsist on their pack-mules or horses, if he struck a warm trail.

"We left all extra luggage with our wagons, such as tents, blankets, and overcoats, taking no clothing but what we wore, and no bedding but our saddle-blankets, lightening ourselves and our horses of every pound that could possibly be dispensed with. We took no wheeled vehicles except one two-mule ambulance for the use of the sick, and the four mountain howitzers, which were united in a four-gun battery under command of Second Lt. George D. Bayard, of G Company. We were entirely without shelter. The colonel took along a tent-fly, to use for headquarters and adjutant's office, and one fly was allowed for the hospital.

"After crossing the river we followed down the south bank of the South Platte, eastward, for three or four days, and then bore away in a southeast direction. Our guides seemed to have ascertained or guessed something of the whereabouts of the Cheyenne village, and led us as though they knew where they were going; though the old lodge-pole trail we were following was by no means fresh—apparently not having been used for a year or more.

"On the sixteenth day from the time of leaving our train, on the twenty-ninth of July, traveling generally in a southeast course, we found the Cheyennes, and thought for awhile that we had 'found more Indians than we had lost.' During the previous day our Delaware scouts, who usually kept the country explored for ten or twelve miles in advance and on each flank, had found some fresh signs. The country being somewhat broken in many places, for we were near the headwaters of Solomon River, Colonel Sumner had taken the precaution to march the command in three columns, *en echelon* (a sort of stair-step formation), from which they could be brought quickly into line, to meet an attack from the front, rear, or either flank. Our pack-mules were kept close to our rear. The three infantry companies, and sometimes the battery, would unavoidably drop to the rear in rough ground, but we made frequent short halts to allow them to close up. Be it remembered that this was all a treeless prairie, with seldom even a bush to be seen.

"ON THIS DAY (July 29), about ten o'clock a.m., old Fall Leaf sent one of his Delawares galloping back from the front to report to Colonel Sumner that his trailers had sighted a small party of Indians, some distance ahead, who seemed to be retreating as our scouts advanced. This proved to be a reconnoitering party of Cheyennes who had been sent out to watch us, and were

(Continued on page 57)

'HO! FOR THE PLAINS!'

RECRUITS WANTED!

50 MEN ARE WANTED

To complete the organization of the body of "Scouts" that are now operating upon the Kansas Frontier.

EVERY MAN TO FURNISH HIS OWN HORSE!

For further particulars enquire for five days at the

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE, Topeka, Kan.

Topeka, Kan., June 23d, 1869.

Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society

Recruiting poster, Topeka, Kansas, June 23, 1869

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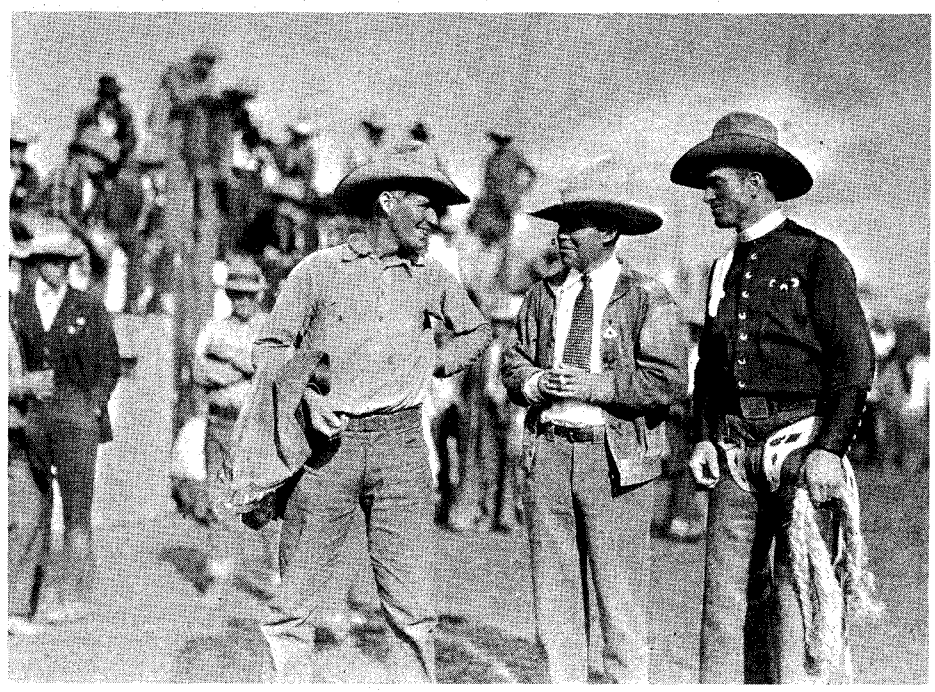

At the Calgary Stampede in 1928, Breezy Cox (on the left) talks with Walt Coburn (center) and an unidentified contestant on the right.

If you were looking around for a man to personify the word "uncouth," Breezy Cox probably would win hands down. But what the big cowboy lacked in manners, he more than made up for in other ways

By WALT COBURN

Photos Courtesy Author

The Inimitable BREEZY COX

"I'M Old Man Cox's boy, Breezy! I've got a thousand dollars that claims I'm the best damn all-around cowboy contestant who ever laid entrance money on the line!"

The bragging voice, loud and spiced with profanity, knifed through the din of babbled talk of the large gatherment of rodeo contestants, who packed the old Palace Saloon on Whiskey Row at Prescott, Arizona. It was as harsh and raucous as the shrill sound of an angry crow winging over the rough Arizona cow country, where the cattle were wild and the brush-popper cowhands roped wild steers and big orejano mavericks. The loud voiced challenge left a hushed silence.

Breezy was lined up at the brass rail with a bottle in one hand and a wad of folding money in the other. His wide mouth spread in a twisted grin, a challenge to the wide world in his squinted blue-gray eyes. A week's stubble of wiry, sandy whiskers covered his leathery face. His shirt was sweatmarked under the armpits and his Levis were saddle-warped on his bowed legs. The heel of a rusty boot hung from the brass rail as if shoved in a stirrup. The slanted brim of his Stetson was yanked down across one eye, its sweatband making a damp circle on sandy brown hair that needed barbering.

Breezy Cox was of medium height, husky through the shoulders and chest, with a trace of hard fat around his waist, lean flanked and bowlegged. He looked tough as an old boot, and he lived up to his rep.

This was the day before the opening of Prescott's Frontier Days celebration, centered around the Fourth of July.

"Just now come from rodeo headquarters at the courthouse," Breezy's nasal twang fell across the silence. "Done paid my entrance money in every dang event on the program. Saddle bronc, bareback, bull ridin', calf ropin', steer ropin', bulldoggin', wild horse scramble, wild cow milkin', and team tyin' with my old man. Every damn event they got on the program." He waved a fistful of money in the air, and again made his boast.

"I got a thousand bucks that claims I'll win the all-around championship of this four day contest!"

DRUNK or sober Breezy Cox was never the man to hide his candlelight under the proverbial bushel basket, and Breezy hadn't had time yet to get drunk.

Breezy's challenge went unanswered. Nobody called his bet. If Breezy Cox was running any kind of a loud mouth bluff, nobody had the guts or money to call it—on account of Breezy, for all his bragging swagger, was one of the best bronc riders and ropers in the southwest cow country. In every contest he had paid his entrance fee, he posed a threat to win day money and the four-day overall average on points to be added up for a total.

In any cowboy contest there is an element of luck to be figured along with the skill. No man was more fully aware of that unknown factor called luck than Breezy Cox himself, and he knew that during the four-day contest he would be up against men like Earle Thode, world champion saddle bronc rider and one time all-around world champion cowboy; Smokey Snyder, world champion bareback rider and Brahma bull rider; Jake McClure, world champion calf and steer roper. Team tyers like Jake McClure and Roy Adams, Bud Parker and his old Mexican team tying partner.

Most cowboy contestants entered in only the events where they were skilled as champions, whereas Breezy Cox entered in every event for the whole four days. And with Lady Luck smiling his way, Breezy stood a better than average chance of winning his bet when the total points were added up.

As a rule, all cowboy contestants those days were a superstitious lot. For instance, they never wore a yellow shirt while contesting, and avoided the number 30. Their hats had to be upside down for luck when put on a dresser or on the floor, never on a bed. They never looked at a trophy they might win beforehand. They never passed a beggar on the street without dropping a coin in his

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tin cup. There were many other superstitions in their book, too numerous to mention here.

All rodeo contests throughout the country were dangerous to the contestant, and that black shadow of peril was always present. The cowboy contestant was a wild, reckless breed, set apart from other men, his life always a gamble against injury and death, and he needed all the luck he could get.

So Breezy Cox's bet went uncalled, his challenge unanswered. That went double for the tinhorn gambler sports who, for a fifty-fifty split of his winnings, often paid the entrance fee of some broke contestant who stood a better than even chance.

I'm talking about the late 1920s, when the really big rodeos could be counted on a man's ten fingers. Those were the days when the champion bronc riders, ropers and bulldoggers would match their skill for fun, marbles or money. A lot of them were working cowhands who would take a few days or a week off to enter some nearby contest, and there were a number of cowhands who owned their own small spreads in Arizona, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Texas, Nevada and California. The prize money they earned at rodeos (provided they didn't gamble it off or spend it across the bar) was velvet—a grub stake to be invested in a small greasy-sack cow outfit.

Courtesy Shell Dunbar

Prescott's Palace Bar on Whiskey Row, taken in 1934—about the time Breezy Cox was going strong.

IN THE early summer of 1931 my wife and I, living in California at the time, decided to head for the Mile High, Prescott, Arizona, country to stay a while. We leased a place out on Thumb Butte road from Ralph Hooker, then owner and manager of Prescott's newest hotel, the Hassayampa. The place we leased was a large fenced acreage with a two-storied house and a barn where I could keep a saddle horse.

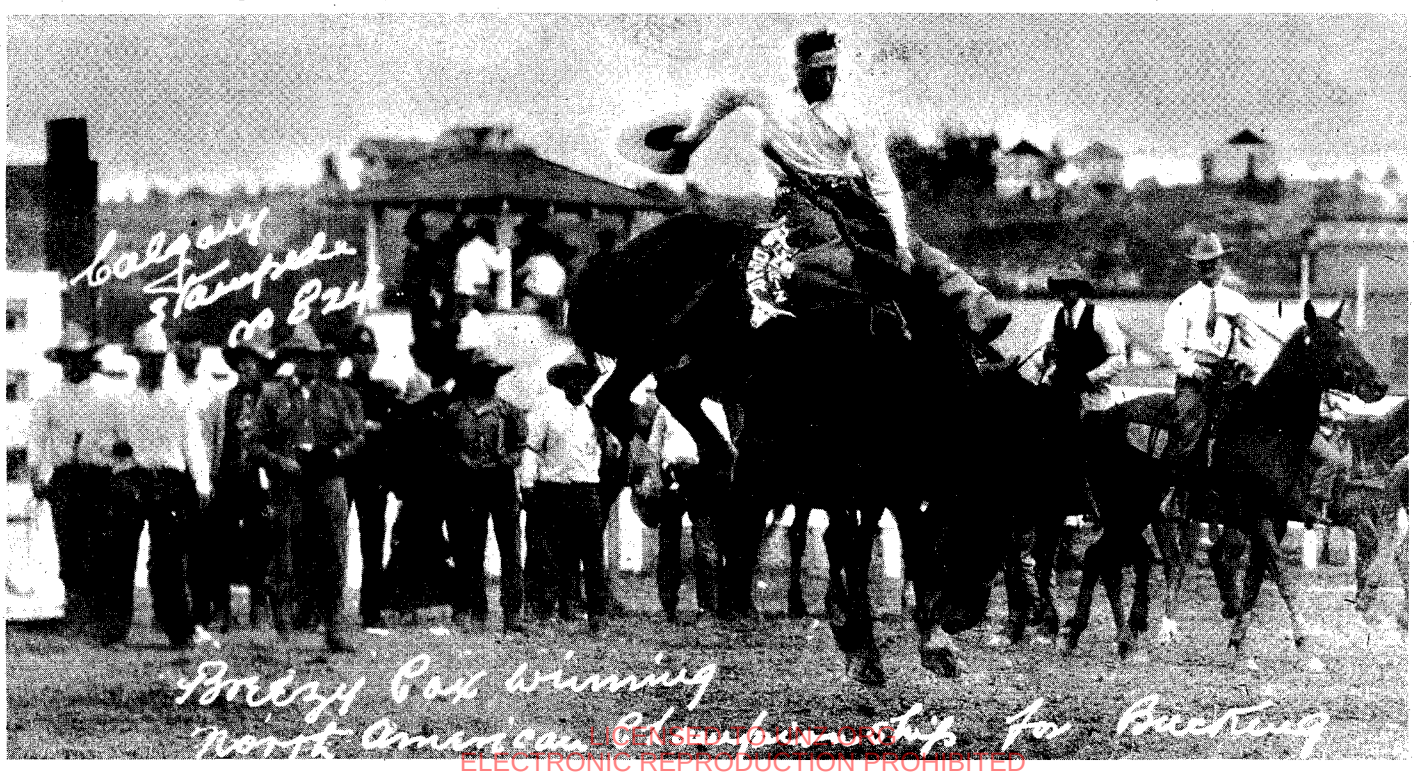
About nine o'clock one Sunday morning a few days before the start of the Prescott Frontier Days Celebration, I left the house and headed for town in my Packard Roadster to pick up the Sunday papers and to bum around renewing old acquaintances with the cowboy contestants who were drifting into Prescott.

At that hour on a Sunday morning the streets of Prescott, decorated for the Fourth of July, had a deserted look. I had just rounded the corner by the St. Michael Hotel on Whiskey Row when a wild cowboy yell shattered the silence, dinning into my eardrums with a noise that made me hit the brakes. The car top was down and I looked around on all sides but the only human in sight was a lone hayseed farmer in a beat-up cotton-picker straw hat and bib overalls. He was standing in front of the Palace Saloon and alongside him were two bulging gunnysacks.

I was about to take off and head for the newsstand next to the post office when this cotton-picker shouted to me, calling me by name and cussing me out to a fare-thee-well for passing him by.

There was no mistaking that loud nasal shout or the cussing out. That voice had to belong to one man and one man only: Breezy Cox. He was still cussing when I backed up and parked at the curb in front of the Palace. He had a pair of steel-rimmed dark glasses hooked on behind his ears. A stubble of sandy whiskers covered his jaws. He picked up the two sacks that were tied with whang leather and came over to the car. He bared his sunken-in lips to give me a

Breezy Cox winning the North American championship for bucking horse riding on Slippery Mack



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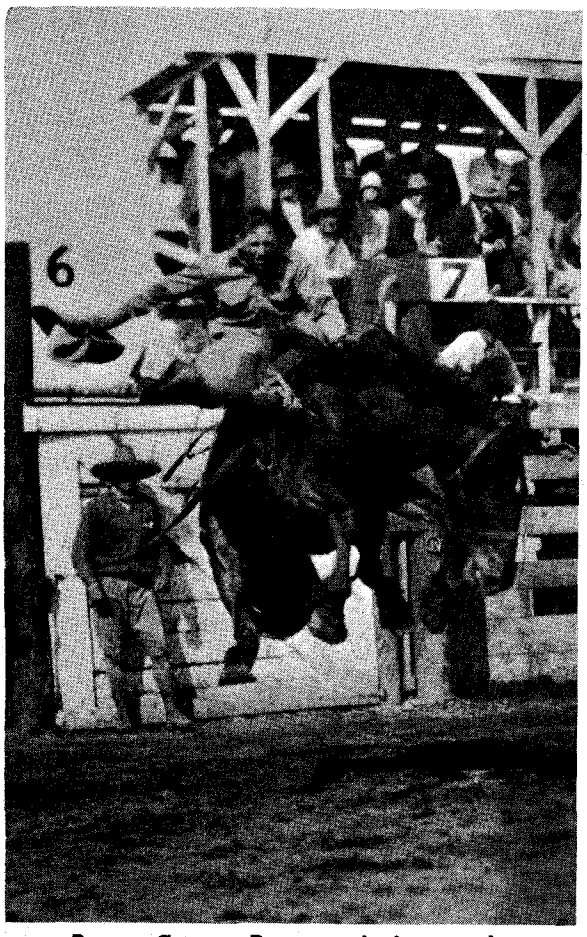


Breezy Cox on Pepper, winning another North American championship

toothless grin.

"I'm in disguise," Breezy Cox lowered his voice to a harsh stage whisper. "I'm on the dodge. I ain't takin' no damnfool chances on being picked up. Open up the hind end of this gas burner, so's a man kin put his forty years' gatherin's in and lock 'em up. Rodeo time in Prescott, the damn town's overrun with pick-pockets and petty larceny sneak thieves."

I got out and opened up the turtle-back. Breezy stowed the two sacks inside and I locked the back.

"Barney musta bin shore drunk last night," Breezy said as he opened the car door on his side and slid onto the seat. "Nine o'clock and he ain't opened up yet. I'm dyin' on the vine, bone dry and spittin' cotton. You got a crock in the jockey box of this high-toned fancy outfit?"

I reached over and pressed the spring which opened the glove compartment. I kept a pint of corn likker there in case of snake bite, and a Colt .45 to kill the snake.

I told Breezy I'd drive around the block into the alley and we'd hoist a few, but not here on the main drag with the sheriff's office across the street at the courthouse.

"THIS disguise I got on plumb fooled you, huh?" Breezy chuckled. He took a package of Mail Pouch pipe tobacco from the pocket of his bib-overalls and shoved a wad of the coarse tobacco into his mouth, tonguing it into one whiskered cheek. Ordinarily Breezy always carried a gnawed plug of Star in his pocket, but in his toothless state it was impossible for him to gnaw off an end of the hard plug, hence he chewed pipe tobacco.

"It would take a Sherlock Holmes detective to tell you from the genuine article," I said with a sideways grin as I drove down the alley and stopped at the back door of the Palace, where we proceeded to lower the contents of the pint of moonshine.

Breezy stared at me for a long moment through his smoked glasses, then he gave voice to his thoughts in that same rasping stage whisper. He said he knew I'd understand about him being on the dodge because I'd come from the outlaw country in Montana and had heard the owl hoot. That maybe I'd already heard about that New Mexico holdup and how the law wanted him for questioning. But when I told him I had not heard about any holdup and didn't want to know about it, Breezy quit talking.

When the pint bottle was empty we headed for one of the several speakeasies in town, because it looked like Barney was keeping banker's hours in opening the doors of the Palace Saloon, where any friend of his could get a drink or a bottle of good corn.

So Breezy and me made the rounds and finally wound up at the Palace about noon, and by that time Breezy and his hayseed disguise was a well known secret.

"I ain't et in so long my empty belly figgers my throat's cut," Breezy complained. "That damned tooth carpenter at Alamogordo yanked out every tooth in my head last week. My mouth ain't healed over as yet to where I kin gum a T-bone like my old man does. All I've been workin' on for a week is cereal. Ain't had a square meal in so long I've plumb forgot what beef tastes like."

Breezy lifted his head and howled like a hungry wolf. Somebody filled his shot glass. When I got a chance to slip a word in edgewise, I mentioned that he might like to come home with me and eat the chicken dinner my wife was fixing. When he agreed I said we'd better be rattling our dewclaws because it was long past noon, so we slipped away from the crowd that lined the long bar and got in the car. I picked up the Sunday papers and headed for home.

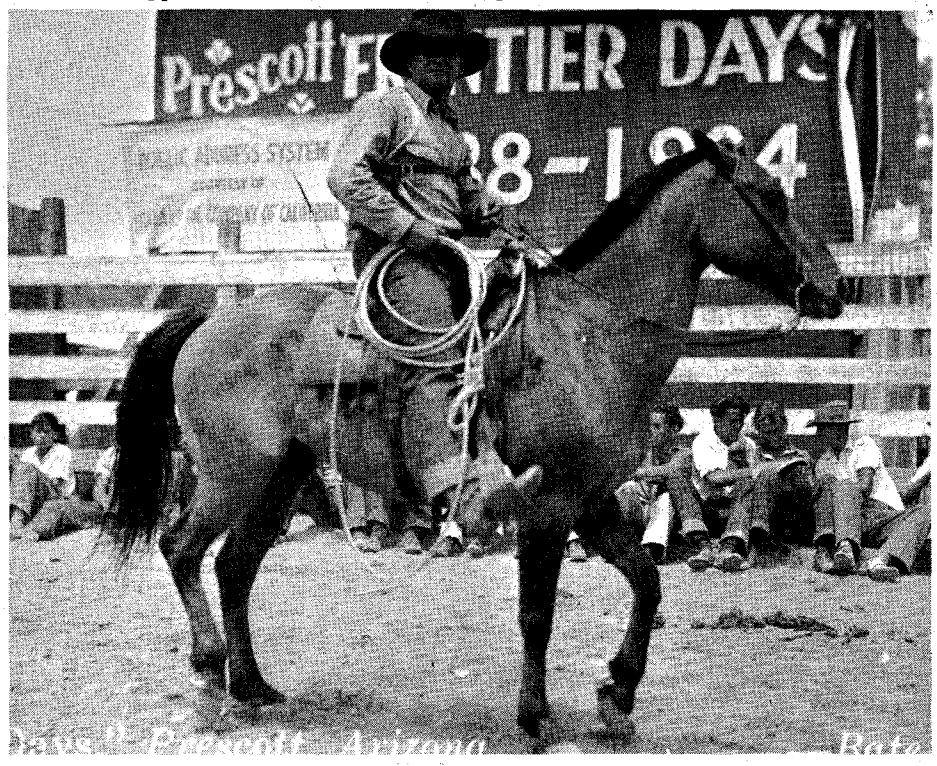
Breezy pulled a pint from his flank pocket to shorten the distance. I needed some brave maker to face the missus for being late for noon dinner, and for fetching home unexpected company. Just in case she was on the prod, I warned Breezy that it was time for both of us to sober up. So we had a couple more drinks to sober up on.

Breezy mentioned the gunnysacks locked in the turtle back. "Mebbe them sacks got the loot from the New Mexico holdup in 'em," he volunteered. "On the other hand they might be just war-sacks with dirty shirts and underwear. You got any place a feller could leave the sacks without some long-nosed badge polisher locatin' 'em, until I kin pick 'em up after dark?"

I said he could put them in a manger at the barn and shove some hay on top. That they would be safe enough there until he came back that night or anytime the sign was right. That I didn't want to know, nor did I give a damn, what was inside the sacks, but that judging from the stink they might contain dry cow chips.

I PULLED UP at the wire gate of the pasture about fifty yards from the house and barn. Breezy got out and opened the gate. I warned him once more to hang onto his bushy tail and let me do the talking, and we had a drink on it. I sure had my fingers crossed on

Cox appeared at Prescott's "Frontier Days" in his special shoulder harness.



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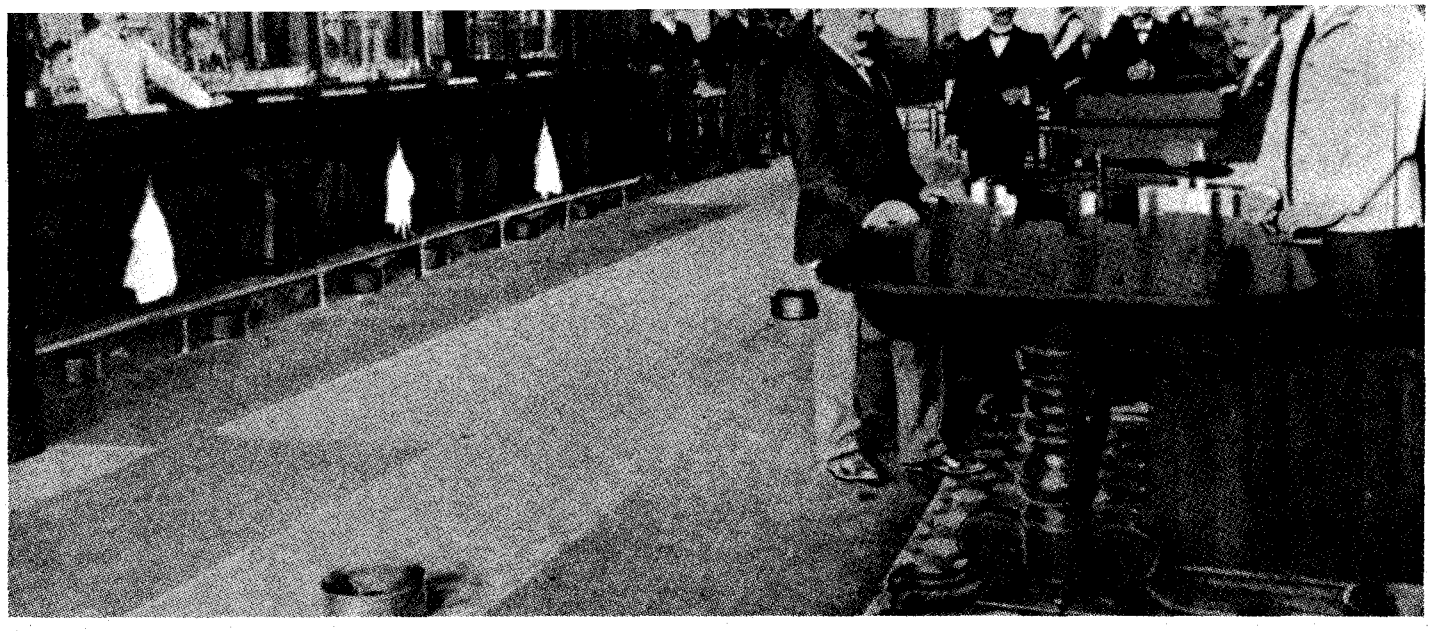

The Palace Bar as it appeared in the 1880s

the steering wheel as we left the gate.

The road dipped down to cross the shallow creek with high willows and wild rose bushes along both banks. For a brief moment we were out of sight of the house and just as I started up the opposite bank, Breezy let go with one of his wild shrill cowboy yells that sent its echoes far and wide. It was loud enough to carry the three miles back to town; wild enough to bring the bronze life-size statue of the Rough Rider, Bucky O'Neill, on his rearing bronze horse, at the courthouse square, back to life. I about jumped out of my hide as the unexpected holler slammed my eardrums.

"I'm Old Man Cox's boy Breezy! Wild like a coyote! Stink like a monkey cage! Cowboys in town!" Breezy shouted to the four winds.

I let out a groan. That crazy drunk cowhand had sure as hell spoiled the batter, and I voiced my thoughts, sprinkled with profanity, as I drove around the house, slowing down a little.

There was my good wife at the screen door with no trace of a smile of welcome for me and my hayseed friend. As I drove past the door she stepped back and slammed it shut, so I tossed out the newspapers and headed for the barn a hundred yards away.

"You sure loused up your chance for a chicken dinner," I told Breezy as we hauled out the two gunnysacks and buried them under hay in the manger inside the barn.

"You like to fergot," Breezy gave me that tobacco stained toothless grin, "Ol' Breezy Cox is in disguise. On the dodge. No average in gettin' your missus in trouble hidin' a wanted man under her roof. Anyhow, take a look at what you fetched home for Sunday dinner. I'm in no fit shape to sit down at your table. Drunk I might be, feller, but I got sense enough to not butt in where I wouldn't be wanted."

We drove back to town and I parked in front of the Palace Saloon. When Breezy got out, instead of going into the crowded saloon he headed for the restaurant next door, and I went along and perched myself on a stool at the long counter next to him.

When the buxom blonde waitress came our way to take our order, Breezy gave her that toothless grin, and said, "A big Missouri work mule done kicked all my teeth out a while back. All I need is a man-sized bowl and a box of cornflakes and a quart of milk and the use of that jug of syrup." Then he stretched and yawned.

"Rode all night to get here," he opined. "Ain't had a good night's shut-eye in a week." He spit out the wad of tobacco and yanked off his straw hat and laid it on the counter. Then he folded his arms and lowered his head with its uncombed thatch of hair.

"Wake me up when the grub comes," he mumbled sleepily, and was sound asleep and snoring within a few seconds.

Breezy was out like a light when the waitress brought an outsized white crockery bowl, the cornflakes and milk. She looked down at the gently snoring Breezy, shaking her mop of dyed hair slowly from side to side. "Shame to wake the pore feller from his sweet dreams," she said. She picked up the straw hat and laid it gently on his tousled head. "So his snorin' won't annoy them city folks in the booth yonder," she explained. "What'll yours be, cowboy?"

I ordered one of their big steerburger sandwiches with coffee.

As I reached for the makin's in my shirt pocket I noticed Breezy's wheezy breathing, a sort of smothered sound, so I removed the old hat to give him air. And it was while I was holding the hat, with no room to put it down on the counter, that a bright notion flashed through my brooding thoughts of the chilly, silent treatment that lay in ambush for me at home.

Breezy Cox was forever playing practical jokes on friends and strangers alike, and he'd pulled a few on me, so why not?

I REACHED for my jackknife and cut out the sweatband and dropped it in the brass gaboon. Then I commenced whittling on that old straw hat, crumpling the coarse straw in small pieces until the whole thing was piled high in the big cereal bowl. After pouring the milk in on top to soften the straw, I stirred it around with a spoon, and poured on some of the syrup. I was mixing it up when the waitress returned with my steerburger. She cut a look at the unopened box of cornflakes, then at the filled bowl of gluck, then at me, batting her eyelids. All at once she started giggling, a gay musical background for Breezy's gentle snoring.

I told her she had better back off to a safe distance if she intended to watch the show, because if ever Breezy got wise to the gag he was apt to go on a wild rampage and start throwing things

(Continued on page 54)

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Courtesy Placer County Museum

The iron money box, with sieve, cast iron mortar, wallet and buckskin gold pouch belonging to Pike Bell. Metal object on the left is the box handle.

BEST OF THE POCKETHUNTERS

By VERNON C. HAMMOND

TO HEAR the natives talk, you would think that Pike Bell was the only prospector in Placer County, California. Every abandoned gold mine, every derelict shaft or tunnel, every caved-in grass-grown dent in the earth, every lump or bump or hole scarring the brush-covered ruggedness that is the face of Placer County—and there are thousands—is likely to be attributed to him, and to the days when his diggings covered the territory. The oddest thing about the Pike Bell legend is that most of it is true!

Of course, Bell wasn't the *only* prospector in the area—not by a long shot. But there isn't a man around who can deny that Pike Bell was the *best*. Some of the envious say Pike was lucky—and it's true he was—yet luck was a minor factor, the salt in the stew. The meat and potatoes were imagination and insight, the native instinct, the careful judgment and, most important of all, the stubborn determination which kept him on the trail of a strike long after a lesser man would have given up in disgust.

Alexander Owens Bell was born in Nashville, Tennessee, and was taken to Missouri at the age of three months by his parents. Pike was just nineteen—a huge, healthy lad—when he headed West in 1851. The winter of 1851-52 could easily have been his last; it was spent in the Rocky Mountains a long way from any supply source. How he survived is not recorded but on July 7, 1852, he arrived hale and strong in old Hangtown (now Placerville).

He was equipped as well as most. He had two farm-toughened hands, a powerful back, a great deal of energy, and a very flat wallet—abetted by the desire to greatly enlarge the latter.

He found work near Hangtown and mined for wages for a while but as soon as he had a grubstake he quit and branched off alone. Pike Bell was not to work another day in the employ of another man; he was a prospector, or in the local lingo, a "pockethunter," to the end of his days.

His first major discovery appears to have been the Church mine in El Dorado County, a claim he sold shortly afterward. The Church mine was still producing gold at the start of World War II.

He tried his hand at cattle ranching near Marysville in the Sacramento Valley but gold fever was in his blood. He sold out soon and returned to the Mother Lode. Three or four miles from Auburn, a minor elevation rises a little above the surrounding land. This eminence was called "Bald Mountain," and it was here that Pike Bell purchased a 320-acre "ranch." The ranch is not known to have produced much in the way of livestock, but it did produce a fortune in gold. Many mining claims were not recorded in those days; even so, the courthouse at Auburn is crowded with claims in the name of A. O. Bell. I can point to forty-seven of over $100 in value, ninety percent of which were within five miles of Bald Mountain.

The Placer County deposits suited Pike's temperament. Small scattered bonanzas might yield from a few dollars to half a million, but none of the great gold-bearing ledges or lodes which characterized other areas were there. No Placer County mine turned out the fabulous wealth of a Homestake, but smaller, richly concentrated pockets lay all about, and Pike had the sort of talent to find them. He sometimes jokingly remarked that he wanted no shaft he couldn't throw dirt from. This, of course, was an exaggeration, as several of his finds went to sixty or seventy feet. But usually, when they got deep, Pike sold them.

IN THE fall and early winter of 1863, two men named Mitchell and Lowery had a claim on a small patch of land next to Pike's on Bald Mountain. Results had been disappointing, grub was running low, and in December they offered their claim to him for $20. The investment paid pretty well, for by the time Pike had deepened the seven-foot shaft to nine, he struck gold, and when the pocket ran out at the twenty-foot level, he was richer by $167,000! It was Pike's idea of a joke to name his mine the "Green Emigrant" as a jibe at the fellows who had quit too soon and it was said that Jim Lowery could scarcely restrain his rage whenever he heard the name.

Very little is known about the chronological order of his earlier discoveries, the county records being incomplete, but it is fact that the strikes continued steadily. Pike seemed to have a picturesque name for every one—"Calf Pasture," "Bull Whang," "Broken Shovel," "Wire Diggin's," "Yonder," "Hammer," "Pine Top," "Red, White and Blue," and "Johnny Comes Marching Home." "Mary Bell" would be after his marriage; and "Ellen," "My Lizzie" and "My Darling" may date from a time when several of the Bell children died during a diptheria epidemic. "Sunday Diggin's," "Whiskey Diggin's," "Clabber," "Tangle," "By Gad" and "Blatting Nanny" show a lively sense of humor.

The "Crutcher Lot" was never completely mined out. Old man Crutcher who had called upon Pike to search for

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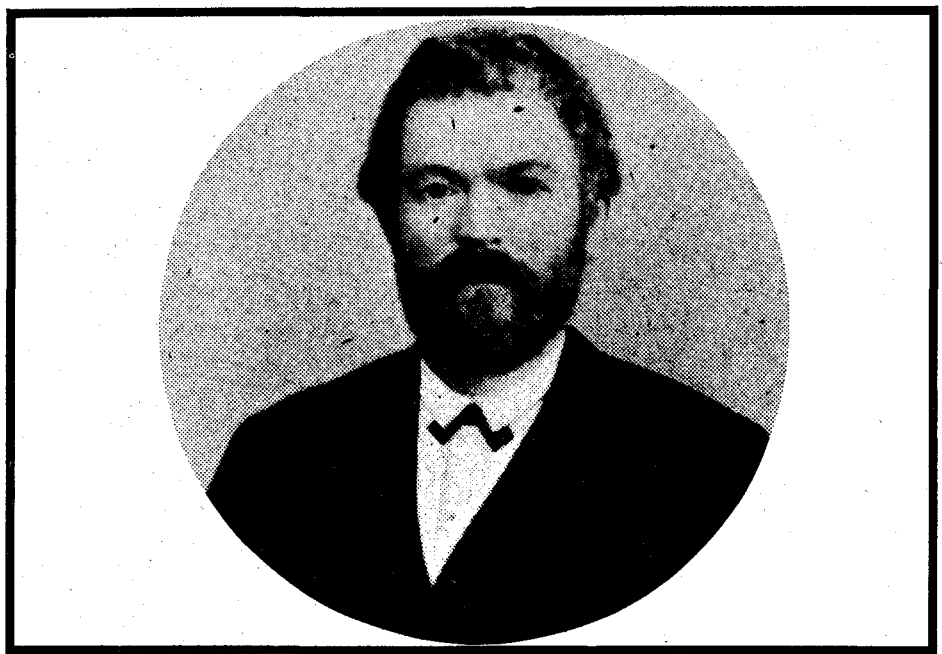

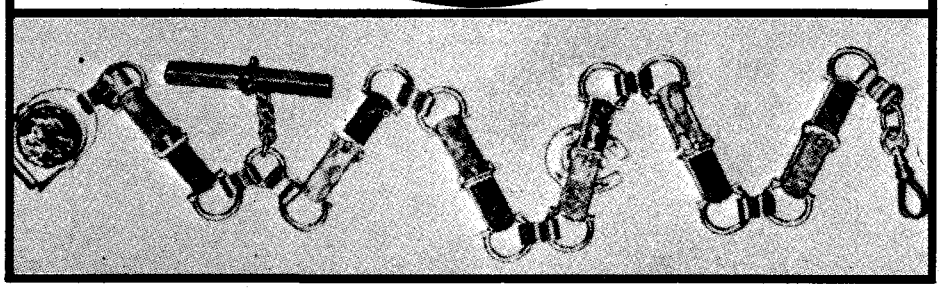

Courtesy California State Library

Above, Pike Bell. Below, Pike's famous watchchain, containing over $650 in gold, weighed over three pounds.

Partial List of Pockets Over $100

Name	Amount
Green Emigrant	$167,000
Bonanza	100,000
Calf Pasture	85,000
Black Lead	70,000
Black Oak	? 60,000
Church (El Dorado County)	Unknown
Yolo	20,000
Nevada Hill (Nevada County)	20,000
Fulweiler Eighty	13,000
Big Temperance Flat	10,000
Reed	9,900
Peter Frink	9,000
Life Preserver	Unknown
Rock Creek	Unknown
My Lizzie	8,000
Missouri Lead (Amador County)	8,000
Tangle	8,000
Green Mile	7,350
Mary Bell	6,000
Little Temperance Flat	4,200
Red Hill	3,500
Wizard	3,000
Blanchard	2,200
Bull Whang	2,000
Horse Turd	2,000
Broken Shovel	1,700
Ravine	1,700
Crutcher Lot	1,500
Wire Diggings	1,500
Whiskey Diggings (copper ore)	1,500
Merich	1,000
Ellen	1,000
Yonder	825
Red, White and Blue	750
Big Rock	580
Slate	550
My Darling	415
Hammer	400
Johnnie Comes Marching Home	400
Big By Gad	390
Flour Diggins (Amador County)	325
Blue Lead	275
Big Clabber	250
Blatting Nanny	180
Little By Gad	175
Sunday Diggins	125
Little Clabber	100
Jubilee	Unknown
Pine Top	Unknown

Pike Bell had a lot of luck, but he also had a lot of savvy

gold on his land, ordered a halt when the diggings began to undermine his house. "Life Preserver" came at a time when Pike was flat broke; the strike literally saved his life.

For several months Pike used a big rock as a table for his lunch while he was on the trail of a prospect. When the work was finished, he broke up the boulder and the "Big Rock" yielded $580!

Pike Bell made a lot of money—around a million dollars, all told—but he was a drinking man, and gambler—and he was very generous. Asked for a loan, he would simply reach in his pocket and hand over whatever he happened to have. He asked for no notes and collected no interest. Naturally, most of the money he gave to his friends never came back to him—nor did he expect it to.

"When Dad had money, everybody had money," his son Lester used to say.

In 1869 Pike took time off to travel. He visited most of the gold mines of California, collecting fine specimens as he went. A San Francisco jeweler cut and polished the stones and made them into a massive watch chain; with this adornment on his brawny chest (he weighed 240), Pike boarded the second Eastbound train to travel the Central Pacific and rode to his old Missouri home. Mary Smith, a family friend, was waiting for him. The couple were married and their wedding trip was said to have been a horseback journey across the plains to California. Pike built a great, rambling ranch house on Bald Mountain and he and Mary populated it with twelve children.

PIKE BELL was a shrewd, perceptive man when sober; he was something else when drunk. According to his son Ed, Pike once took $80,000 in cash on a trip to San Francisco, intending to invest it. But he met a faro dealer and had to walk home.

He once threw $5,000 in gold on the floor at the old Western Hotel Bar in Sacramento just to see men scramble to pick it up. Returning from one of his sprees, he got a severe scolding from his wife, and left the house in anger. He was back before dark for a wheelbarrow, having found more gold than he could carry!

Pike had no special secrets; his mining techniques were the same primitive ones used by other prospectors. He would willingly divulge anything he knew and he was as puzzled as anyone by his unusual success. He simply walked around the land, sinking test holes and panning for colors, studying stream courses and ledges, and tried to visualize the ancient windings of the streams. He had—or developed—the ability to follow those long-gone streams back to the secret spots where the gold lay near the surface. Pike wasted little time on placer diggings, reasoning that if a stream's gravel bore gold, there would be even more high up on the hillsides.

In later years, he became so familiar with the countryside that he could "mine" from his home. He built two great armchairs; warning his family not to disturb him, he would sit for days pondering areas he had searched. Finally, he would call the hired man to "hitch up" and, taking the reins, Pike would drive to the spot he'd decided to mine. He rarely missed.

Sometimes he was followed by envious rivals, but these men found it was a mistake to cross Pike Bell. One such fellow caught a bullet in his foot; but Pike promptly took his wounded adversary to Auburn and paid his doctor bill!

In the 1870s, Bell's fortunes sagged. A former partner of his, Ike Duryea, told my father that Bell became discouraged almost to the point of suicide. Suddenly he recalled an old, unsuccessful prospect which lay hidden in the

(Continued on page 44)

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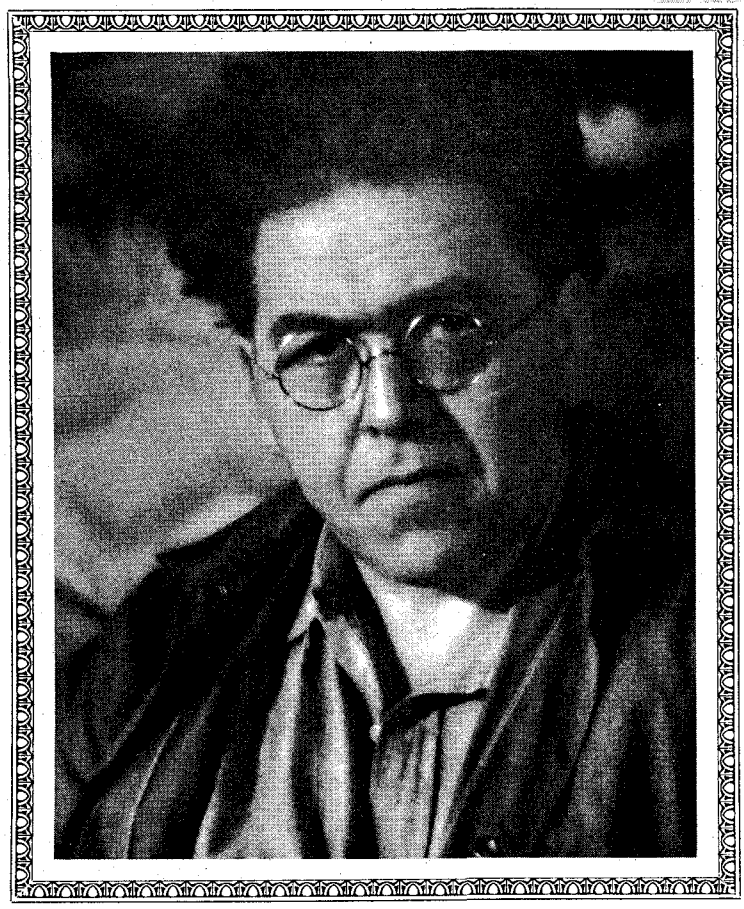
N. C. WYETH

PAINTER OF MEN ...*IN ACTION!*

By LES BEITZ



Courtesy Delaware Art Center, Wilmington, Delaware
N. C. Wyeth

The artist's great-great-great grandfather, Ebenezer Wyeth (1698-1754) was the great-grandfather of Nathaniel Jarvis Wyeth (1802-1856). Interest in the West began early for this family —see page 22.

SHORTLY after the turn of the century, a young illustrator set up shop in a barn-like structure—a sort of rehabilitated granary—near the little town of Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania. From that time (1904) until his death in 1945, N. C. Wyeth labored daily, turning out some of the most powerful and accomplished illustrations ever done in America. Many of them dealt with western subjects—the ruggedness, excitement, color and drama of a surging, restless era. *Action* was Wyeth's stock-in-trade. He captured the moving essence of western life that few others approached, much less achieved.

Newell Converse Wyeth was born at Needham, Massachusetts, a small community outside Boston, on October 22, 1882. During his teens he attended an art academy in Boston and a fair measure of significance must be afforded to the work he did there. His prowess with chalk and brush showed exceptional promise; he was soon found qualified for admittance to a select circle of students assembled at the studio of Howard Pyle in Wilmington, Delaware.

Pyle, one of the most eminent of American illustrators, exerted a strong influence upon young Wyeth. Two things, two essential ingredients from Master Illustrator Pyle rubbed onto his tremendously-talented apprentice. First: sound, exacting craftsmanship in the handling of the tools of the trade; secondly, a keenness of insight and understanding in interpreting spirit, character and mood and transposing it to canvas.

At the Howard Pyle School, Wyeth worked with astounding speed. His comprehension of fundamentals in the craft of producing powerful, effective illustration was readily recognized by his teacher. In practically no time at all, young Wyeth had outdistanced his classmates.

Pyle became apprehensive, urged caution, when Wyeth expressed a desire to "break into print." He felt the young man might possibly have developed a dangerous eagerness to pit his skill against established illustrators of broad reputation before he was adequately prepared. But Wyeth's studio assignments had been so well executed and had demonstrated such a proficiency in all aspects of the craft—strength of composition, spectacular effect, sense of color, technique, and above all, *action*—

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SECOND IN A SERIES OF OUTSTANDING WESTERN ARTISTS AND THE PARTICULAR MEDIA OF EACH . . .

that Pyle concluded the brilliant young New Englander *was* ready to tackle the highly competitive field of magazine art.

IT IS significant that Wyeth's initial professional commission was one dealing with western subject matter. While still at the Pyle studio, he prepared two paintings and two small pen-and-inks to illustrate a story titled "Working For Fame" by John M. Oskison which appeared in *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* for July, 1903. It must be remembered that both Remington and Russell were at the peak of their careers about this time. The work of twenty-one-year-old Wyeth held its own in that stiff competition, too!

After some months of old magazine sleuthing, I finally rooted out Wyeth's "debut" and two of those excellent illustrations are reproduced here. A mighty fine performance for a kid illustrator.

Finally the day came when Howard Pyle extended a farewell handshake with all manner of good wishes to his skillful young student. Barely twenty-two years old, Wyeth departed Pyle's studio bubbling over with talent and high purpose, intent upon a full-fledged career in the practice of illustration.

He headed west toward cattle country —the region of Little Rattlesnake Creek, Cottonwood Camp and Jim's Canyon, Colorado—in the early summer of 1904. Here, during some four or five months of rugged day-in-day-out experience in living and working with men of the open range, he absorbed at first hand the sum and substance of the Old Frontier. This was Wyeth's forte—the portrayal of rugged riders, renegades, and the roughshod who strode undaunted across desert wastes, into deep canyons, upon vast prairies.

Here he produced a remarkable series of paintings. To accompany them, he wrote a brief article entitled "A Day with the Round-up," which appeared in *Scribner's Magazine* for March, 1906. There's nothing very spectacular about Wyeth's handling of the narrative concerning his western sojourn, but the

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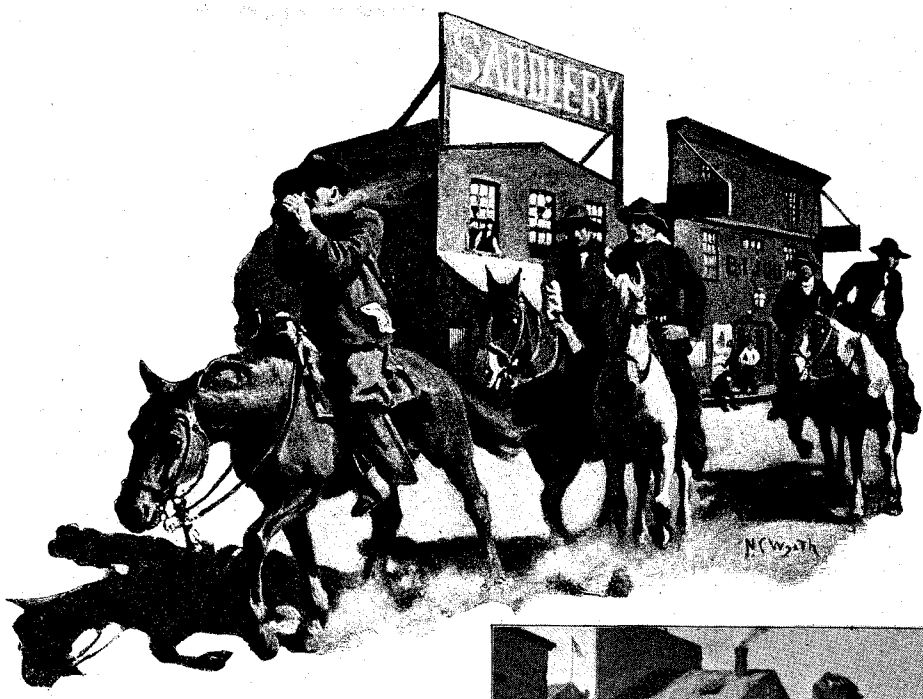


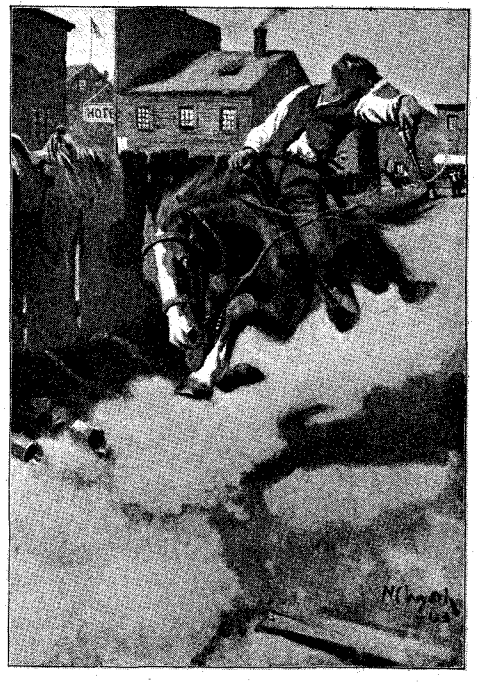
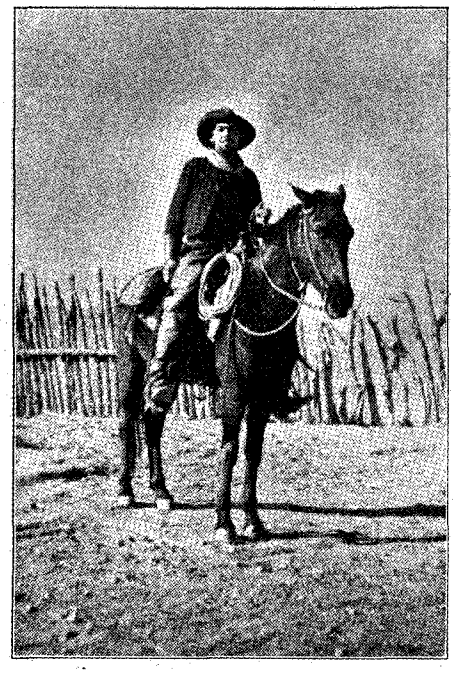


Illustration above was done in 1903 while Wyeth was still a student at Howard Pyle's studio. It shows the Daltons coming into quiet, prosperous Coffeyville on the morning of their famous bank robbery there. At left, Dick Broadwell, thrice shot, in his wild, spectacular getaway attempt after the raid. These two works are the earliest and rarest Wyeth "Westerns."



At left, N. C. Wyeth, Colorado, 1904. Below, *Bar-room Brawl*, is in the James S. Copley collection, La Jolla, California.

Courtesy San Diego Union, as published in The Glory Years

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By PAUL G. ALLEN

In 1833 Nathaniel Wyeth attended the Green River Rendezvous. He had lost a fortune but his belief in the West never wavered

Courtesy Washington Historical Society

Fort Vancouver, Washington

THE BITTER TRIP

"I'M AFLOAT on the great sea of life without stay or support," wrote Nathaniel Jarvis Wyeth at Fort Vancouver after he had released the last of his original company of twenty-three men from their contract.

The *Sultana*, which was supposed to have furnished him with additional provisions and trade goods, had failed to arrive from Boston. Only seven of his original party remained alive. When they requested he terminate their joint stock agreement, Wyeth felt obliged to submit, ending a venture which had begun with bright promise of "great fortunes for all" to be made within the year.

Eleven months earlier he had left a successful business, friends, wealth and position in Boston to head an expedition to the Oregon Country.

Before leaving Boston Wyeth had constructed three amphibious wagons which were wheeled vehicles on land but would float as boats on water. He had stocked them with the accoutrements of the company and articles for Indian trade such as axes, beads, paint, knives, buttons, nails and mirrors. They were to be exchanged for furs which would be shipped to China and were "alone to make every man's fortune."

Fortunately the small party was able to join a westward-bound group headed by Bill Sublette, an experienced mountain man, at St. Louis. But for this they would never have reached the Rocky Mountains.

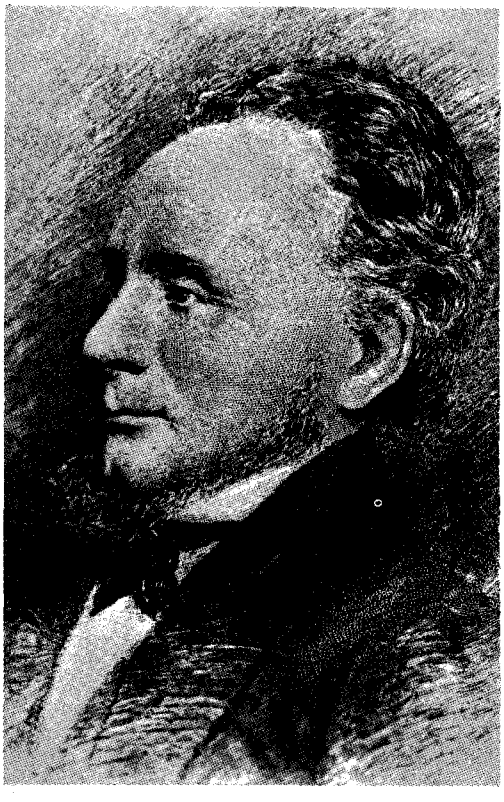
On Sublette's advice the amphibious wagons were abandoned, and pack mules and horses substituted. But even the mountain man could not protect the vulnerable New Englanders from the many hazards of the trail.

By the time Wyeth arrived at Fort Vancouver, he had lost fifteen of his men to disease, starvation, accidents, Indian attacks and desertion. Another died shortly after reaching the fort from wounds received in a bloody battle.

Thanks to the hospitality of Dr. McLoughlin at Fort Vancouver, Wyeth remained in Oregon for several months studying topography, soil, possibilities of agriculture and the fur trade. Because of the dominance of the Hudson's Bay Company, he saw no future in the fur trade but saw definite possibilities in agriculture and salmon fishing.

Accompanied by only two half-breed Indians, Wyeth began the long trek back to Boston on February 3, 1833. A Hudson's Bay party of twenty-one men, headed by Francis Ermatinger, and three boats loaded with trade goods left at the same time for the Green River Rendezvous, near the confluence of the Snake and Salmon Rivers, and Wyeth and his companions were able to accompany them.

Nathaniel J. Wyeth



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The party of twenty-four men and three boats proceeded slowly up the Columbia, making ten to twenty miles per day and living on whatever game could be found on the banks of the river. Rains and, later, snow and cold, plus inadequate food kept them in constant discomfort.

In some instances the boats were "lined"—towed by the men up the rapids —and in others portages were necessary. On one occasion they were forced to carry the boats and all supplies for two miles over a rocky shore.

Wyeth wrote in his journal on February 8, 1833, ". . . We made 29 miles to the Dalles which are one mile or thereabouts long and encamped having passed [lined] two of the boats. The other owing to some mistake had sheered out and forced the line from those who were towing. . . . One Indian was forced into the stream. . . . He swam until he hit a whirlpool and went down."

Death was commonplace in the Oregon Country at that time. It is estimated that between the years of 1825 and 1833, two-fifths of the fur hunters who entered the country were victims of Indians, famine, cold, wild beasts and accidents.

BACK

THE UPPER PART of the Columbia River between the Cascades and the Rocky Mountains traverses an unforested plateau. The travelers were dependent on driftwood for fuel. They ran into a most troublesome band of Indians who demanded pay in tobacco or other goods for the most trifling services. When Ermatinger's group gathered driftwood, the Indians would run ahead of them, asking for and receiving pay for each stick picked up.

The company reached Fort Walla Walla on February 14 and remained five days. There the party obtained horses from the post and by trade with the Indians. The wealth of the tribes was measured in horses. Some of them had herds of several thousand. Wyeth traded for three mounts, giving the Indians for each horse "12 yards of blue cloth, 1 blanket, 50 balls and powder, 2 knives, 1 pound of tobacco, a bunch of beads and 10 fish hooks," which he says, "appears a fair price here."

After leaving Fort Walla Walla, the travelers proceeded up the Snake past the mouth of the Spokane River, again suffering from short rations and often fighting their way through snowstorms and blizzards. Wyeth's entries mentioning cold, rain, hunger and hardships were never written in a complaining manner, but merely as statements of fact. Fresh meat had to be killed each day as there was no way of preserving it. One day they might feast on deer, antelope or buffalo and the next day might go hungry.

Despite the failure of his first expedition, Nathaniel Wyeth had already made up his mind to attempt a second trip to the Oregon Country. He carefully made notes of all the streams and lakes encountered or traversed. Also carefully noted was the topography, the soil, and the flora and fauna. He mentions several times that his compass "would not traverse," probably due to mineral deposits in the area.

ON MARCH 30, Wyeth and his small party took all the horses in the company and proceeded overland toward the Green River Rendezvous. Ermatinger and his Hudson's Bay men took the boats and supplies to the same destination by way of the river.

Wyeth's progress was slow because of deep snow, swamps and the difficulty of herding the horses. Many mornings, strays had to be pursued, causing further delay. They entered the territory of the Flathead Indians the first part of April. The Flatheads were friendly and, together with a large herd of their horses, were also headed for the Rendezvous.

Wyeth elected to accompany the Flatheads for protection while they crossed the domain of the hostile Blackfoot Indians. Even against as large a party as the Flatheads had assembled, the Blackfeet struck several times, killing or wounding guards and stealing as many horses as they could. At this time, the principal vocation of the Blackfeet was stealing from *voyageurs*, Nez Percés, Flatheads and other Indian tribes and, in the process, killing whoever got in their way.

The Flatheads were of an entirely different nature. They were kindly and fun-loving, although not lacking in bravery. To quote Wyeth's journal regarding them:

"Every morning some important Indian addresses either heaven or his countrymen or both, I believe exhorting the one to good conduct to each other and to the strangers among them and the other to bestow its blessings. He finishes with 'I am done'; the whole then sets up an exclamation in concord. Sunday there is more parade of prayer as above. Nothing is done Sunday in the way of trade with these Indians nor in playing games and they seldom fish or kill game [on Sunday]. While prayers are being said everyone ceases whatever he is about and if on horseback he dismounts and holds his horse on the spot until all is done.

"Theft is a thing almost unknown among them and is punished by flogging I am told, but have never known an instance of theft among them. The least thing even unto a bead or pin [if found] is brought you and things we throw away also. This is sometimes troublesome. I have never seen an Indian [Flathead] get in anger with each other or strangers. I think you would find among 20 whites as many scoundrels as among 1000 of these Indians. They have a mild playful laughing disposition and their qualities are strongly portrayed in their countenances. They are polite and unobtrusive and however poor never beg.

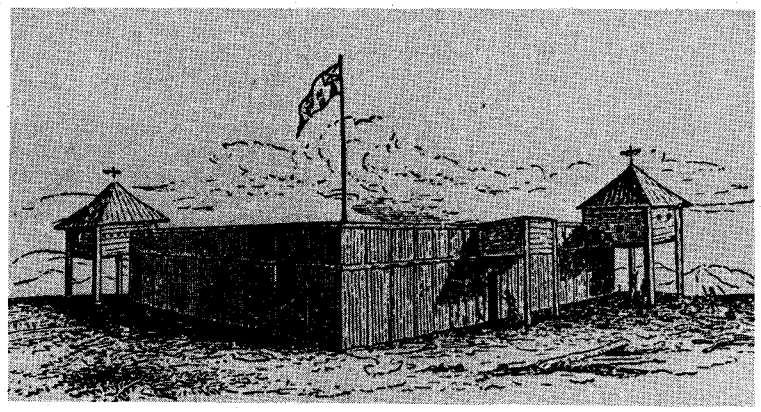
"They are very brave and fight the Blackfeet who continually steal their horses and kill their stragglers with great success beating hollow equal numbers. They wear as little clothing as the weather will permit and sometimes nothing but a little thing to cover the privates and sometimes, but rare, this is omitted while at play but not when there are women [present]. The women are closely covered and chaste never cohabiting promiscuously with the men. The young women are good looking and with dress and cleanliness would be lovely."

AFTER many more days of fighting blizzards and straying horses, Wyeth arrived at the Green River Rendezvous

(Continued on page 62)

Fort Walla Walla (from sketch by Joseph Drayton)

Courtesy Washington Historical Society



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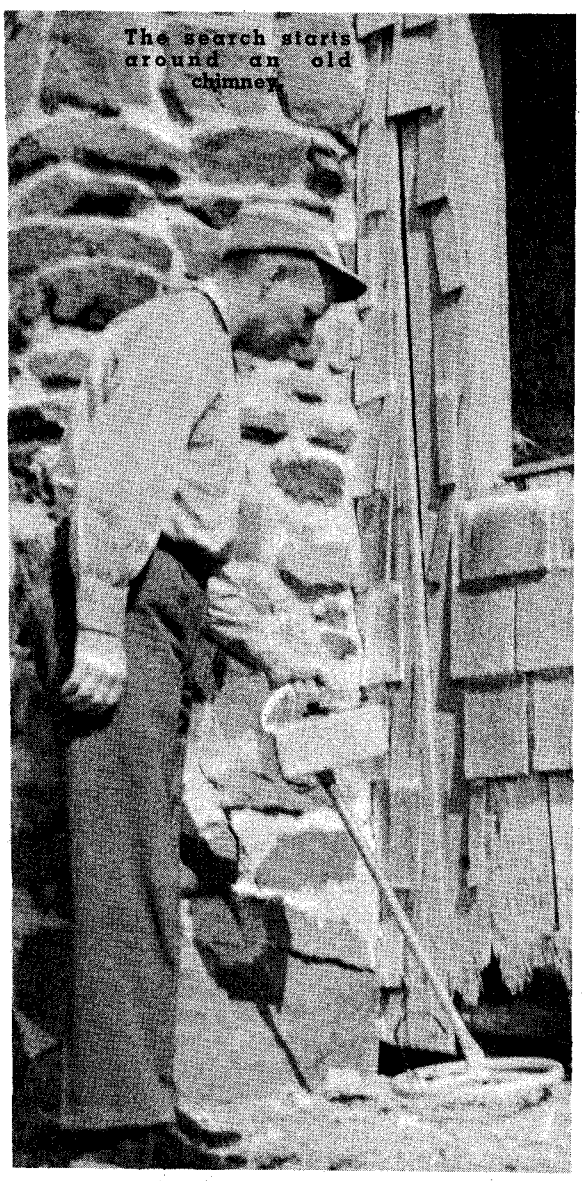
Treasure in a Syrup

In the photos, the author reconstructs his hitting paydirt. The location is fake—but the sequence of events and his smile are very genuine!

I STARTED treasure-hunting several years ago—more or less half-heartedly—and even though I had the best detector I could find, still I had no luck. It was just a pastime that I followed when I had nothing else to do. But about three years ago, I found a different type of detector and the old fever hit me again. I soon started "finding." Not the proverbial three *carritas* loaded with gold and silver bullion but *finding*—and that was what mattered. I got my share of interesting relics and antique metal objects and as we say, "other things of interest."

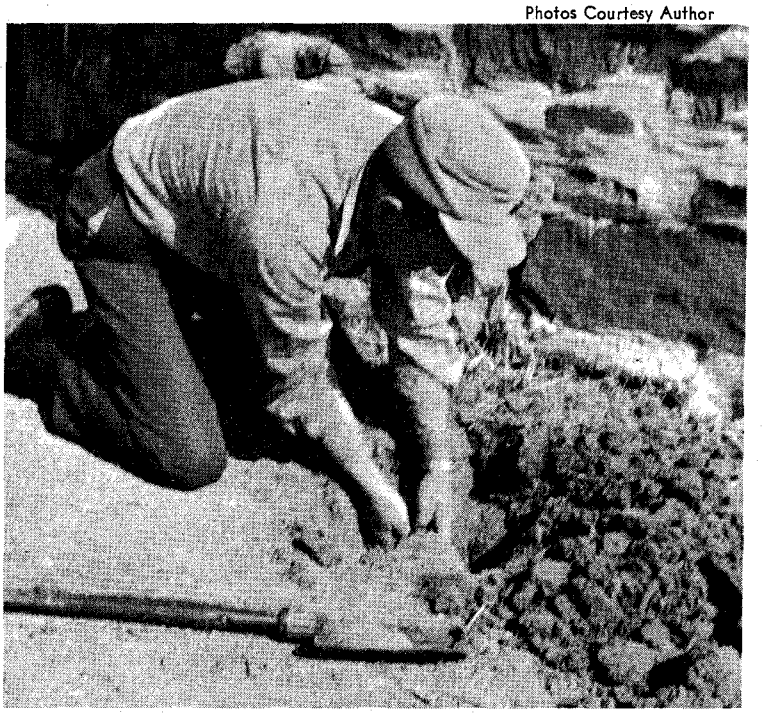
I am employed by the parks department of Richardson, Texas, and meet a lot of different people. I am always talking treasure, always searching for a clue that will lead me to the "Big One." In this way I got acquainted with a fellow I will call Lopez.

Once, while we were talking, he quietly said, "Well, R. C., I will tell you about our treasure. A few years ago I returned to Mexico to get my grandfather to bring him up here for the winter. He had several old worn-out suitcases and all but one were full of his clothes. This was a stout leather bag which he insisted on keeping between his feet during the drive north. When we would stop to get gas and he would go to the men's room, that bag also went along. I was a little inquisitive about it and he quickly let me know that what he had in it was none of my business.



The search starts around an old chimney

Photos Courtesy Author



"I hit something metallic and real solid . . ."

"It was an uneventful trip; soon we arrived at my small home. We had a little shed room on the back of the house that we let him have for his own. He was very happy in my home and liked my wife and was real good to my kids so he was soon accepted as one of the family. He had been with us for only about two or three months when one night he had what you call a stroke. We gently put him to bed and he was barely able to mumble to us. He urged us to hurry to get a doctor and said unless we got a doctor soon he would die.

"I am a poor man and wondered where I would get the money for a doctor, even if I could get one to come to my humble house. Grandpa called me to him and said for me to go out behind the chimney, that about two feet out he had buried the contents of his little leather bag. He said it was his life savings and he had buried it in an empty molasses bucket. We talked it over, my wife and I, and we did not think him too sick, so I decided to wait until morning and then if he was no better I would see about taking him into town to the hospital to see the doctor. He was acting much better and seemed at ease so we just went on to bed and soon were sound asleep.

"I woke about 6:00 the next morning and lay there awhile and then suddenly remembered how Grandpa was feeling the night before. I hurriedly jumped out of bed and, going to his room, saw he was very still. I eased into the room hoping not to disturb him and found he was dead. I could not believe it! I started screaming for my wife María and soon all the kids were up, too. We were so shocked we hardly knew what to do.

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Can

By R. C. POLLEN

Left, the author spreads the loosened dirt on a sack. Above, a big smile means "treasure found."

"After all things necessary had been done and he was to be buried, I thought of his money that he had told me to get to give a doctor. He had said get it for a doctor or he would die. Should I now get it to bury him instead? I did not like the idea of digging it up now. Fortunately the county man told me not to worry about the expense of the burying, that the county would take care of the costs. So I did not tell of his money. Truthfully I did not know what to do about it.

"A few weeks went by and my wife, María, and I talked it over and we decided that it would be better if we never touched his money. We feel certain that his spirit would be unhappy if we dug it up. We felt guilty and responsible for his death as he had told us to dig it up and get a doctor or he would die. I had paid no attention to what he said and now feel that I should never touch the money. We moved away from there soon after his death and I have not been back to the house since, and I do not intend to ever return."

After finishing the story, he said, "R. C., you have been real kind to me. If you would like to get the money you have my permission. I want none of it and if you want to risk making his spirit angry you may get it but, if you do, please never tell me about it."

I felt the Mexican fellow had just made the story up to have a little fun out of me. Who, I had asked myself, would leave money buried when they knew exactly where it was? So time passed and I did nothing about it.

EARLIER in the year I had been busy and had not been out much, but finally planned a trip to Oklahoma with one of my treasure hunting buddies. We were to leave on a Sunday morning. On the day we were to go, I got up early and got my pickup ready, loaded the gear and took off to go pick him up. I went by but one of his kids was pretty sick, so he had to back out. Climbing back in the pickup, I decided to go by another treasure hunter's house and see if he had any place we could go. Same old luck—he was already gone. Well, there I was a-r'aring for a treasure hunt and had no one to go with.

As I drove slowly down the street I happened to remember the story that Lopez had told me. I decided this was as good a time as any to look.

The old house where they had lived had half-fallen down on one end and was completely abandoned. Well, I thought to myself, at least the house is old. Just possibly I can find a few old coins of value. By this time the sun was up and warm and I was anxious to get started.

Placing all the equipment except my detector and a strong-bladed knife on the porch, I started my coin hunt. Sure enough, as soon as my detector went over the spot, wow! Did it ever screech! I was so excited that my heart was pounding and my hands were shaking. Boy, I thought, what if there actually is something down there?

I flew into the hard ground and did the dirt fly! Soon I hit something metallic and real solid. I quickly dug around it and loosened the dirt. Then with my hands I dug all the loose dirt out. Sure enough, right there before my eyes was a half-gallon syrup can! I noticed that the old can had rusted badly and was falling apart, so I was real careful with it. As a big chunk of dirt dropped off the side, a piece of the can, all rusty, came with it and I could see some coins, tightly packed and turning green, sticking out of the dirt.

Finally I managed to break it apart with my shovel. All I could see at first was hard dirt. Then it dawned on me: each rain over a period of years had carried a little silt into the can until it was just a hard mass. Taking my hunting knife, I soon had the dirt loosened, and out poured dirt and money. I dumped it all into a big sack and just sat there looking at it.

When I got home, I poured the contents of the sack into a large pan and washed it good with the hose. I soon had all the mud off. This, I thought as I gathered up the loot, is just about my best find. True, it was not a great fortune—but it was *found treasure*—even though I cannot retire on it.

On a what-not in one corner of my den at home now rests a piece of a rust-eaten old half-gallon syrup can. Beside it is a small jar containing a few old coins. A good memento of a successful treasure hunt!

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REVENGE — MONTENEGRIN STYLE

They were people in a strange land. When the man they called their "king" lay dead before them, the one who had taken his life was as good as dead, too!

By GRACE ROFFEY PRATT

TAFT, Montana, scarcely ten years old, was merely a mountain train-stop until a decision by railroad officials transformed it into a boomtown of 9,000. Here, in 1907, an army of Balkan peasants in vivid native costume threatened to erupt in one of the strangest mob actions the West has ever witnessed.

It all began when the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul decided to run a line connecting St. Regis, Montana, on the Northern Pacific's cross-country Chicago-to-Seattle route, with St. Joe, Idaho. The jumping-off place for the new construction was Taft, five miles from the Idaho line.

The town sprang up in two sections. One, strewn along the N.P. right of way, was composed of eating places, dancehalls, bawdy houses, a post office, and twenty-three saloons. Appropriately it was called Saloon Town. The other section, somewhat more dignified, grew up around the powerhouse and lumber-yard and was known as Powerhouse Town.

As soon as work started, the need for a hospital became apparent but lumber had to be shipped in, and the power-house came first. Before the hospital could be completed, typhoid broke out and the lack of sanitation, especially in the camps, caused the disease to reach near-epidemic proportions. There were hundreds of cases that first year and many deaths. A low log cabin was built for a morgue and a man was hired to make plain pine boxes for use as coffins. A cemetery was laid out on a hill above the hospital. It seems that there was no clergyman at Taft and many, though not all of the victims, were buried without a service.

The first doctors to come to the hospital, Otto Schussler and Leon Coria, did not deem it beneath their professional dignity to take saw and hammer and work as carpenters whenever they were not busy with patients.

Although typhoid was the worst disease with which they had to contend, there were others, especially pneumonia and erysipelas. The latter cases were kept in six tents outside of the hospital. Besides the sick, there were nearly always some wounded—victims of knifings, gunfights and "missed shoots," those blasts of dynamite which did not go off on schedule but fired later, maiming and killing unsuspecting workmen.

There is a story that eighteen corpses were buried in the snow that first winter, then interred in the spring when the ground was soft enough to dig. No careful records seem to have been kept, and the graves were unmarked and uncared for, so it is impossible now to tell how many died or just where they may have been buried.

ONE NIGHT Saloon Town caught fire and—except for one house and the post office—burned to the ground. There were those who said "good riddance to bad rubbish" but they hadn't long to rejoice. The saloon men hardly waited for the ground to cool before they began rebuilding. Soon business was as usual, including murders, most of which were quickly forgotten.

There was one exception. The great majority of those who composed the laboring units were foreigners. They had come from Ireland, Bulgaria, Sweden, Norway, Italy, Serbia, Spain and Montenegro. From this tiny, far-away country over a thousand dark-skinned men, most of them young, many still attired in their native garb and carrying bedrolls they called "turkeys," had come to dig St. Paul's Pass tunnel.

The Montenegrins were called "Mountain Niggers" by most of their neighbors. Sometimes the term was used in contempt, more often in ignorance, but it could never have been very endearing. They were a well-organized group led by a man they called "the King." He was an educated fellow, whereas most of of his countrymen were not. He drew their pay, banked their money, paid their bills, wrote their letters and looked after them generally. He held their respect and a love and loyalty that was, by one man at least, gravely underestimated.

One fine autumn day in 1907, Dr. Schussler and his wife were sitting on the steps of the hospital enjoying a few minutes of rest in the sunshine when they saw a man approaching with swift strides. It was Reddy Hayes, foreman at the tunnel where the King and his men worked.

"I've killed the Mountain Nigger King!" he told them as he came up. "There'll be hell to pay! I've got to get out of here!"

"What happened?" asked Dr. Schussler.

Hurriedly Reddy told his story. Two days before, the Montenegrins had not obeyed his orders and he had "bawled out" the King. Then, only the night before, walking along the path towards the bunkhouse, Reddy had been hit over the head with a lantern and knocked down. He had gotten up in time to see the King disappear around the corner of the bunkhouse. However, when Reddy followed, every man, including the King, was in his bunk and apparently asleep.

The next morning the King had been surly and during the afternoon the men had disobeyed orders again. Reddy, feeling he knew how to handle the situation, had given the King another real bawling out. The man had pulled a gun but Reddy had shot him before he could use it.

Reddy said that the King's countrymen had been so stunned at seeing their leader fall that he had been able to get away. But he knew it wouldn't take long for them to recover. He was right. Their loud wails of grief already could be heard from the upper trail.

Reddy was lucky. An eastbound freight was just pulling out of the Taft station. Dr. Schussler advised Reddy to take it. He did.

Reddy had not told Dr. Schussler how he had been able to identify the King in the dark, nor did he state what words he had used in the "real bawling out." Foremen addressing those whom they feel are beneath them have been known to be very abusive and the King was accustomed to great respect.

DR. SCHUSSLER agreed there was likely to be hell to pay. Hastily saddling his horse, he rode to the tunnel and did his best to communicate with the grieving brothers, only a few of whom spoke a little English. He told them that he deeply regretted what had happened but that they could not remove the King's body, as they wished to do,

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Photo Courtesy Author

The old hotel, all that remains of what was Taft

until officers came from Missoula to make an investigation.

Quite a number of the Montenegrins knew Dr. Schussler. He had taken care of their sick and had shown kindness and sympathy when one of their countrymen had died. They respected him, but some muttered obvious threats and one who could speak broken English told the doctor he had better get his wife away as they were going to blow up the town, starting with the hospital.

Why the hospital? Reddy hadn't had any connection with it, but one of the Montenegrins may have seen him talking with Dr. Schussler and deemed him guilty by association.

Dr. Schussler watched over the body of the King the rest of that day and all night. In the morning officers arrived and made their investigation; the brothers were then allowed to take charge of the body and the doctor went home.

As news of the tragedy spread from camp to camp, more Montenegrins quit. There were many rumors. Guards were placed around the powerhouse and doors were barricaded. Guns were kept within easy reach.

Sometime after midnight the tramping of hundreds of feet awakened the town. Armed men peered out their windows as the Montenegrins marched up Hospital Hill. Then they stopped. After a short time they marched back down and out of town. They had come to put the body of their King in the morgue! The townspeople sighed thankfully.

The next morning, a delegation came to ask permission to bury the King in the hospital cemetery and make arrangements for a casket.

This group was headed by Stanislaus Felipowich, an Austrian count whose father had employed many Montenegrins on his estates in the old country. He felt a responsibility for them since many of them had followed him to America. He had obtained a contract along the right of way and had employed as many of them as he could.

Permission for burial was readily given and the coffin was ordered.

On the day of the funeral, the people of Taft witnessed a bit of Old World pageantry. The Montenegrins were all Greek Catholics but as there was no priest available, Stanislaus had the title of "Little Father" conferred upon him so that he might conduct services. He led the procession with a prayerbook in one hand and a coil of rope in the other. At the sight of the rope, some of the faint-hearted spectators ran away screaming, fearful that it meant someone was going to be hanged.

Behind Stanislaus came the mourners, marching two-by-two, dressed in native costumes and carrying white streamers in their left hands and a tall lighted candle in their right! They came silently through Saloon Town and stopped at the morgue. There they picked up the casket containing the body of their leader and proceeded up the hill. One observer estimated they were over a thousand strong.

At the cemetery, Stanislaus read the burial service. When it was finished, the coffin was opened and each brother came in turn to kiss his King. When this part of the ritual was over, the Montenegrins raised their right hands and repeated something in unison. Then the coffin was closed and by means of the rope was lowered into the grave. Again each man had a part in the ceremony. Each placed one shovelful of earth on the casket. Then, led by Stanislaus, they began a slow march down the hill.

It had all been so orderly, so solemnly beautiful, that those watching had been moved almost to tears. They were quite unprepared for what followed. In front of the morgue, the procession halted and from beneath his tunic each man drew a flask and took a long drink. Then they began to dance. It was a solemn dance, expressing their grief. When it ended they drank again, then danced again, this time with increased tempo. So it went on, drink, then dance, till the flasks were empty and the dancing was at a frenzy. Suddenly the Montenegrins began to sing!

The onlookers could not understand the words but the emotions reflected were unmistakable. The men's faces had hardened with hate. The song was a war song! The song of an avenger! Stanislaus was seen walking among them, gesticulating, trying to get their attention. But the nobleman who had led their

(Continued on page 50)

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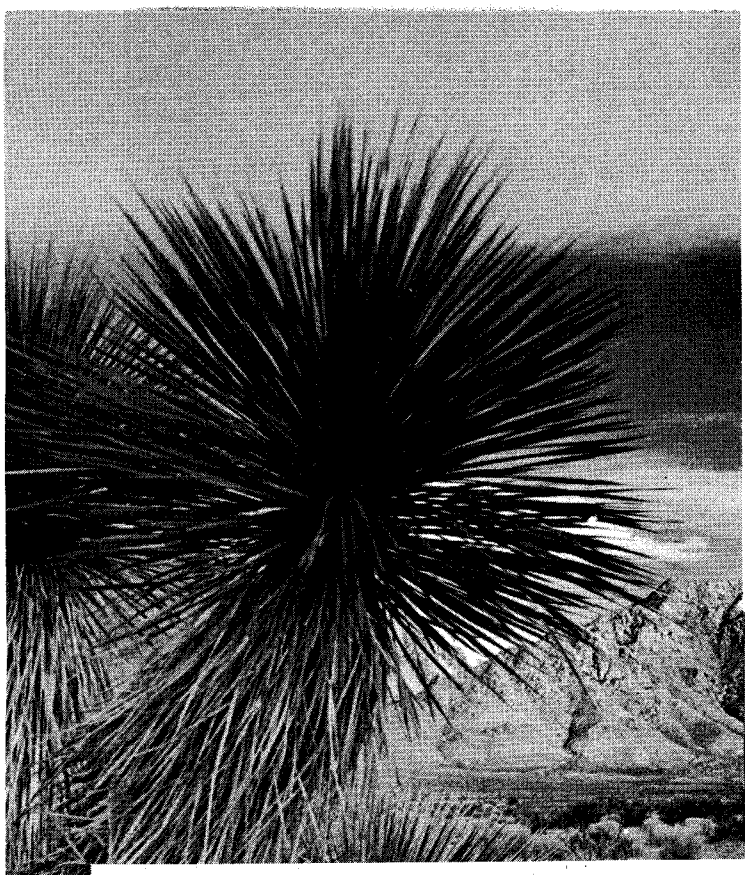

CACHE OF THE THUNDERING HORSES

By EDGAR E. CADWALLADER
as told to
JESSIE PETERSON

A stalk of forbidden cane—a friendship made in prison—yet of such divergent threads are clues to treasures woven

Author's Note: I didn't know about this lost treasure until 1948 when the late E. E. Cadwallader and the county agent came out to our house in Nogal Canyon, New Mexico, where my husband and I had a fruit and alfalfa farm. When Mr. Cadwallader learned that I was interested in lost mines, he said if I would visit him at his home near Mountain Park he would give me a real story about a robbers' cache. I suppose that invitation was extended because he and the agent had been our guests at lunch and he'd enjoyed our fried chicken and lemon pie. Anyway, I did get up to see Mr. Cadwallader and he did give me the story, but I found him a victim of arthritis and practically a prisoner in his wheelchair, so we didn't get to explore. He was a very nice old fellow and I would have liked to have known him better. It's so sad to see a family just fade away, when once it was a large group and very active in El Paso and the Southwest in politics and farming.

MY FAMILY pioneered in west Texas. We came to Ysleta in the year 1892, when it was only a wide spot in the road. My grandfather, Judge Blacker, was one of the first judges to hold court in Ysleta, which was then the county seat. There is a street in Kern Place in El Paso named for my grandfather. My family has helped, and watched, El Paso grow; it has also helped the Rio Grande Valley grow.

We have many friends among the Indian-Spanish people who live in this valley. One of these families was that of Porfirio Diaz Morales, who had a son about my age. His name was Pablo, and we were very good *amigos*. We were about nineteen years of age when tragedy caught up with Pablo, who was at heart a very fine boy.

Indians and Mexican people are very superstitious. One of their superstitions concerned a certain cane. If this cane came up "volunteer" in your patch of corn or wheat or even in your garden, it was not to be pulled out and cast away, for it was supposed to bring you good luck and a bountiful crop. Cutting this cane would bring bad luck to the family owning the property on which the cane grew.

The Morales family had a patch of potatoes in which several clumps of this cane was growing. The cane was sweet and juicy, and as Pablo admitted later, it was a temptation for people not owning any cane to cut and chew it.

One day Pablo returned home to find an Indian in the potato field eating the cane. Pablo didn't say anything to the Indian but came rushing to our house to request the loan of a rifle, saying that he wanted to shoot a rabbit. My father let Pablo have the gun and some shells and, when Pablo returned, the Indian was still in the potato patch eating the cane. Without further ado, Pablo shot him in the stomach, killing him instantly.

Then, being just a boy, Pablo became panic-stricken. He ran back to our house and told Father what had happened. He begged Father to hide him from the law. Of course, the law did give a man the right to protect his property, but Father knew that the Ranger, then stationed at Ysleta, would not condone killing a man for stealing a few stalks of sweet cane.

FATHER was a loyal neighbor and friend and decided to hide Pablo until Porfirio Morales could be notified.

Señor Morales was greatly disturbed, but he decided to take Pablo to the Ranger Station and explain what had happened, and why. This he did. Pablo was tried in our courts, found guilty of homicide and given a five-year sentence in the penitentiary.

While Pablo was serving his term, he met an old Indian, who had lived around Las Cruces, New Mexico, all his life. The youngster was able to do some small kindness for the old man and they became very good friends. Old Antonio Ferros was not a well man—he evidently knew his days were few—and he wanted to do something for Pablo. He told his young friend that he had once been a member of a bunch of bandits who had raided churches, stores, trains and homes in the Southwest. They had hidden silver plate, jewelry, and bars of gold and silver, in a cave in the Organ Mountains which could be reached only by horse or mule and pack animals.

After Pablo had returned home, his mother received a letter from Antonio, written in very poor Spanish. Here is a translation of the letter:

To the Señora Porfirio Morales:

Because your young son is a very good friend to me, I wish him to have the directions to a treasure that belonged to me and my friends. There is much gold there and silver bars and also many beautiful things from churches in Old Mexico, candlelabras of pure gold and silver, crucifixes and other altar pieces. This wealth is to go to Pablo because I can never use it, and my friends are all dead years ago. They were afraid to sell this when they were alive and now that they are dead they would not want any of their families to have it because of the evil it would bring them. If you are not afraid of the curse, give this letter to Pablo, and let him find this treasure.

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To get to this cave you have to pass above it, then there is a trail down to the opening which cannot be seen from anywhere. Steep cliffs of slick grey-blue rock rise from the floor of the valley of the Sierra Soledad.

From where the waters of the Camino Real flow, and three canyons from the Camino Real, you will go up the arroyo. You will find an old trail that winds around the Sierra and up, then down to the cave. There is a stair-like trail down to the mouth of the cave.

I say to you, DO NOT PASS the draw where the water comes out. The side of the Organ Mountains where the treasure cave is hidden faces the San Agustin Pass and the Camino Real.

(Signed) Antonio Ferros.

WE, being close friends of the Morales family, were the only one told about the letter. Mrs. Morales was afraid to have Pablo search for the cache. She was sure that it would bring sorrow or perhaps death to her son. We had all read the letter and memorized it before she cut away part of it, hoping to distort the directions.

Pablo was all for taking a look for the treasure. We talked about it and finally decided to pay the Organs a visit. That trip to the mountains was to be the first of many such searches. Just Pablo, my father, and I went on that first trip and we went on horseback. But as time went on, we got the rest of the family interested and we spent many weekends camped at the foot of those beautiful Organ Mountains. We walked hundreds of miles, I'm sure, over rugged terrain, and rode many miles, too. We knew there was a trick to finding the cave, *up* then *down*, and there had to be sheer blue-granite walls which swept down to the valley.

I guess Pablo still was a little superstitious, because one day while we were riding together to the Organs, he said to Father and me, *"Si, encuentras el oro quedate con él pero no me mates."* ("If you find the gold keep all but do not kill me.")

"Why, Pablo!" my father said, "You know we will not kill you. You are our *amigo*."

The old Indian had certainly told the truth when he said that treasure was well-hidden. I'm sure that the years have obliterated the trail the robbers used, but those mountains are the same as they were when Antonio and his pals rode through them to bury their loot. And the treasure ever eluded us.

YEARS after I'd moved from Ysleta, Texas, to Mountain Park, New Mexico, a couple of neighbors of mine told me they had found a dim trail in that section of the Organs. Hearing the story of the treasure cave, they became interested in looking for it. These men, named Orozco and Madrid, took camping equipment and a week's supplies and drove over to the mountains (this was before Uncle Sam took over the slopes of the Organs to use as a missile range). The next morning they were up with the sun and after a good breakfast of bacon, beans and eggs, they set forth. They found the trail and followed it until the sun dipped behind the mountains.

They were both so tired that they turned in early. They said it was a clear, cool night, with bright stars and a full moon. They wrapped themselves in their blankets and—though excited—soon fell asleep.

In the small hours of the morning, with a waning moon and a deathlike stillness around them, they suddenly sat straight up.

"I was awakened by the most terrible noise I ever heard!" Madrid said.

"I know," the other man replied, "I heard it, too. It was like thunder beating on my ears, yet not like the thunder that comes before a rain. It was more like the charge of a great drove of horses."

As they talked the silence was awesome, unbroken by even the cry of a night bird.

"It was certainly frightening," Señor Madrid, who spoke excellent English, confided to me later. "Both of us heard it at the same time. So it couldn't have been a dream. Nor was it anything we could shoot. You just can't fight spirits of the men who placed that treasure in those caves. I wasn't even going to try!"

When it was light enough to see, he and Orozco packed their belongings and left the mountains. He never returned. He wouldn't even show me the trail, although I'm sure he could have found it again.

Did they really hear the charge of a drove of thundering horses? They were in the mountains; horses can't do much charging in that kind of territory. But it was strange that they both awakened

(Continued on page 48)

The Organ Mountains, northeast of Las Cruces, New Mexico, hide the treasure of the "thundering herd."

Courtesy New Mexico Department of Development

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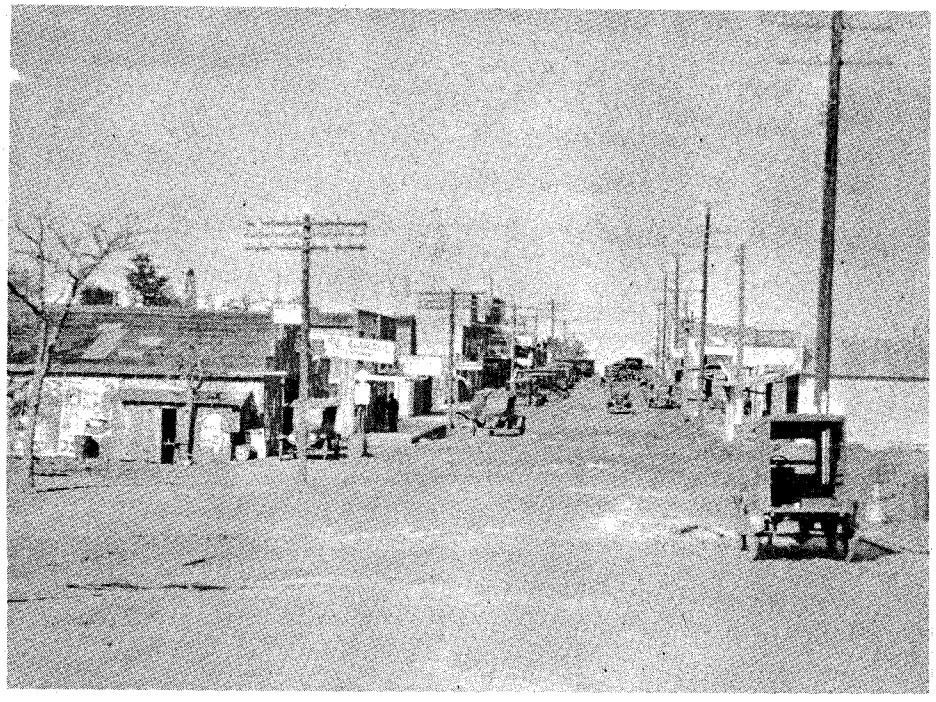
HOW

By DAVID C. CRAIGHEAD

Photos Courtesy Library, University of Oklahoma



Cromwell, Oklahoma, where Bill Tilghman was killed in 1924

A NEWS ITEM, brief and to the point, was tucked deep inside the Oklahoma City newspaper one summer day in 1964, reporting that Zoe Agnes Tilghman, widow of the famed frontier marshal, had died.

Mrs. Tilghman's last years had slipped by quietly. Many of the present generation hardly knew she existed. But the same newspaper which recorded her death so calmly used its biggest, blackest type to announce forty years ago that Bill Tilghman, one of the Old West's greatest peace officers, had been killed—not by one of the outlaws or criminals he'd faced so many times—but by a fellow officer of the law.

Bill Tilghman—buffalo hunter, scout, Indian fighter, town marshal, sheriff, U. S. deputy marshal, Oklahoma state senator, Oklahoma City police chief, special investigator for the governor; Bill Tilghman—who had been all of these things and more—killed by another officer? It was incredible. Unbelievable.

But it happened, on November 1, 1924, in Cromwell, Oklahoma. Oklahomans could hardly have been more shaken. Tilghman lived on such a heroic scale—he had sidestepped death so many times—that he seemed almost invincible.

Theater display of the "Passing of the Oklahoma Outlaws."

WILLIAM MATHEW TILGHMAN was born at Fort Dodge, Iowa, on July 4, 1854. His family moved to Kansas two years later. Billy was just another boy growing up on the plains until, at the age of fifteen, he ran away from home. The frontier, then only as far away as southwestern Kansas, beckoned the strapping youth. He hunted buffalo in that untamed region with a Sharps' rifle, honing to a fine point his natural ability with guns and horses. He is said to have brought down 3,300 buffaloes in about two years.

Young Tilghman grew to know the prairie country so well that General Philip Sheridan appointed him guide for the hunting expedition on which he entertained the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia.

Buffaloes were growing scare by the mid-1870s and many a hunter had to fend in a new direction. The center of action shifted to Dodge City which, by 1875, had become the liveliest spot in Kansas. Dodge City that year shipped some 180,000 Texas Longhorns to market, and fed, watered and bedded down hundreds of dusty cowboys. The town needed tough lawmen to ride herd on the herders. It was there that Bill Tilghman, fledgling lawman, started his long, exciting career.

His brother gunmen of the law included Wyatt Earp, "Bat" Masterson, "Mysterious Dave" Mather, Luke Short, and W. H. Harris. Tilghman wore the marshal's badge for three years and, for four more, that of deputy sheriff.

Tilghman joined the campaign against the Cheyennes in 1878 when that tribe rampaged in Kansas and Oklahoma. Marauding Indians destroyed his own home and livestock.

Dodge City by 1889 had passed its peak as a cattle town and was headed for respectable middle age. Tilghman needed no other incentive to move on. A young man seeking a young country, he lined up that year with land-hungry pioneers for the Run into Oklahoma Territory. His fame as a fearless, reliable officer who neither drank nor smoked had preceded him. Guthrie, territorial capital, named him marshal.

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a GREAT LAWMAN DIED

The history of the West abounds in irony—as anyone who knows Bill Tilghman's story will agree

When E. D. Nix was appointed U.S. marshal and charged with driving outlaws from the Territory, the former Kansan ranked high among the 150 deputies selected.

"Tilghman," said Nix in later years, "was one of the handsomest men I ever knew. Six feet tall, he weighed about one hundred and eighty pounds and every ounce of it was sinuous muscle. His kind, blue eyes and open countenance reflected good will and friendliness to all he met. I have never known a man who regarded his enemies more kindly than did Bill Tilghman — and I have never known a man who fought his enemies more bitterly than did Bill Tilghman when circumstances demanded it."

Nix added: "During his service as my deputy, more rewards were paid to him for captures than were ever paid to any other officer in the same period of time in the history of the United States."

TILGHMAN'S best-known exploit was the capture of Bill Doolin, a former member of the original Dalton gang. Doolin, though vicious, had a sense of fair play. He once saved Tilghman's life after the officer stumbled into a hideout and found himself surrounded by the outlaws. One wanted to kill him, but Doolin wouldn't have it. Taking advantage of such odds, after all, was hardly sporting. Tilghman got away and later repaid the favor by risking his life to capture Doolin alive.

The officer had gone to Eureka Springs, Arkansas, on word that Doolin was there taking mineral baths, and nearly bumped into the outlaw. Disguised in derby hat and Prince Albert coat—hardly his usual costume—he entered a bath house parlor and at once saw Doolin. The bandit was lounging in a chair, reading a newspaper and keeping an eye on all who entered and left. He was fooled by the disguise. Tilghman walked by him and ordered a bath. The officer then returned, whipped out a pistol and, shoving it into Doolin's side, ordered him to surrender.

Doolin, heedless, jumped up and reached for the revolver under his coat. Tilghman tried to grab his wrist but missed and caught the sleeve. It tore as they struggled. Time and again Doolin's hand neared his weapon without quite reaching it. Tilghman, pressing his pistol against him, urged, "Don't make me kill you, Bill." It proved that he was the stronger for Doolin finally dropped his arm to end the life-and-death struggle. Tilghman so respected Doolin as a man of his word that he let him make the train trip to Guthrie without handcuffs, on his promise that he wouldn't try to escape. Doolin didn't, but eventually broke out of the Guthrie jail. Deputy Marshal Heck Thomas later shot and killed him.

The campaign against the outlaws succeeded—and helped pave the road to statehood for Oklahoma. Tilghman had played a large part in the drive—larger, perhaps, than any other peace officer. He next became sheriff of Lincoln County. There, in Chandler, he met Zoe Agnes Stratton. The officer and her father shared a fondness for horses, and Sheriff Tilghman took time to go to his ranch and talk horseflesh.

Though Tilghman was about thirty years older, he and Zoe Agnes were married in 1903. They lived a peaceful, happy life in Chandler for several years. Tilghman twice was sheriff and had served part of a term as state senator when Oklahoma City in 1911 called him as police chief. He resigned in 1914 to film a six-part motion picture called "The Passing of the Outlaws." He produced the movie and went on tour with it, visiting many cities. The film helped spread Tilghman's name and exploits across the nation.

He already was known by many, among them President Theodore Roosevelt, who once said he believed Tilghman would "charge hell with a bucket of water." The former Rough Rider, when in Oklahoma for a wolf hunt, met Tilghman.

"Are you the Bill Tilghman about whom I've been hearing and reading for more than twenty years?" he asked.

"I have been a peace officer for a good many years, Mr. President," Tilghman replied.

"I'm delighted to meet you," the President said. "And there's one question I'd like to ask. As a gunman on the side of the law you've had many fights with experts, all bent on killing you—why didn't they?"

"It's a mathematical proposition, Mr. President," Tilghman explained. "I always managed to beat the other fellow to it by the sixteenth part of a second. And there's another thing that counts in a gunfight—the man who knows he is right always has a shade on the man who knows he is wrong."

TILGHMAN could not tolerate idleness, despite the approach of old age. Several governors summoned him to special duty; at seventy he found his services still very much in demand.

He'd seen Oklahoma progress from a

(Continued on page 52)

Left, Bill Tilghman when he was Chief of Police in Oklahoma City. Right, Zoe after her marriage to Tilghman. The blouse has an elaborate lace bertha which Tilghman brought from Mexico.

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Big Southern Butte

Courtesy the Author

THE AUTHOR BELIEVES A CHECKERBOARD SEARCH WILL PAY OFF IF THE PLAYER DOESN'T JUMP A SINGLE SQUARE

LOST GOLD of the LAVAS

By C. G. HAMMER

WITH the discovery of gold in central Idaho in 1860, a stampede of prospectors swarmed through the mountains and staked claims wherever there was the slightest indication of color. They faced Indian attack, deprivations and human greed—which, if pronounced enough, can turn a man's best friend into his executioner.

Mining camps gradually developed into towns. The Custer Mine in Custer County (after 1880) was sending out regular shipments of gold bars by stagecoach to Blackfoot, where the precious cargo was transferred by rail to the mint. It was a common practice for mine owners to cast both gold and silver ingots in over-sized molds. This practice was designed for the express purpose of discouraging robbery. Any bandit attempting to flee with such a burden became an easy target for pursuing lawmen.

The first eighty miles of the trip from the Custer Mine to the frontier town of Blackfoot passed through mountains, following the course of the Big Lost River. After the stage arrived at the Big Lost River Station, later known as Arco, the scenery abruptly and drastically changed. Stretching south from Arco, all the way to the Snake River, lies one of the most formidable wastelands in the United States. The last leg of the route passed through this depressing expanse of sage and lava.

Like islands rising majestically from the sea are three buttes. East Butte and Middle Butte are just three miles apart. Sixteen miles southwest of them, towering 2,350 feet from base to peak, stands Big Southern Butte, a mountain of mystery. Unlike the other members of the trio, which are comparatively young and formed by basaltic volcanic eruption, Big Southern Butte closely resembles the mountains which end at the desert's edge, twenty miles north.

Two creeks trickle down from the higher elevations, along canyons which are lined with quaking aspen, fir and mountain shrubs. All trails and roads crossing the eastern portion of the Idaho desert, as far back as men can remember, included a water stop at Big Southern Butte, the only reliable water supply between the Snake River and the Lost River Mountains. It was a short distance southeast of Big Southern Butte that, reportedly, one shipment of two gold bars was held up on its journey and as far as is known, never arrived at its destination.

IN ONE two-year period, $4,500,000 in gold bullion was transported over this route. With such temptation, it seems strange that so few attempts at robbery were made. It is even more strange that the one successful highjacking was committed by a lone bandit.

The stage road, after leaving Big Southern Butte, followed a fairly straight course in a southeasterly direction. When the trail, which later became the stage road, was opened, it threaded its way between two rough lava fields to Springfield. Unfortunately, the lava beds did not grant clear passage all the way. From time to time they reached out and joined hands, forming a barrier through which the stage driver was forced to slow his horses to a walk, with the coach bouncing and creaking as it rolled across the unyielding rock.

It was in a spot such as this, a few miles from the butte, that a lone bandit chose to wait for the stage bearing the gold shipment. It is said that his wait was the final act and sum total of

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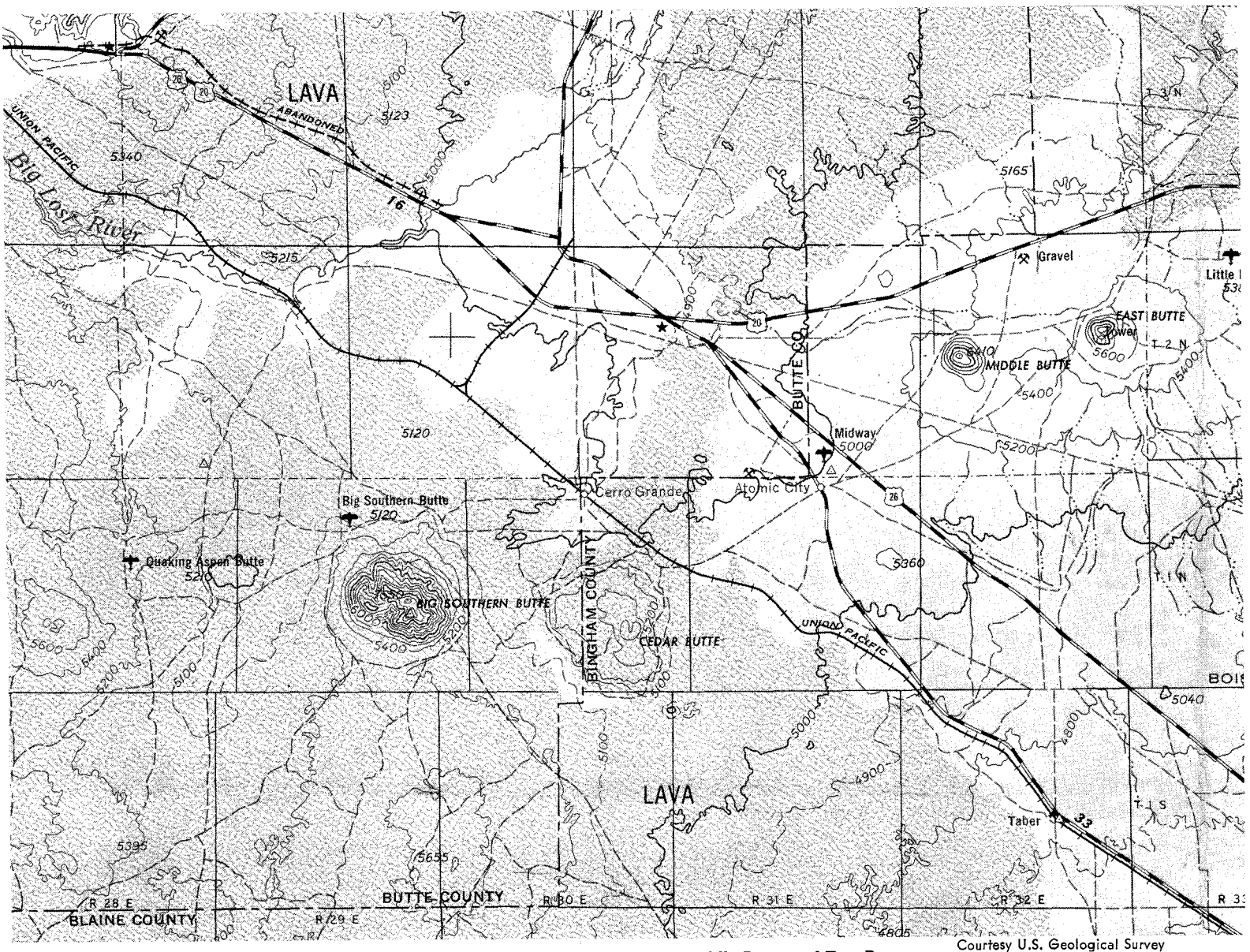

Courtesy U.S. Geological Survey

Map of lava beds, showing Big Southern Butte, Middle Butte and East Butte

months of careful study and planning. He was familiar with the desert, had studied the stage schedule, and had even watched the loading of the gold shipment, before riding ahead to his selected rendezvous. The spot he chose was made to order. The stage would be slowed to a crawling pace, and it would be impossible for the driver to turn it around in the narrow passage to flee back over the road by which he had entered. Rock slabs in the lava formation offered a natural breastworks for the highwayman.

The holdup was executed without a flaw. After the gold bullion was thrown down and the passengers relieved of their valuables, the stage was sent on its way. This particular location had been selected for still another reason. Prior to the robbery, the outlaw had located a small cave in the lava rock nearby. After making two short trips, the two 125-pound gold bars were safely concealed in the cave. He alone knew the secret of their location. The next most important item was distance between himself and the location of the robbery, and distance he proceeded to make.

As soon as the stagecoach arrived in Blackfoot a well-armed posse rode out of town, back over the road to the scene of the holdup. There, the outlaw's northbound trail was spotted, and the chase was on. Like a pack of hounds on a fox hunt, they followed the trail as it passed the west side of Big Southern Butte, then changed course to the northeast and entered Little Lost River Canyon. After a long, hard, dusty ride, the lawmen finally arrived at Salmon City.

The posse members spread out and began checking the saloons and inquiring about any stranger who might have recently ridden into town. Their search was a short one. In a saloon they found a wildly drunk, loud and boisterous man, buying drinks for the house, who very closely fit the description of their stage robber. The posse quietly formed a tight circle around the drunk and placed him under arrest.

In spite of a copious intake of whiskey, the outlaw was still shrewd and capable of clear thinking. He made no effort to resist. Instead, he began playing a magnificent role of the one-time offender who was dreadfully sorry for the terrible wrong he had done. To prove his sincerity, he promptly surrendered $5,000, all that was left of the loot he had taken with him, and promised to lead the posse to the cave in the lava rocks which contained the two gold bars.

DURING the ride back to the desert, the lawmen found their prisoner to be jovial and most cooperative. In fact he appeared to be a pretty decent chap, and not at all the badman they had expected. For the greater comfort and convenience of the thief, his handcuffs were removed.

As the small group of riders once again approached the spot where the stage had been halted and robbed, dusk had settled on the desert with darkness soon to follow. The prisoner explained that he had set up three markers to a triangle. Near the center of the triangle was a cave entrance. Explaining that he was trying to find one of the markers, he rode alone toward a point of lava rock a short distance away. Night was just falling and as he passed the point of rock, which placed him momentarily out of sight, the outlaw put spurs to his horse and rode away as though the devil himself were after him. The posse, un-

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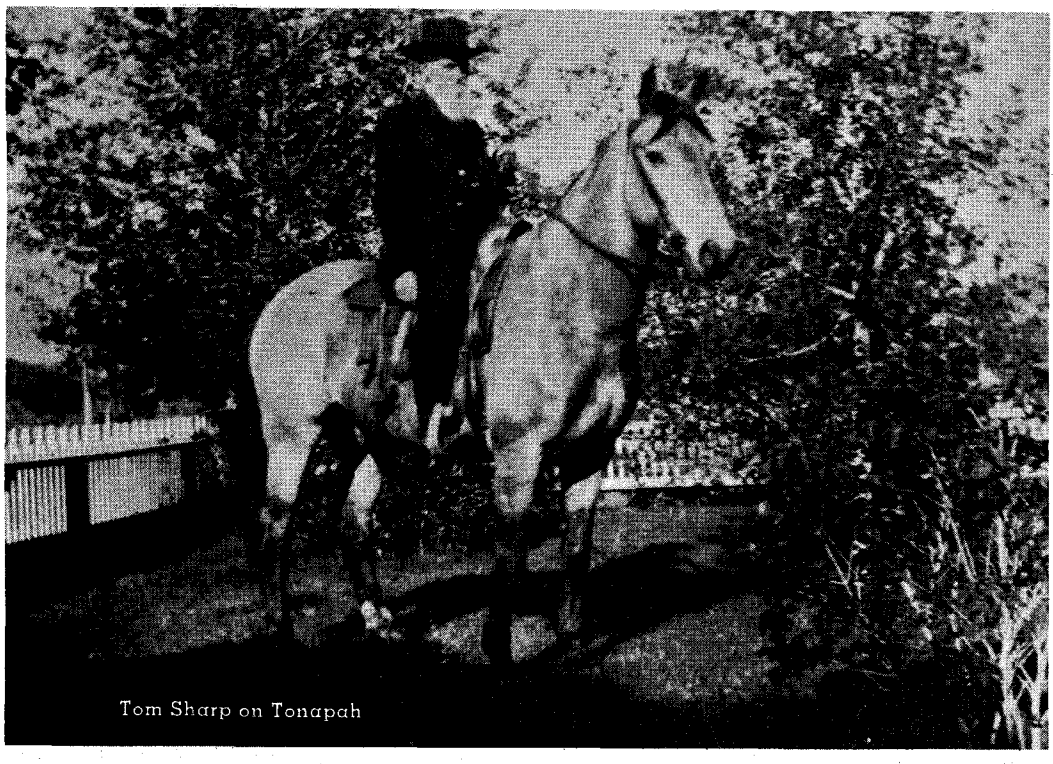
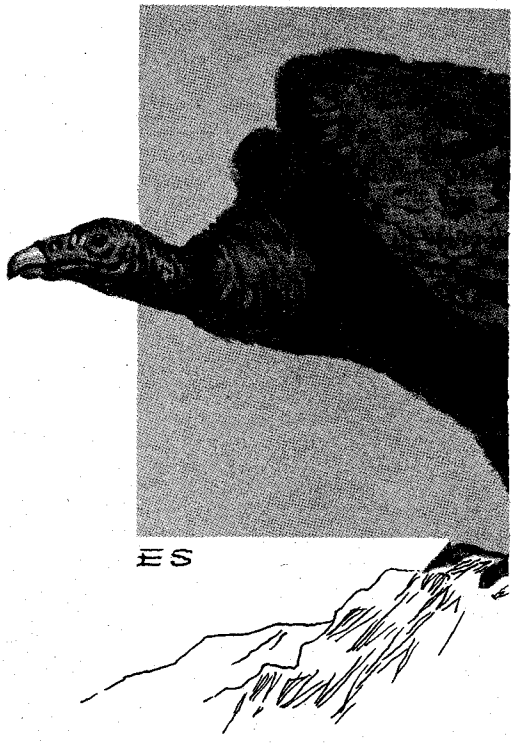


Tom Sharp on Tonapah



He could shoot straight, talk straight, and run an honest horse race. The Utes could appreciate such a man

Old Sharpy

By AGNES WRIGHT SPRING

Photos Courtesy J. Thach

FOR YEARS W. T. (Tom) Sharp ran a little trading post and ranch at Malachite in the Huerfano Valley between Badito and Red Wing, Colorado. Chief Ouray of the Utes and his wife, Chipeta, were his good friends and he never betrayed them.

Sharp, born in Missouri, served with the Confederate forces at the beginning of the Civil War. Released from the service because of wounds, he started west in a wagon and miraculously survived the trip to the West Coast. There he joined a half-breed Indian hunter named "Old Tex," and for a time the two supplied meat to mining camps in California and Oregon.

Later, with a partner, John Miller, Sharp contracted to supply telegraph poles to the Union Pacific Railroad then building into Wyoming. In 1868, accompanied by John White and John Williams, Tom left Wyoming in an old prairie wagon, headed for Oklahoma down the Old Government Trail by the way of Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Near the site of present Badito, the three men were attacked by a party of Apache buffalo hunters. During the lively scrap which followed, some Ute hunters joined the white men and helped to "clean up" on their old-time enemies, the Apaches.

After the fight, the Utes guided the white men up into the Huerfano Valley, a big park watered by the Huerfano River whose banks were fringed by many tall cottonwoods. In the evenings buzzards flocked to roost in those trees making them look like a black forest.

Sharp and his companions liked the valley and Captain Charles Deus, who had settled there in 1858, easily persuaded the newcomers to remain. Tom Sharp at once established an adobe-log Indian trading station and ranch which he called the Buzzard Roost Ranch.

EACH YEAR the Utes came over the Mosca Pass Trail from the San Luis Valley and camped for several days just above Sharp's place, before going out to the plains on buffalo hunts. Night and day they kept a sentry on top of nearby Little Sheep Mountain, a guard who used smoke signals to keep his tribesmen informed about the Apaches' movements.

For his store Tom Sharp bought a lot of Union Army uniforms—blue with brass buttons—and used them and tobacco as his chief trade goods with the Indians and Spanish settlers in the area.

Whenever the Utes camped near Buzzard Roost Ranch, Ouray visited his good friend Sharp, usually along about mealtime. Tom, who then was batching, was always glad to welcome him. Ouray politely sat on a bench outside the store door while Tom cooked the best beefsteak on the ranch.

Tom would set the table with his best dishes and when the meal was cooked would invite Ouray in. The Ute quickly slid into his place opposite his host. With careful manners Ouray skillfully handled the tableware. Tom was mighty happy that Ouray appreciated his culinary efforts.

Invariably when the meal was finished, Ouray would arise with great dignity and place a silver half dollar on the table. Tom Sharp always politely pushed it back to him. While the coin remained there untouched, Ouray would explain in English that he had taught his people, in accepting favors of this kind from the palefaces, always to pay for what they got, besides thanking the donors for their hospitality.

ONE DAY while the Utes were lounging around in front of the *tienda* (store) they pointed out to Sharp three coyotes sitting on a hill about 200 yards away.

The Utes had a deep reverence for the coyote, and spoke of the animal as "My Grandfather's Dog." They also had high regard for yampa, or bear.

When Tom Sharp saw those pesky beasts of prey sitting out there, he stepped inside and got his Winchester. The Indians never thought for a minute that their white friend could hit a lobo at such a distance, or they might have protested against his taking a shot. But when he asked which of them he should get, the chief said the middle one looked good to him as an impossibility.

Crack went the trusty rifle and the middle coyote spun around three or four times and fell dead, while the other two scampered off to the shelter of the rocks. The Utes were so pleased at the

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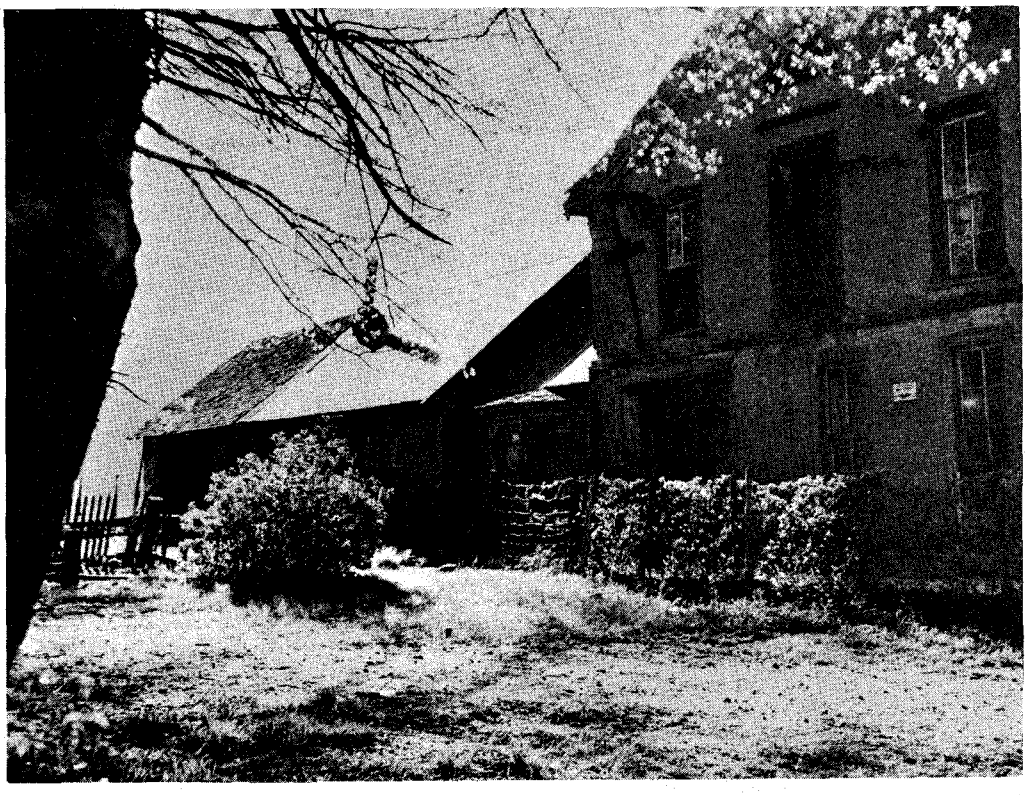

Buzzard Roost ranchhouse, built by Captain Deus in 1883, was leased by Tom Jones for many years.

# of Buzzard Roost Ranch

marksmanship that they danced with glee and let out a "ki yi" as a token of their appreciation, although they inwardly mourned the untimely end of their grandfather's dog.

A day or so later, one of the tribes strayed in and pointed to a hawk which had perched in a big cottonwood 600 feet to the north. "Bet you no shootum," said the brave.

Tom took an offhand aim, pulled the trigger, and the bird fell out of the tree. The Ute grunted approvingly.

On the following day, six boys from the Indian camp came over, and Tom noticed that each carried a deerskin under his arm. The Indian who had been there the day before was the spokesman and announced that he and his two friends had come to bet their pelts with the other three braves that their good *amigo*, Sharpy, could shoot a bird out of the big tree at one "pooh," as they described it. Sharp was no gambler but finally said he would try it if a bird showed up.

They waited patiently for half an hour, when an unlucky hawk flew into the big hoodoo tree. The boys called Sharp, and he came out with his gun. Locating the game, he took a quick squint along the barrel and down came the bird. The winners went around and gathered up the deer hides with much noise. After that the bucks were always teasing Sharp to go hunting with them, and sometimes he did so, going halvers with them on the game they saw first (and at this trick they were keener than he was).

Sharp made it stick, however, when he refused to go down to Rattlesnake Buttes with them to fight a war party of Apaches who had come up from the south to get their scalps, for that was not Tom's kind of sport.

THE DOG tied in front of Tom Sharp's little store on the upper Huerfano always let out an ungodly howl every time the Utes with their drag poles (*travois*) came down the Mosca Trail. There was no mistaking the announcement. Sharp paid but little attention to the canine's ordinary whimperings, but on one particular occasion the yowling was so pronounced that he went to the door to investigate.

Half a dozen young bucks were unslinging their bows to fill the dog full of arrows, when Sharp stepped back and picked up his Winchester. He drew a quick bead on the party, and commanded them not to shoot or he would fire. They knew what the white man's big pooh gun meant if it spoke, and eased off a bit.

Just then Ouray rode up and begged Sharp not to shoot.

"Get out and pound them with your fists," he said logically, "or fight them with a club, but do not shoot them."

Sharp set aside his weapon while the chief got down and entered the store. This closed the incident, but that evening four of the band came up from camp and, half circling the dog as they sat on their ponies, began teasing the chained animal, at the same time taking care to keep just beyond its reach. Tom came out, caught the dog by the collar to hold it back, and warned the Indian boys to go easy and let the dog alone.

The Indians wanted to fight the man, the dog, and the whole neighborhood, and were becoming a bit nasty, when Sharp suddenly let the dog out the full length of its chain. The brute was pretty ugly by this time and made such a ferocious leap at the nearest rider that the pony's shoulder was ripped frightfully by the dog's claw.

Tom got ready for battle then, as he thought they were dead sure to have a fight. It was, however, only a bluff. The Indians scampered back to camp, glad to escape with their lives. Nor did they ever come around again to pick a quarrel with the man who was not afraid of them.

NOTHING pleased Indians more than to skunk a white man in a horse race, and they were usually at the game every time they came together on friendly terms. It was along in the Indian summer of 1869, and the Utes had come over the mountains for their annual buffalo hunt on the plains. A few days in advance of the expedition, Ouray, or Ulay as he was called by his people, sent out one of his lieutenants with the best race horse in the whole Ute country. This underchief appeared at the ranch

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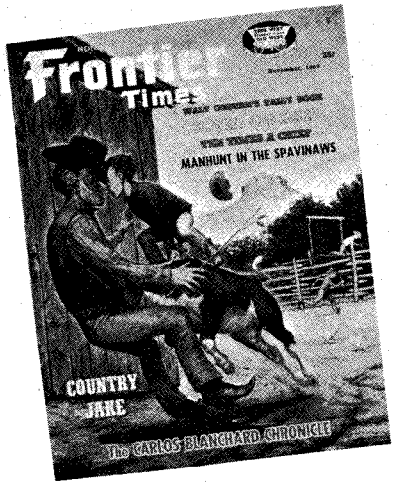

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of Francisco Manzanares on the Upper Huerfano, above Tom Sharp's place, and went into camp for the purpose of training his *cavallo verde* (green horse), as he called it.

Every day he was seen out on the trail breezing his steed, but no one paid any attention to the performance. One day old Francisco came down to Sharp's store and asked if he would come up next morning and judge a little horse race that they were to have between his old baldface and the Indians' "Ute," as the boys had come to call the long-legged animal from over the hills.

The next morning Sharp went up onto the mesa where there was a half-mile straightaway, and was met by Manzanares with a bribe if Sharp would declare the race in his favor.

"Never," replied Sharp firmly, and turned to go away when the Mexican, more anxiously than before, offered him first one cow and then two. When Tom Sharp stood pat, and threatened to lick his neighbor for his dishonest persistence, Francisco gave up and invited Tom to judge the dash anyway, no matter how the race might come out.

The Indian pony simply ran away from the baldface, as anybody with half an eye could see he was capable of doing. He was in reality a thoroughbred.

The following morning a party of white sports from the Clifton ranch at the Red River crossing down in New Mexico, arrived with a pretty good looking racer. They went into training on the bottoms, and announced they had come up to make a race with Ouray, who would show up in a day or so. This group was made up of such fellows as Thike Stockton, George W. Thompson, Al G. Thornhill, and Tom Boggs.

A day or so later, another party got in from Pueblo, as well as from the ranches down on the plains, for they had heard about the races and had come to skin the Indians.

That afternoon in came the whole tribe of Uncompahgres in Ouray's band. They had just been whipped in a fight with the Arapahoes and were not feeling very good over it, but were friendly enough with the whites. They had a good deal to say about the race which was set for the afternoon. When the time came, everybody was betting his cash. Judges were chosen then from the crowd, as was the custom.

Chief Ouray, sitting on his horse, spoke up promptly and said, "I want Sharpy."

This declaration was a surprise, as they all thought he would choose an Indian. The selection rather pleased the whites who, in turn, named Baldy Scott as their judge.

After a lot of swaggering around and the laying of bets on the ground in Indian style, they cleared away for the start.

A little mite of an Indian kid, stripped to the breechclout, was strapped onto the Utes' horse. Little old Betts had the other mount, and after some fussing around at the start Baldy finally sent them off in a fair getaway.

It was the prettiest race the crowd had ever seen. The contestants were so closely matched that they ran neck and neck under heavy flogging to the finish. It was evident, though, that the Indian had the edge. The whites came cluttering around Tom Sharp crying, "Tied race. Tied race," as was the habit when the losers thought they were beaten. Ouray, sitting on his horse just behind Sharp at the finish, merely gave two grunts, and said nothing.

The clamor for the tie became a tumult, but Tom Sharp kept his nerve. When a lull came, he cried out in a loud, clear voice, "It is the Indian's race." And the verdict went. Ouray gave two more grunts.

The winners gathered their plunder from the ground, while the whites pulled out right away, and got home as best they could after contributing more than $20,000 to the Ute exchequer.

SHEEP began coming in on the Badito range like the seven plagues of Egypt, and cattlemen imagined the day of judgment had come. It was along in the first week of April, 1875, and Tom Sharp had gone back to his home town, Palmyra, Missouri, to get a carload of brood mares. While there it occurred to him that he could use a half dozen big mules for ranch work, and as they were cheap enough at $75.00 a head, he began looking around.

At one place the boss discouraged Tom from buying a pair of husky rascals that he admired because, as the farmer said, they were too ornery for any use and had the mean habit of running everything off the premises.

"They are dead sore on sheep," he explained apologetically, "and just naturally chase them all over the pasture. We can't even keep sheep anymore." The Missourian couldn't have hit upon a stronger selling point.

"If I can just get those mules out to Colorado," Sharp thought, "I'll give those sheepmen a run for their money."

As a result of it all, that span of bad actors was loaded on the excursion train for Colorado and came through with the other stock.

After the mules limbered up for a day or two they were branded with the Lazy S Bar. Then they were placed at the head of the seventy-five horses on the ranch, and led by hand out over a ridge a mile to the east where 1,500 Merinos belonging to Antonio Archuleta had crossed the dead line and were grazing dangerously close to the preserves of Tom Sharp.

Just as soon as the mules got their bearings they spied the sheep and the outdoor sport began. Followed by the whole cavvy, they made a desperate dash at the flock. The frightened *carneros* were knocked and trampled to death in merciless fashion. The herder was glad to get out with his life.

In an hour the range was completely cleaned off, and the horse herd was moved out to the south to repeat the punishment on another flock browsing among the chico and rabbit brush.

The next morning Tom Sharp got a call from the owners of the sheep which had been run down. He listened to their

(Continued on page 42)

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By MILT HINKLE

When that first dog nipped that first bull, it revolutionized critter-catchin'

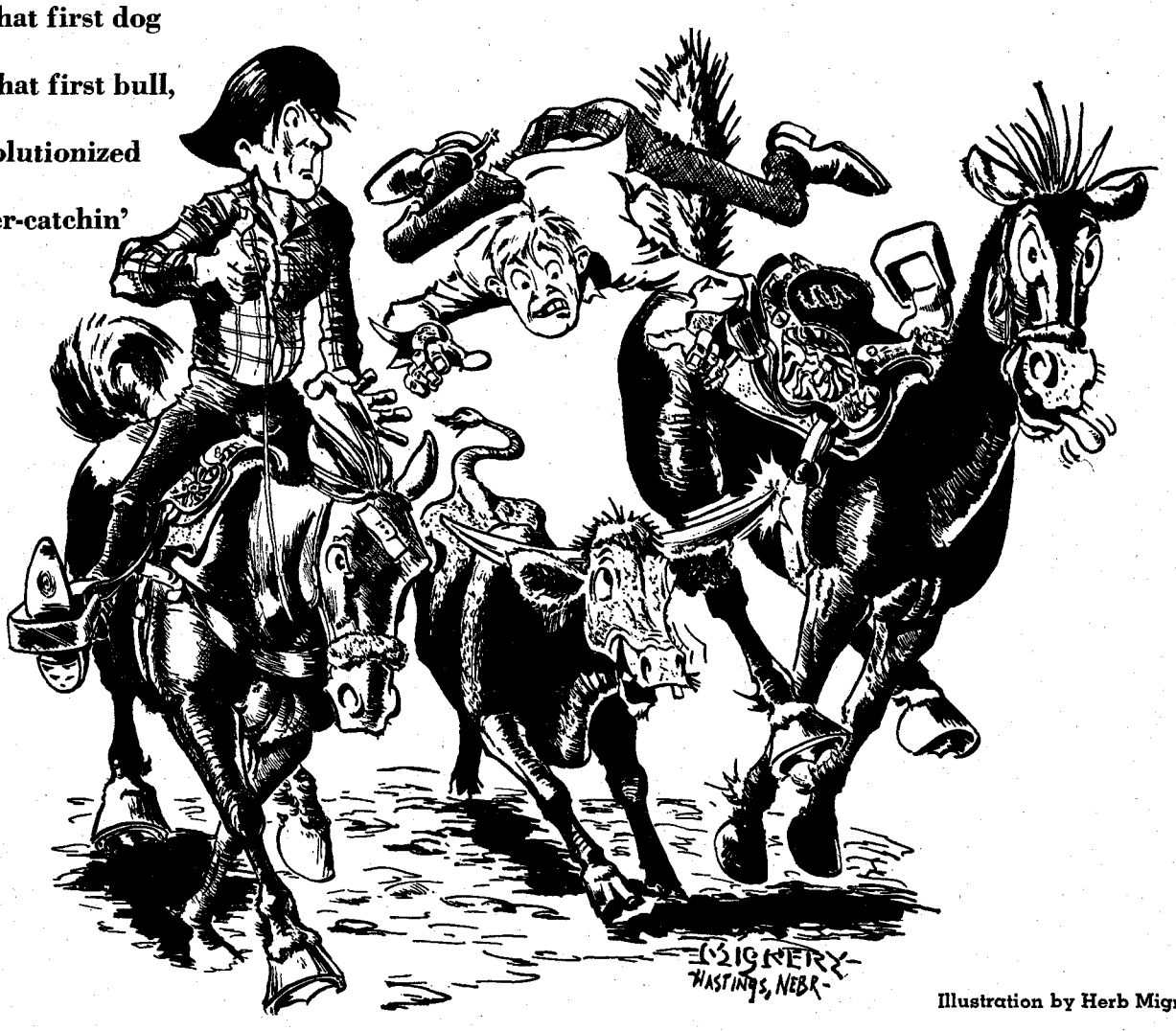

Illustration by Herb Mignery

MANY VERSIONS of the early history of the rodeo sport of bulldogging have been circulated. Some are accurate, some fail to tell the whole story, and others are downright wrong.

Bill Pickett, a Negro brushpopper from Texas, became the first bulldogger in 1901 or 1902. Some reports credit Lon Sealey with being the first white man ever to dog a steer. This impression was doubtlessly gained from the ballyhooing of a press agent for the 101 Wild West Show at the Jamestown, Virginia, Exposition in 1907. If he knew that the same feat had been accomplished by me at Bovina, Texas, in 1904 and by Clayton Danks in Wyoming in 1906, he carefully forgot these facts to favor Sealey.

At one time Sealey did jump from Pickett's horse onto one of the small lead work steers of a four-yoke ox team. Sealey substituted such an act for Pickett's bulldogging when the latter was sick, but he never tackled the bulldogging steers used by Pickett. Pickett said Sealey threw only the one steer, and that Zack Miller, a 101 boss, named the steer "Old Lon." Sealey later told me the same thing.

Sealey's career did not last long. In a case of mistaken identity in a dark railroad yard at Gulfport, Mississippi, Sealey and a deputy sheriff fired at each other simultaneously and both were killed. The next dogger was Harry Hill at Hillside Park in New Jersey in 1908, then Pat Long of the W. A. Dickey Wild West Show in 1909, and Buffalo Vernon during the same year in Oregon. Vernon won the first recognized bulldogging event at Pendleton in 1910. Other doggers in 1910 included Del Blanchett, Lafe Lewman, Fred Cox and Art Manzo. In 1911, Jim Massey, Art Acord and Hoot Gibson came into action as bulldoggers.

O. K. Lawrence won the Calgary Stampede in 1912 and, as the sport gained in popularity, Tom Eckerd, Homer Wilson, Yakima Canutt, Charlie Tipton, Al McCloud and others became participants.

While I was working on the XIT Ranch near Bovina, John Armstrong, the wagon boss, cut out a steer that weighed about 800 pounds from a herd to be loaded for shipment to Kansas City. I raced alongside the steer and made the long jump for the steer's head. He rolled over with me hanging on for dear life. When the dust had cleared, Armstrong came over and said, "Wrang, you sure did houlihan that ole boy." (That was a slang word used when a horse stepped in a hole or stumbled and turned over on the rider. The word also was used sometimes when roping horses out of the remuda with one overhand throw of the rope.)

Thus I became the originator of the art of houlihanning steers, as far as I know, and such methods were allowed in all contests up to about 1922 when the Humane Society stepped in and

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I have always dealt more in handshakes than signatures, so some of these names may be spelled wrong. That won't keep their owners from being recognized as some of the best bulldoggers who ever lived.—*Milt Hinkle*

Harold Cox	Jack (Fingers) Armstrong	Ed Davis	Slim Gamble	Pinkey Gist
J. O. Banks	Frank Brion	Buddie McDuff	Roy Quick	Tuck Greenough
Mike Hastings	Slim Allen	Orvall Sumwall	Slim Riley	Frank Butler
Dutch Sidell	Ed Herrin	Homer Todd	Gene Ross	Shorty Grugan
Ken Maynard	Fred Alvord	Andy Robinson	Paddy Ryan	Jay Snively
Scout Maish	Bob Belcher	Johnny Judd	Lloyd Saunders	Red Hammerschardt
Hershell Ross	Red Thompson	Hank Keenan	Floyd Stillings	George Hinkle
Harry Hazleton	Hugh Bennett	Billy Keen	Cheyenne Kiser	Chick Hannon
Skeeter Bill Robbins	Everett Bowman	Ken Bowen	Paul Hansen	Jim Wilks
Wild Jim Lynch	John Bowman	Buck Lucas	Earl Thode	Shorty Richer
Delbert Bledso	Buff Brady, Sr.	Howard McCory	Shorty Porter	Rube Roberts
Lee Robinson	Louis Brooks	Mickey McCory	Shorty Creed	Dallas Conely
Slim Cassidy	Bill Brown	Rusty McGinty	Charlie (Chick) Johnson	Ed Davis
Frank McCarroll	Eddie Cameron	Shorty McCory	Roy Correll	Dude Smith
George (Fig) Newton	John Henry	Bill Macken	Bill Sawyers	Grady Smith
George Pittman	Tom Henderson	Joe Blackstone	John Creather	Leonard Stroud
Jerry Wright	Dutch Hyler	Vick Blackstone	Doc Peg Fort	Fritz Truan
J. M. Smith	Red Remington	Chip Morris	Heavy Henson	Dick Truitt
Esteven Clemento	Tom Hogan	Don Nesbitt	Bob Crosby	Leonard Ward
Curley Griffin	Jack Jackson	Jim Nesbitt	Lynn Huskey	Hub Whiteman
Bert Weams	Slats Jacobs	Dan Offitt	Speedy Densmore	Dave Whyte
Booger Red Jr.	Buck Jones	Cliff King	Jack Fritz	Len Wier
Angelo Hughes	John Jordan	Tex Parker	Frank Gable	Soapy Williams
Buddy McDuff	Herman Linder	Peavine Slim	Tex Smith	Olie Rice
Ben Johnson Sr.	Andy Curtis	Cy Perkins	Roy Gafford	George Yardley
John McIntire				

stopped it because it was too tough on the steers!

IN THESE early days of bulldogging, it was considered a down when the steer's four feet were out from under its body and when the steer was on its side with its head up. Bill Pickett and I threw them with our teeth after we had them stopped and their heads turned. Catching them by the upper lip, then turning our hands loose, we would pull the steer to the ground without using our hands (though sometimes we used our legs). We would hold them down with our teeth alone. That was bulldogging!

My greatest competitors were Shorty Kelso, Slim Cassidy, Lloyd Saunders, Oklahoma Curley Roberts, Yakima Canutt, Tom ("Powder Face") Eckerd and Guy Schultz. They all beat me at times, but I also won over them at times.

I contested against Pickett on six different occasions and luck was always with me. I pulled up winner all six times, but Pickett was a great bulldogger. From him I learned many holds and I passed them on to Shorty McCory who won the New York City Rodeo bulldogging. I also passed them on to Jack Favor and he won many bulldogging events with the "Pickett hold."

Houlihanning was a rough and tough sport. Many times, when knocking a steer down, the cowboy would break its neck or tear its horns off. I have often come up with a horn in my hand. It was tough on the cowboy, too. His face, ears and hands would usually be bloody from hitting the hard ground. Some doggers wore the old-style football helmets for protection.

I also liked to peg a steer's horn in the ground and let the animal roll rump over head. This was considered "fair grounding."

At the old rodeos, steers were given thirty- and sixty-foot starts. These steers weighed from 800 to 1,000 pounds, far larger than the ones used today which start from a barrier.

But even with the little steers, and the hazer and the man in the chute aiding the dogger, bulldogging is still one of the most exciting events in the rodeo arena.

Bill Pickett and I rode together as performers, cowhands and contestants and were the best of friends. Zack Miller of the 101 Ranch often said that when Pickett and Hinkle passed on, the mold would be broken. Pickett never had to change his name like his good friend Hinkle often did. I was known as Joe Jackson, Kerk Reynolds and a number of other names—mostly to avoid woman trouble—but all my names appear on the records.

Pickett and I were together off and on from 1905 until his death in 1932.

PICKETT had been billed by Dave McClure as the "Dusky Demon," the most daring cowboy alive. Joe Miller, then boss of the 101 Ranch in Oklahoma, sent his younger brother Zack to Texas to see Pickett. After Zack saw Bill dog two steers, he hired him. Bill wanted to know how long he would be gone from his family.

"A long time," Zack told him.

Pickett said he couldn't go because he had quite a few young'uns to look after and a big fat wife he loved. He also had some poor old cows.

Zack scratched his head, looked Bill straight in the eye, and said, "I'll buy your confounded poor cows and will move you to the ranch in Oklahoma. We will furnish you a good house and give your kids that are old enough to work, a job."

"So I up and moved my wife and children to the ranch," chuckled Bill as he related the story to me. "You see, Mr. Milt, I was no young'un when I started this thing we call bulldogging. I must have been nigh on to forty."

Pickett was active until he died on the 101 Ranch. Zack Miller had told Bill to rope a four-year-old sorrel out of a herd of horses that were going up for sale. The sorrel was only half-broke, boogery and skittish, and when Pickett roped him, the horse fell back, rearing and plunging. Old Bill, then seventy-two, started walking rope hand over hand to put a halter on the horse. The sorrel snorted and reared again, chopping at Bill's hat brim with his forefeet. Bill was not as quick as in years gone by. One of the horse's hoofs struck the side of his head, knocking him down.

The boys packed him out of the corral and put him on his bunk where he lay groaning in delirium. The doctor came but there was little anyone could do. Bill Pickett was slated for death. He just needed a little time to die. He lived eleven days after the horse pawed him.

Funeral rites were held for him on the front gallery of the Miller White House. At this time, Zack Miller was a very sick and weak man. When the preacher said his last words, Zack bowed his head and said, "We're telling Bill goodbye. He is dead now and this is one time that a Negro and a white man are all the same."

They buried Bill on a high knoll near the monument of the famous Indian, White Eagle, on the 101 Ranch that Bill loved so well. His grave is in the buffalo pasture of the 101. When traveling with the show, Bill had been in charge of the buffalo herd and had ridden on top of one of the high wagons drawn by eight horses and a big buffalo named "Nip."

On the day of Bill's burial, Zack Miller wrote me a letter, telling of Bill's passing on. It was a touching obituary—partly in prose and partly in poetry—and contained these lines:

(Continued on page 48)

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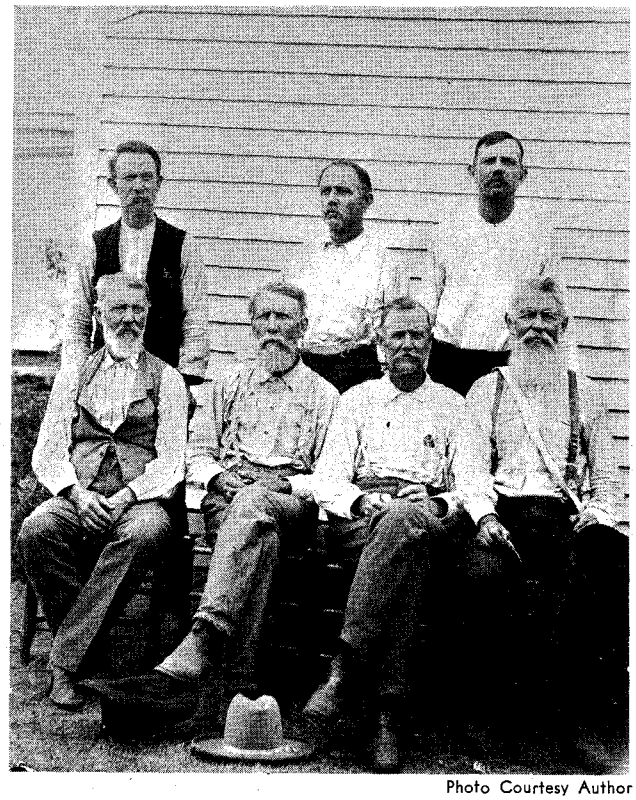

Photo Courtesy Author

Isaac P. Davis, seated in lower right corner, with his six brothers, pausing here from work on his mother's farm. This picture was taken by a traveling photographer about 1900.

Wild Old Days!

THE CAPTAIN'S BROTHER

By N. M. Merrett

ISAAC P. DAVIS, eldest son of David M. Davis, of Tarrant County, Texas, was a young man at the beginning of the Civil War. He was a member of a Texas Ranger company protecting the frontier settlements from the Indians who were raiding into Texas from north of the Red River.

One day the Ranger company was camped by a creek which ran from the northwest into the Brazos River, in what is now Young County, Texas. The captain had out a scout, a small man mounted on a big, fast horse. The scout rode into camp at a run. "Captain," he said, "there's a big band of Indians with a redheaded one among them, coming down the creek. They'll be here in a few minutes. We've got to leave here right now or fight."

The captain said, "We'll fight. Come on."

The men followed him up the creek to where there was a low, brushy ridge to the north and a cut bank opposite near the creek edge. He told the sergeant to take some men and get under the cut bank, that the remainder would come with him and hide in the brush on the crest of the rise. The captain said that he would fire the first shot and that then every Ranger would fire at the Indian nearest to him.

The scout had been correct; the Rangers were no more than out of sight when the sound of horses coming down the creek was heard. A lone Indian came riding down the creek at a trot, saw the tracks the Rangers had just made, yelled, whirled his horse and started back up the creek bottom at a run. The captain stood up and shot the Indian off his horse. The horse ran back up the creek, out of sight, and the Rangers kept quiet.

THE COMANCHES always tried to rescue one of their wounded warriors and never abandoned the bodies of the dead if there was a chance of recovery. The riderless horse was not much more than out of sight when about fifty mounted Indians came down the creek bottom at a gallop. The captain fired and the Rangers raised up and began shooting. A big Indian shouted a command and the group wheeled as one man and charged at a run through the Rangers on the rise to the north of the creek.

Someone shouted, "There goes the redheaded one!" A single shot rang out and an Indian whirled and fell off his horse and lay still. The captain and some men ran to him. He was redhaired and white although dressed and painted Indian fashion. When he opened his eyes, they were blue.

He was only shot in the hand, but the shock and pull of the big, slow lead slug had thrown him off his running horse. They helped him up and he could stand.

"Put a gun in his back and bring him back to the creek," the captain said.

The Comanches as they charged over the ridge had wounded two Rangers. These men lived but one of them was sick a long time. Some Rangers were detailed to stay with the two wounded men, and the redheaded "Indian" was tied and left with them.

The horses were brought up, the company mounted and moved north over the ridge. They could see the Indians moving fast going north, about three miles away. They were not going to come back and fight for their dead.

The captain sent guards out in each direction with orders to come back in an hour. He took the company back to the creek, ordered them to dismount, went to the prisoner, untied him, poured whiskey in his wound and bandaged the hand.

When the bandage was on, the captain said, "Men, all of you come here. I have something I want you all to hear." When they were assembled he spoke, "Boys, this prisoner is my brother; blood is thicker than water." Turning to the prisoner he said, "If you will go to Fort Worth and enlist in the Confederate Army, I will let you go. If you don't want to do that we will shoot you here."

The prisoner replied, "I will go to Fort Worth and join the Confederate Army."

WHEN Isaac Davis' enlistment in the Rangers was finished he enlisted in Company A, Ninth Texas Cavalry, Confederate Army. This volunteer company, with Captain William Quavle commanding, marched out of the little village of Fort Worth, Texas, in the summer of 1861, to follow the Stars and Bars on the bloody battlefields of the Civil War.

Davis was standing with his dismounted company in a battle line away up north. They were loading and firing at the Federals as fast as they could. The company had lost men. They closed ranks and a new outfit was moved in beside them to fill the gap in the line.

The soldier who came to stand beside Isaac Davis had a crippled hand. He turned and said, "My hand is crippled. It makes me a little slow loading."

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Davis said, "I was there when you got that hand shot."

The soldier turned and looked at him. "Well," he said, "we are on the same side now."

That is the end of the story of the captain's brother as far as my knowledge goes. Whether he was killed in the war, or lived to come back to Texas, I do not know.

The Ranger captain was a brave man. He risked his life many times for Texas. His men respected him and evidently withheld from common knowledge the incident of his brother being with the Indians.

Isaac Davis, when an old man, died in Weatherford, Texas, at the home of his only son, David Ray Davis. The latter told me this story a short time before his own death in his ninety-first year in 1965.

All the participants have been gone for many years. May they rest in peace.

DESERT ODDITY—STOKES CASTLE

By Doris Cerveri

LIKE an abandoned lighthouse, Stokes Castle stands atop a hill surrounded by a sea of junipors and piñon pine, one mile west of the small mining town of Austin in central Nevada.

Nobody knows for sure why Anson and J. W. Stokes chose such a lonesome site to build a costly fifty-foot-square cut-stone dwelling. This most unusual early day relic was built in 1897 when Austin's silver mines were booming. The Stokes brothers headed the Manhattan Silver Mining Company, and also owned other property in the area.

Reportedly, the brothers suspected their foreman of highgrading ore, so they built the tower-like building in order to keep watch over their silver shipments. A favorite legend, too, is that the brothers wanted a castle similar to those found in Europe. Another report indicates that J. G. Phelps Stokes arrived in Nevada following his attendance at Yales Sheffield Scientific School, and later graduated with a medical degree from Columbia University in 1892, and in anticipation of his arrival his father erected the castle for their residence.

Whatever prompted the building, its construction presented many obstacles. First, a road had to be hacked out of the hillside leading up a steep canyon, and all building supplies and other materials had to be hauled in by mule team.

There was unlimited land, but restricted ground space, which might have been the reason for the house's unique architectural style. A kitchen and dining area was built on the first floor; on the second floor was an enormous living room, and strangely enough for that period, a bath. Another bath and more bedrooms occupied the third story. On top of the roof was a lofty porch. All the windows were built deep and narrow, and originally had balconies.

The structure was subject to comment, of course, but people with plenty of money did strange and wonderful things in those days for no reason at all.

AUSTIN, located 100 miles from the nearest railroad, was never very big or very important. Its one broad street was flanked by frame shanties situated in Pony Canyon, a steeply slanting canyon of the Toiyabe Mountain Range. Narrow veins and ledges yielded silver worth six to seven thousand dollars a ton, most of which was unearthed near the surface. After a few years one mine after another suspended operations because the price of silver dropped so low the metal could not be mined profitably. When the mines closed, business houses also stopped their activities, and Stokes Castle was abandoned to the elements.

Being on a major highway, Austin today enjoys some tourist trade, and since it is the county seat, ranchers from surrounding areas come to town and transact their legal business.

Stokes Castle stands out as a desert oddity, and because it can be seen for several miles against the skyline, it is a top tourist attraction, too.

THE FINGER OF SUSPICION

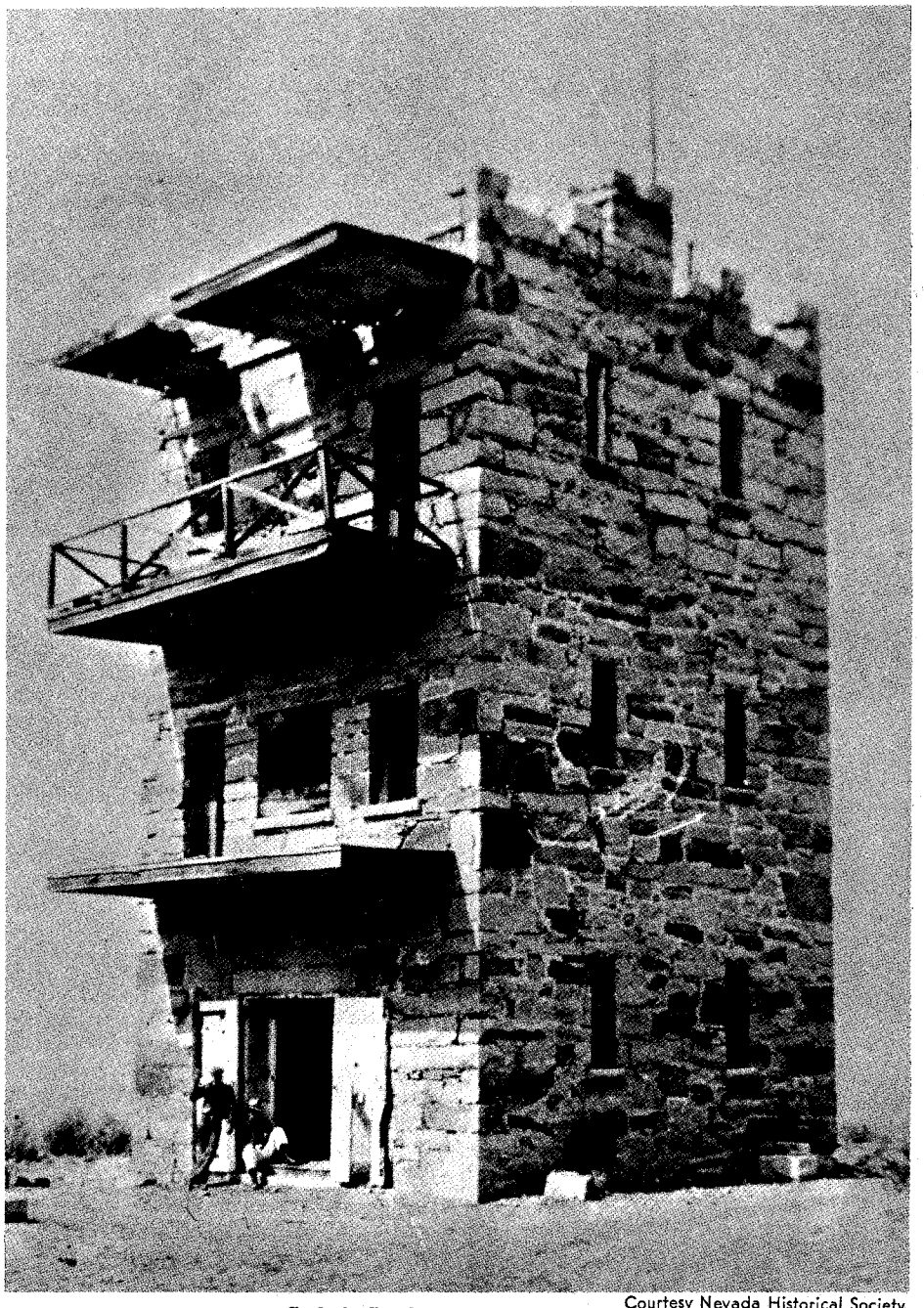
By Col. F. M. McCaleb

(Originally Written in 1936)

VIRGIL JOHNSON was a well known pioneer ranchman of Frio County, Texas, in the middle '70s. He sold a bunch of beeves one day for which he received $750 in gold. He kept the money about the house a few days, he said, and then decided that he would bury it. It was a common custom among the ranchmen in those days, to bury their money.

He had the money in a buckskin pouch, and took it out about a hundred yards from the house and buried it in an old abandoned badger's den. Johnson had a Mexican working for him who had been with him for a year or two. A few days

(Continued on page 69)



Courtesy Nevada Historical Society

Stoke's Castle, Austin, Nevada

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Old Sharpy

(Continued from page 36)

tale of woe and replied, "Well, you remember a month ago you told me, when I complained about the sheep, that it was a free country, and I guess it is as free for my pet mules as it is for your bleaters." This ended the interview.

The rascally beasts from Missouri soon discovered a new sport. Mountain lions lurking around the mesa at the foot of the Sangre de Cristo Range where they had created great havoc for years, did not last long after the mules got onto the game. Every one was driven out as the sheep had been.

IN 1870, William Thomas Sharp staked out 160 acres of his ranch into a townsite named Malachite for the ore found on nearby Pass Creek. A stamp mill was erected and hopes were high for the development of a copper boom town. For a short time Malachite was an important community trade center, but in later years there was nothing to mark the place except crumbling foundations.

In 1871, Tom Sharp married Katherine Durrett, who had grown up with him in Marion County, Missouri. They had three children: William, Elizabeth, and Emma.

Tom Sharp lived on his Buzzard Roost Ranch until his death on November 26, 1929, at the age of ninety-one. Always a lover of fine horse flesh, Sharp for many years imported valuable breeding stock from England and France, as well as bringing Kentucky thoroughbred racers from Missouri to Colorado. He also raised excellent Hereford cattle. His brands were Reverse S Bar and Lazy S Bar. He was president of his local Cuerno Verde [greenhorn] Live Stock Association, and was an active promoter of the State Fair of Colorado at Pueblo.

Some of the furniture from the Tom Sharp home is now being preserved by Mrs. Janette F. Thach of Walsenburg, Colorado, who long was interested in the Sharp family. The old log and adobe Indian trading station can still be seen near the Huerfano River crossing of the Gardner-Red Wing road, by those traveling Highway 305, in Huerfano County, Colorado.

Lost Gold of the Lavas

(Continued from page 33)

able to follow in the darkness, was forced to give up the chase. They never again recaptured or saw their prisoner.

Thirty years passed during which the story of the two gold bars hidden in the lava cave was told and retold. Attempts were made to recover the wealth, but with negative results. A stranger then appeared in the small town of Arco, who, much to the curiosity of the local citizens, would vanish into the desert for several days at a time, then reappear. This went on for most of the summer, with no questions asked and no explanation offered.

Only in sheer desperation did the stranger take one of the Arco natives into his confidence. He explained that he had come up from New Mexico and that a man who robbed the stage of two gold bars many years before had sent him to recover the gold. Why the stage robber had not returned himself was never disclosed. He had provided his young partner with a map to direct him to the exact location of the stolen gold. On it was marked Big Southern Butte, the old stage road, and an "X" indicating the location of the cave which contained the loot. According to the map the cave was a few miles southeast of the butte and very near the stage road. By combining these directions with the Arco man's knowledge of the desert, the two were quite certain they could locate the small cave in the lava for which so many people had searched in vain. They worked together through the remainder of the summer, and on to late fall. Caves were found, but none contained the gold. With the arrival of winter, the man from New Mexico returned to his home, completely discouraged, and the map went with him. He never again appeared to resume the search.

As recently as fifteen years ago, an old-timer, who lived in Arco and who many years before had driven stage over the Challis to Blackfoot route, still had a copy of the map in his possession. Although the stranger from New Mexico had never permitted the map to leave his possession, a sketch was drawn from memory by his Arco partner. The latter map was used in many futile attempts to recover the gold.

GROUPS large and small, professional and amateur, have searched for the "Lost Gold Of The Lavas." Its value, which is set as $100,000, presents a figure well worth the investment required for a full-scale effort. Treasure hunters have been confronted by many problems, some calculated, some not. Winter is ruled out completely for searching. Springtime presents still another problem as the desert soil can be extremely treacherous. Low spots in the back roads, to which the water of melted snow and rain have drained, may appear dry on the surface, yet prove to be a bog hole that will halt even a four-wheel-drive vehicle. Through spring and summer, ticks, rattlesnakes and heat are a constant annoyance to those inclined to discourage easily. Fall is the only pleasant season on the Idaho desert, but much too short to cover inch by inch the many miles of lava rock. This is, unfortunately, the only practical approach in finding the small cave which so jealously guards its fortune in gold. And too, there is always the nagging thought that someone may have recovered the wealth years before, and managed to keep the secret.

In this case, I rather doubt it. One drive along the old stagecoach road from Big Southern Butte to Springfield will convince even the most skeptical that the gold is very likely as hidden as it ever was, and is still awaiting the one person with that little extra bit of determination which those before him did not possess.

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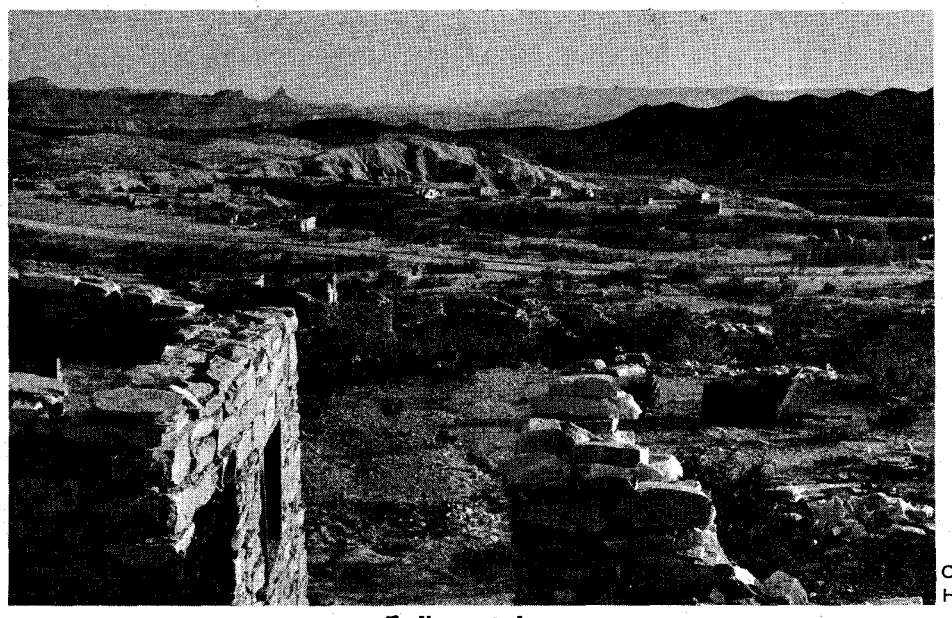

Courtesy Texas State Highway Department

Terlingua today

TERLINGUA FLAPDOODLE

Do some towns leave you speechless?

It's no problem here—the citizens have said everything for you!

By BRICE ARMSTRONG

THE GRIZZLED old rancher hitched up his skin-tight Levis and nodded at the sign on the wall.

"Danged shore describes this place," he muttered.

The sign, hanging under a potted cactus plant, read:

"All This Country Needs To Make It Livable Is Water . . . Come To Think About It, That's All Hell Needs."

All of which pretty well sums up this ghost mining town on the edge of the Chisos Mountains, some eighty-three miles due south of Alpine, Texas, and about ten miles straight north of fabulous Santa Elena Canyon on the Rio Grande.

Old-timers around the Big Bend Country, the only real "Last Frontier" of the Southwest, claim that "When the good Lord sent the Flood, all we got was a quarter of an inch."

Several of the signs hanging in the picturesque Terlingua Inn, the eating, drinking and social center in these parts, emphasize this lack of water—and its often substitution with something else.

For example: "We Don't Make Likker Loans On Any Water Contraptions Such as Diving Gear, Boats And Such, Mainly On Account Of We Ain't Got No Water."

And a warning: "If You Use Terlingua Creek Water To Mix With Tequila—Take The Tequila Last."

Plus the admonition: "The Water Control Board In Terlingua Has Banned The Licking Of Stamps . . . Put Stamps On Letters With Paper Clips."

The "wets" and "drys" around Terlingua also get in their licks with signs on the Inn's walls.

A sign obviously prompted by the "wet" faction says:

"Texas Pension Money Comes From Beer Taxes. Don't Let Our Old Folks Down."

The Terlingua chapter of the Women's Christian Temperance Union is said to have countered with the sign that reads:

"Likker Is A Turrible Thang Unless Taken In A Highball or Drunk Straight."

"PRACTICALLY all of the signs at the Inn were given by Sam Huddleston of Dallas, a sign-painting contractor.

Huddleston happened to camp overnight near the Inn about two years ago when former Odessans, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Hearn, took over operation of the old building, which was the old company store during the cinnebar (quicksilver) mining booms of the early 1900s and during World War II.

Huddleston fell in love with the old building and the inhabitants of Terlingua and figured he'd help brighten up the place. Some of the two dozen signs he sent apparently denoted his first impressions of the area:

"The Best Way To See Terlingua Is Through A Tequila Bottle," and "Guntotin' Allowed But Knife Play Barred Except When Eatin' Beans Off Our Plate Lunches."

Then there's: "The Bartender Drinks Only On Two Occasions—When He's Had Chili For Breakfast, And When He Ain't."

However, most of this has changed in the past couple of years.

Countless cases of soft drinks are soon emptied and dozens of Hearn's famous hamburgers and excellent meals are wolfed down by busloads of students, carloads of tourists and truckloads of Big Bend residents who have heard of the Inn's reputation for good food.

Terlingua has acquired a certain esprit de corps, even to citing some good points of neighboring Presidio—sixty-five miles due west. One sign reads:

"The Only Difference Between Presidio And Dallas Is That Dallas Is Taller."

TERLINGUA is quick to point out some of its own advantages, with tongue-in-cheek:

"Public Hangins Every Friday—Private Hangins Can Be Arranged For Old Settlers Reunions, Rodeos, Picnics And Butcher Shop Openings."

Plus: "Deer And Antelope Hunters

(Continued on next page)

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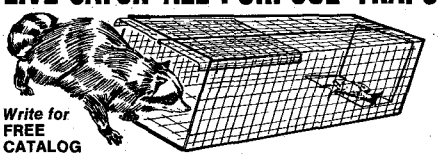

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Mexican serape drapes in many colors—Velvet tapestries in brilliant animal and hunting scenes—Mexican Chaleco Jackets—Tanned Sheep-skins, snow-white and velvet soft—Sombrero hats that are 22" in diameter and symbolic of the Mexican Hat dance—Sheep-skin coats in every size. Warmest coat made—Ladies Mouton coats and jackets, lovely to look at and to touch, and can be purchased on layaway.

THE FREED COMPANY
Box 394, Dept. TW, Albuquerque, New Mexico

Courtesy Texas Highway Department

"The population of Terlingua stays the same. Every time a baby is born, some guy leaves town . . ."

Shoot At Anything That Moves . . . There Is An Outside Chance You Might Hit Yore Mother-In-Law."

Another reads: "Us Hombres Here In Terlingua Is Ten Times Smarter Than Them New York Dudes—We Know All About Them But They Don't Know Nothin' About Us."

And one sign points out that Terlingua is not suffering any population explosion:

"The Population Of Terlingua Stays The Same. Every Time A Baby Is Born, Some Guy Leaves Town. . . ."

On the other hand, Terlingua gets a little exasperated with "furriners" sometimes. A couple of signs state petulantly:

"Goatherders, Lightin' Rod Salesmen, Newspaper Writers And Other Such-Like, Kindly Use The Back Door."

"Lot Of Critters From Back In The States Gripe About Our Bar Closing At Midnight. Hell's Bells! Iff'n You Ain't Drunk By Midnight, You Ain't Trying."

And the warning: "We Are Gettin' Tired, Plum Tired Of Having To Help Find You Dudes Who Git Lost In The Desert, And We Ain't Gonna Do It No More. But Don't Worry, You Will Have Plenty Of Company. The Vultures Will Visit You By Day And The Coyotes By Night, And Finally The Red Ants. . . ."

However, the real charm of this lonely outpost—still unspoiled by television, smog, traffic jams and the other irritants of modern life—is described beautifully in a sign that hangs on a wall almost covered by spurs, bits, saddlebags and mining equipment of an almost-bygone era. It reads:

"Next Time 2 Hours Hangs Heavy On Your Hands, Spend It On Our Front Porch, Along In The Cool Of The Evening We Present 'SUNSET ON THE CHISOS' In Natural Color And On The Widest Screen On Earth . . . It's Pure Beauty Gone Plum Loco In Thin Blue Air. A Million Pair Of 20-20 Eyes Couldn't Take In All It's Beauty.

"All Props 10 Times Older Than The Pyramids.

"All Sunsets Painted Personally By The Lord. . ."

Best of the Pockethunters

(Continued from page 19)

brush nearby. Lying on his belly, he peered into the dim shaft. On the side of the hole, rains had caused a cave-in and a quartz ledge lay exposed. Pike soon had a nice grubstake.

About the middle of 1877, Pike Bell reached his lowest ebb. He had spent three years in search of a particularly difficult pocket. The big iron box where the money was kept was empty. everything had been sold except the ranch and the exhausted Green Emigrant mine; the family had for food only what they could raise.

One day early in June he sat down near an ant hill to eat his lunch. Then he noticed tiny flakes of newly washed gold gleaming on the ground. His tracing led him to a spot about fifty yards away, where he sank a shaft.

The new prospect improved as it went deeper. He uncovered enough gold to pay his bills and restore his credit. On a Monday in mid-June he called at the office of the *Placer Herald* to report that he had struck chunks of pure gold and had hired men to help him. Three panfuls of dirt had yielded $4,000. On Tuesday, the editor of the *Herald*, together with the sheriff, went to see for themselves. They found Pike with a gold pan in his hands.

"If you don't believe it, watch!" cried Pike gleefully. Before their eyes, he extracted another $1,500 worth of gold from a single panful. On Wednesday he recovered $10,000 from three panfuls.

(Continued on page 48)

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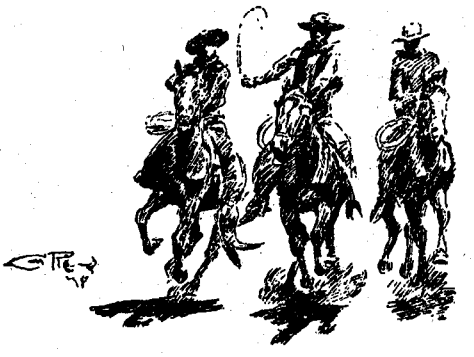
WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos



TOM LEA ON BEEF CATTLE

Western Beef Cattle (The Encino Press, $10.00) was written and illustrated by Tom Lea, the talented Texan from El Paso. The eleven paintings related to the history and development of western beef cattle on which this book is based were completed at the end of Tom's long and very active service as a war artist—correspondent for *Life* magazine. *Life* published only one of the paintings and in 1950 presented the eleven to the Dallas Museum of Fine Arts. The museum issued a catalogue type booklet with small black and white reproductions of the eleven paintings shortly thereafter. This is the first printing of the complete original text and there is a new foreword and four additional drawings. One of the eleven plates is reproduced in color on the title page. The book was designed by William D. Wittliff, the Encino entrepreneur, and the edition consists of 850 numbered copies. There is a cloth slip case, with an illustrated title label on the cover, for each. Informative and handsome. Strongly recommended.

MAYAN CULTURE

The Book of Chilam Balam of Chumayel (University of Oklahoma Press, $6.95) was translated and edited by the late Ralph L. Roys. This collection of the books of the prophet, Balam, were translated from the original Maya language and were first published by the Carnegie Institution of Washington, D. C. in 1933. The book is considered to be an important link in the understanding of the old Indian culture. The name, Chumayel, is from a village in the district of Tekax, near the town of Teabo in Yucatan. The Maya writings were first reduced to European script and adapted by early Spanish missionaries to express sounds not found in Spanish. Each chapter first appears in the Maya-European script form followed by a full translation, thus serving as an excellent text for students. The book is rich in traditions, history, and rituals of the Maya Indians before European influence altered them. The extensive notes and appendices are a valuable reference source. This handsome book is Volume 87 of the Civilization of the American Indian Series.

INDIAN MYSTERIES

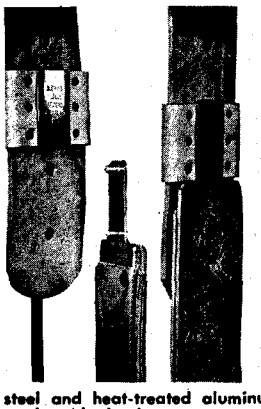
The World's Rim (Bison Books, $1.80) by Hartley Burr Alexander explains the great mysteries of the North American Indians. The book was first published by the University of Nebraska Press in 1953, fourteen years after the author had died. Hartley Burr Alexander was a poet and anthropologist who made exhaustive studies of the rituals and religious cultures of the Indians. His thorough understanding of the symbolism and art of the Indians together with his philosophical interpretations make many of the "mysteries" understandable.

"FOR YEARS WE THREE SAT TOGETHER"

Three Men in Texas, Bedichek, Webb and Dobie (University of Texas Press, $6.50) was edited by Ronnie Dugger of the *Texas Observer* in which many of the tributes in this book first appeared. This reviewer was privileged to know the trio of Texas writing giants—Roy Bedichek from 1921 and the others from the thirties. Bedi was a professional rather than a personal friend and Walter Webb was just that until a long memorable weekend we spent at Flat Top Ranch in Bosque County late in his life. On the other hand, Frank Dobie was a long time amigo — and for the last dozen years of his life, a very close one. This point is made not because your reviewer wants to add to the praise heaped on my fellow Texans in this book but from personal knowledge to attest to the fine job by editor Ronnie in selecting and arranging the numerous contributions. He didn't miss much —the stories of the three are well told by their friends, before and after their deaths. The principals have their say, too—Pancho on Bedi and Webb; Webb on Dobie and Bedi and Bedi on Dobie. There are some articles in the book appearing in print for the first time—including the outstanding "Impressions of a Friendship" by J. E. (Jack) Reynolds on Dobie and a visit to Paisano. Frank Wardlaw's "I Have That Honor" (Dobie); Duncan Robinson's "801 East Twenty-third Street" (Bedichek) and Lon Tinkle's "Meetings in Dallas" (Webb) were particularly enjoyed by your reviewer—and that's saying a lot when so many friends and acquaintances have said very nice things about other friends —and they deserved every one!

HO! FOR THE GHOST TOWNS

A Guide to Western Ghost Towns (Superior, $2.25) is by Lambert Florin, author of the tremendous Ghost Town Series. This guide is keyed to the books in that series and it includes the fine little strip maps drawn by Dr. David C. Mason. Brief descriptions of the towns and a number of photos should inspire you to go—and even if you can't go to the high country until next summer you'll find the guide is a great introduction to the Ghost Town Series.



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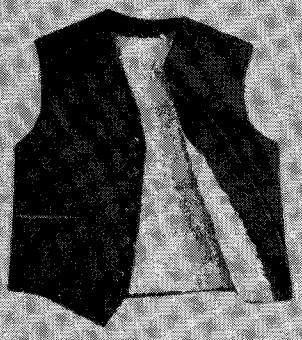

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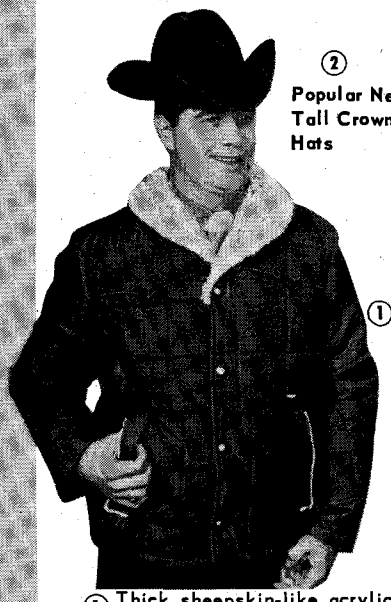

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FL910 With Fringe $31.95
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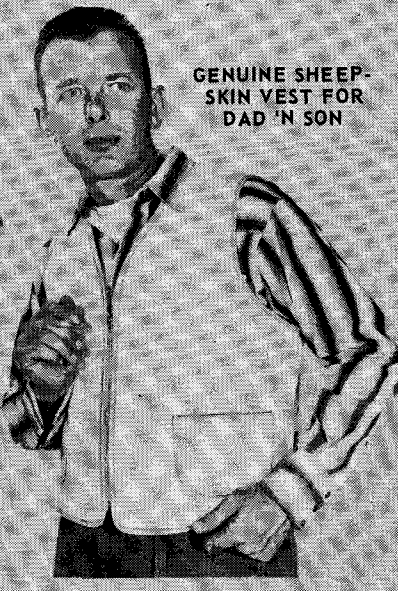

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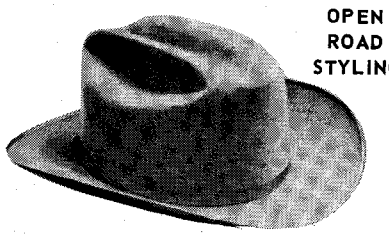

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You will see the name in the satin lining—it's the oldest and most famous name in Western hats. All hats are first quality—no rejects or seconds. Leather sweatband. 2 3/4" brim. Silver Belly color.

Look what you get for just $9.88! $13.95 to $17.95 quality.
Regular Sizes 6 5/8-7 5/8
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Long Oval 6 3/4-7 1/2
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$50 and $100 hats with Open Road styling for an unbelievable price.
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Since we purchased these hats in assorted qualities, we cannot guarantee which quality you will receive within each price group.

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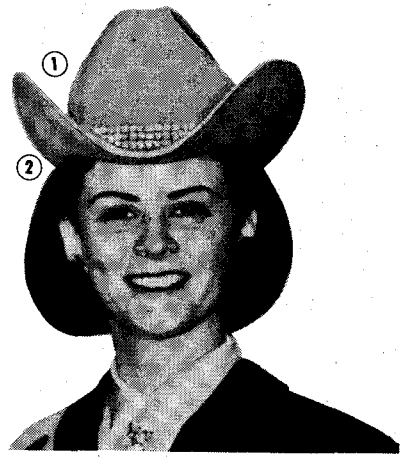
Leather-like Doe Lon (expanded vinyl) is hard to tell from the "real thing". A soft and supple jacket which is almost impossible to scuff. Cleans easily with soap and water (Do Not Dry Clean). Fringed front and back yokes and bottom trim. 2-colors: Buckskin Tan or Bone.
FL920 Sizes 10-18 $19.98



(1) Eddy Bros. Barrel Racer hat, worn by Miss Rodeo America. Wide ribbon band, back bow and bound brim edge. 4 3/4" brim. Allow 10 days delivery. Colors: White, Black, Silver Belly, Chocolate Brown, Rust, Purple, Pink, Navy, Royal or Powder Blue, Red, Kelly or Avocado Green, Canary Yellow, Turquoise, Tangerine, Lavendar, Antique Gold, Fuschia Rose.
Sizes 6 5/8-7 1/4.
FC911D Colors $17.95
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(2) Rhinestone hatband. 4 rows of sparklers that look authentic. Buckle slide adjustment.
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(3) Eddy Bros. Barrel Racer rhinestone belt. Countless rows of sparkling rhinestones. Self buckle leather backing. 2-colors: Black or White.
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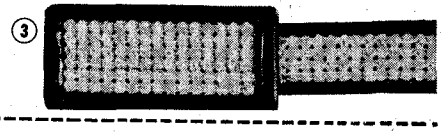

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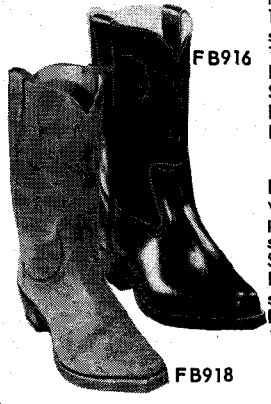

FB916

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Sizes 6 1/2 to 12, D width.
FB915 Round toes $15.88
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RUGGED ROUGHOUT LEATHER work boot, at special LOW Mueller price! 11" tops. Welted side seams. Cork soles. Color: Lt. Tan
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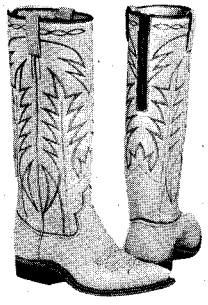

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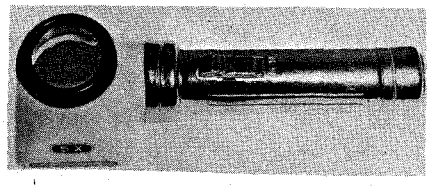

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Best of the Pockethunters

(Continued from page 44)

Ed Bell asserted years later that he had seen a mint slip for $93,000 for a single shipment of ore. This mine was called, appropriately, the "Bonanza."

In 1878 Pike and two partners discovered the "Nevada Hill" mine, which yielded $20,000 before they sold it.

As the Bell children grew up, the boys were taken in as partners. The oldest son, Joe, who later became quite an expert, was working one day on a prospect, and was down about seven feet when his father arrived.

"Why work so hard when you can take that?" said Pike, pointing to a spot ten or twelve feet from the hole. Joe tried the new spot and found $2,500 in gold within inches of the surface!

The last big discovery Pike made was the "Black Oak" mine, some ten miles from home, which he and Joe found while deer hunting in 1893. Pike picked up a nice piece of "float" and traced it to an outcropping. The two went back later and developed the mine. The Black Oak was the only one of Pike Bell's mines to have its own stamp mill. He had been offered $60,000 for it but the deal fell through when Pike died suddenly on December 19, 1895. The mine was sold later by Joe Bell.

Pike Bell made and lost a number of fortunes. Some of his money was spent foolishly, some wasted, some was given trustingly to false friends, and a small part remained to his family after all the bills were paid. He was criticized for his careless ways by many of the citizens of his community, but the truth is, most of them had benefited in one way or another from his generosity.

Many say the diggings around Auburn have been depleted, but I'll bet Pike Bell, if he were alive today, would still be turning up pockets under the noses of his neighbors. He had that kind of "luck."

The Thundering Horses

(Continued from page 29)

at the same time *hearing* the same kind of noise!

Pablo came up to the mountains and worked for me for some time but he would never accompany me in those later years to look for the treasure.

"I gave my promise to *mi madre*," he would say and shrug his shoulders. She says, 'Nothing but sorrow and trouble would be your lot, my son, if you did find the treasure.' She is perhaps right."

I am sure the cache is there. If the Army moves out during my lifetime, and I'm physically able to ride a horse or hike over the mountains, I'm going to look for it again. I'm *not* afraid of spirits that might be stalking around the cave!

My friend, Mr. Cadwallader, was not destined to find the treasure, and the Army still controls the area in which this cache is hidden. It is part of the White Sands Proving Grounds and is not open to prospectors or tourists. Old Antonio Ferros' bandit loot will have to remain in its hiding place until the needs of the military change.

Pirate's Cove

(Continued from page 9)

circumstances prevented his doing so. The ill-fated Fenton expedition probably was ordered to pick up the California treasure, but did not succeed.

Discounting the idea of secrecy, there is another reason for a deliberate distortion of figures. England's position in the world was a precarious one in the 1570s. Elizabeth had been told that Spaniards had already explored up to 42 degrees on the California coast, so it was more conducive to good diplomatic relations for her to claim that Drake landed at 48 degrees.

The mystery is compounded because Drake's log book somehow was lost. It is worth $500 million to a treasure hunter.

Pirate's Cove is a natural wharf, and was used as such for many years. But it is a steep climb from the water level to the top of the cliff where Pate has found evidence of an old stone fort.

A series of stone steps, old and worn, lead up the cliff face. The family who lived on the site claimed that the steps were there in exactly the same condition more than sixty years ago. The steps are broken off in the middle. A large chunk of the cliff fell off at one time, taking several steps with it. It must have happened in the very dim past, as no evidence of the landslide is apparent at the base of the precipice.

The map of the area, according to Hondius of 1618, fits the Pirate's Cove site almost perfectly. Location of the fort, smelter, ships, hills and the phantom island (a long strip of rock which disappears at high tide) on the map corresponds exactly to Pate's findings at the Cove.

"Retrieving the treasure, of course, will convince *almost* everyone. There are some, however, who wouldn't believe the landing site was anywhere but San Francisco if Drake himself came back! I won't predict how close we are to finding the cache, but I will say that we're zeroing in on it."

And there's a confidence in Robert Pate's voice which gives a listener the feeling that the *Golden Hinde* has just sailed into view.

Bulldoggers!

(Continued from page 39)

"Old Bill had died and gone away
Over the Great Divide,
Gone to the place they said
Both sinners and saints abide.
If they will, it's a running horse
They will give to Bill
And some good wild steers
Till he gets his fill,
With a great big crowd
For him to thrill."

Zack Miller loved Bill Pickett very much and I felt the same way. At the time Zack wrote this, I think he knew he was slated for a grave near old White Eagle, his redman friend, and Bill Pickett, his blackman friend. I'm sure it must have been his wish. My hope is that all three rest in peace.

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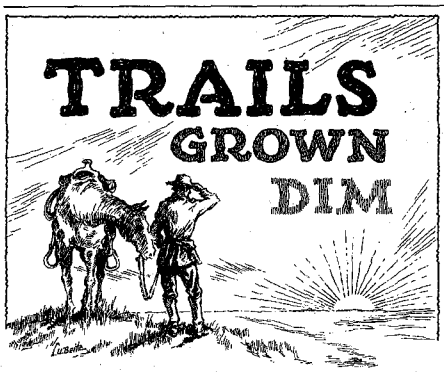

If you have information concerning persons referred to below, do not write to us. Communicate directly with the letter writer.

Yates

Looking back over the June, 1964 TRUE WEST, I found an article by John Carson called "Use Him Up, Bill." In this article I found mention of a man named Richard Yates, who lived along the Green River in Utah and had a trading post and store there around 1857. I would like to know more about him if possible.—Art Yates, R.R. #5, Lafayette, Indiana.

Victor or Bernard

I am interested in locating my mother, Jennie Beltes (Bernard) Victor, age now about seventy-six, and my sister, Helen Bernard, age fifty-two, whom I have not heard from since November, 1921. At this time I was five-years-old and living in Laton, California, with a person who later adopted me.

My mother and sister had left one week earlier and the last contact I had with them was a letter postmarked "Yuma, Arizona." Some years ago I investigated the birth, death and marriage records in Yuma but could not find any traces of them.

The name Bernard is my father's (deceased April, 1916, Niles, California) and is the name my sister Helen might have gone by. Victor was my mother's married name at the time she left Laton.

I would appreciate any information at all about my mother, sister or my father's side of the family, living or deceased.—Tony Victor, 334 Reed Road, Wooster, Ohio 44691.

Tom and Robert Williams

Does any old-timer know of Tom and Robert Williams who may live near Dallas or Austin, Texas? They were my mother's nephews. My mother's name was Emma Eliza Teal and her mother's name was Kaziah Knewland. I think Grandmother died at Fort Worth in 1902 or 1903. Mother married Charlie Foster on December 5, 1886, I think at Fort Worth. They moved to Tennessee about 1889. Mother died in 1902. We heard from some of her folks a few times after that, but not very often. If anyone knew the Teals or their descendants, please write to me.—Alice Mae King, Willow Street, Selmer, Tennessee.

Big Chief Little Prince

My father's mother was a descendant of Big Chief Little Prince. My father's mother was Martha Prince and she married Billings Wandell. He was killed in the lumber woods when he was real young. My father passed away in November, 1953. He was born in Sheshequin, Bradford County, Pennsylvania. I do not know what tribe or what part of the country Big Chief Little Prince was from. I would like to hear from anyone who could give me any information. —Mrs. Matthew Sullivan, 50 Carroll Street, Binghamton, New York 13901.

Jefferson Clark

My father's name was Harry Jefferson Clark and his father's name was Jefferson Clark. He married Elizabeth Weston of Virginia and his parents were from Kentucky. I have very little information about them, although Jefferson and Elizabeth lived at Wells, Minnesota, and also near Hillsboro, North Dakota, at one time. I would appreciate any information.—Ruth Clark Bacon, 426 East 61st Street, Tacoma, Washington 98404.

Kimberling

My grandpa's name was Vinton Kimberling. His father, Vint Kimberling, originally came from West Virginia. It seems his father remarried and he didn't like his stepmom so he ran away from home at the early age of thirteen. It was 1887 when he brought his family from Iowa to homestead in Nebraska. Two of his children, Charley and Glen, had registered herefords. His other son, Pearl, had lots of horses and commercial herefords. His daughter Minney

(Continued on page 68)

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Revenge—Montenegrin Style

(Continued from page 27)

solemn ceremony was no longer in control. They paid no heed whatever. When the song died, knives and guns, stones and clubs appeared and the inflamed Montenegrins began to advance on the hospital.

Then, somehow, Stanislaus was on the roof of the morgue, commanding them to stop. Somehow his position above them brought back the prestige he could not command on the ground.

As he began to talk those anxiously watching saw a change come over the men. Faces softened. A stone was dropped in one spot, a club in another; slowly knives and guns disappeared under the tunics. Finally one man pulled out his wallet, took out a bill and placed it on the low roof at Stanislaus' feet. He was followed by another and still others until a green mound was visible on the roof of the morgue. When the last man had made his contribution, the money was gathered up and, once more led by Stanislaus, the group marched solemnly down the hill.

AFTERWARDS, Stanislaus explained what had happened. After he had gained their attention, he'd told them there were just as many Montenegrins in the hospital, too sick to be moved, as there were of other nationalities. Surely they did not want to hurt their brothers! Then he said that soldiers from Missoula could very quickly be brought into Taft to put down any disturbance. If his people did any damage they would be caught, jailed, and heavily fined. What possible good could that do their beloved lost leader?

But there was something that they could do for their King, he had continued. In Montenegro their dead hero had an old mother now left without support. Why not take the money they would have to pay in fines if they were thrown into jail and send it to the old woman? She would understand, then, how her son had been loved by his brothers. It was what the King would have asked, if he could have spoken.

Stanislaus had known just how to touch the soft spot in the Montenegrin heart.

"But," one of the merchants asked, "when you were up there at the cemetery and they all raised their hands and said something, what did it mean?"

"Each one took an oath to kill the man who had killed their King," Stanislous replied very quietly.

The Montenegrins did not return to work. Gathering their few belongings, they left and no one knew where they went. It was as if they had never existed.

Reddy Hayes stood trial at Missoula and easily won an acquittal on the grounds of self-defense. Hearing that the Montenegrins had left the country, he worked that winter and spring in one of the lower camps and on the Fourth of July, 1908, he came walking into Taft.

He stopped for a while to talk to acquaintances and said he was going up to the tunnel. Someone happened to mention the Montenegrins. Reddy laughed. They were a thing of the past. Nobody had seen them for months.

He started up the trail. In about a quarter-of-an-hour shots were heard. Sometime later, workmen came into town bearing the lifeless body of Reddy Hayes and those of three Montenegrins. Soon after, the bodies of two more Montenegrins were found not far from the place where Reddy had died. There was one shell left in the ex-foreman's six-shooter.

Reddy had no known relatives and, to the people of Taft, the Montenegrins were nameless. There were no mourners and no services. Where the Montenegrins had kept themselves and how they had known that Reddy would be along, no one ever knew. They were evidently not the best of marksmen but they had made up for it with determination. They paid a high price but they had kept their vow. They had killed the man who had killed their King!

Not too long after the Montenegrin vendetta, the tunnel was completed. A contest was set up to see which crew—the one on the Montana side or the one on the Idaho side—would break through first. This rivalry was encouraged by the men in charge. The harder the men worked, the faster the tunnel would be completed—and the less the cost!

Bets were made in every camp as to when the breakthrough would come and which crew would make it. When the big moment came, the Idaho crew was proclaimed the winner. But that did not keep anyone on the Montana side from joining in the celebration which followed. A huge banquet was held to wind up the affair. Taft's greatest hour was over.

By early spring of 1909, construction all along the line was completed. All the laborers were paid off; some returned to their homes across the sea and some moved to other jobs and finally made homes in the new land. Camps closed down and the last patient left the hospital. On April 4 the first train to pass through St. Paul's tunnel chugged out of Taft.

Left without customers, the saloonmen and their girls soon left, too. The hospital was sold for $25.00. Other buildings were torn down and hauled away. The next summer a fire took most of what was left but it missed the hotel and that sturdy structure stands today, the sole remnant of Montana's last wild town.

"Sheriff, you've got to do something about them hoss thieves!"

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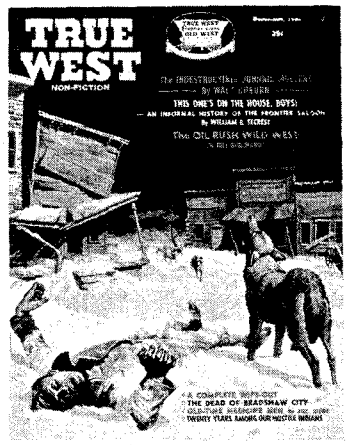

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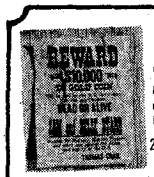

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How a Great Lawman Died

(Continued from page 31)

wilderness to a rich agricultural region —and then seen it convulsed by the strike-it-rich oil boom. The first big oil field, opened in 1905, touched off a series of discoveries which saw one huge play after another take the spotlight.

Cromwell, in central Oklahoma, reigned as the wildest of the boom towns in 1924. The Cromwell Oil and Gas Company started things off late in 1923 by completing a well which showed promise that more oil could be taken from the ground. Development followed rapidly. By August, 1924, seventy-five wells near Cromwell were spewing out oil at the rate of 62,391 barrels a day. The population zoomed to 5,000 in less than a year.

Cromwell didn't amount to much in those days. Two long, and often muddy, gashes in the earth, Main and Shawnee Streets, formed a business district shaped like a "T." The streets were lined by unpainted buildings, mostly thrown together of rough pine boards and galvanized iron. This, surrounded by shacks, tents, and wooden oil derricks, was Cromwell in 1924.

Young oil field roughnecks in leather coats and khaki trousers clumped down the board sidewalks seeking and finding diversion in the town's vice dens. Prominent among these were the dance halls, of which Murphy's was the most notorious.

Booze was easily come by in Cromwell. Dope addicts did not lack for narcotics. Scandalized at last, District Judge George C. Crump started a clean-up drive. He charged local officers with ignoring law violations, and personally investigated the situation, going into Cromwell with a gun on his hip. The injunctions he filed closed many places —temporarily, at least. This heartened those businessmen and others who hoped to see Cromwell survive the boom.

LEADING this reform element was W. E. Sirmans, an oil investments man and secretary of the chamber of commerce. Sirmans knew E. D. Nix, who was by his time a St. Louis businessman, and through Nix wrote to Bill Tilghman.

Sirmans' letter described conditions at Cromwell and asked the veteran lawman to help clean up the town. This kind of call Tilghman found hard to resist. He discussed it with Governor M. E. Trapp, whom he was then serving as special officer.

The governor doubted he should go. "It's a bad place, Bill," he warned, "and these modern criminals are not like your old outlaws who had a sense of honor and gratitude—even decency in certain ways. These dope runners and the like would sooner shoot you in the back than meet you face to face."

Tilghman also conferred with his friend and fellow officer, Fred Sutton, who urged him not to go. "Somebody will murder you," Sutton said.

"Well," Sutton quoted Tilghman as replying, "if I don't get killed in a gunfight I'll have to go to bed someday and die like a woman, and I don't want to do that.

"I want to go out in the smoke and die with my boots on, as I've seen so many good men die."

Tilghman went to Cromwell in September. His status was that of a special state officer carrying a deputy sheriff's commission. Taming Cromwell, he found, was as difficult as had been predicted. Though authorized an assistant, he could hardly keep one. Local officers, whose job he was there to implement, couldn't be counted on for help. What's more, Tilghman and Wiley Lynn, federal prohibition officer for the district, didn't get along. Tilghman, it was said, suspected Lynn of protecting, instead of arresting, bootleggers. Lynn claimed a distrust of his own, saying he'd given some moonshine liquor to Tilghman as evidence, only to have it disappear.

On Saturday night, November 1, Tilghman asked Deputy Hugh Sawyer to stay on the job and help make the rounds. At ten o'clock, Tilghman was inside Murphy's place, which had reopened, chatting with his friend Sirmans.

The stage at that hour was set for a horrible drama. The first act began as a sleek, black touring car drove out of the night, into the town, and parked across from Murphy's. Oil-tank builder A. L. Sinclair, standing near the car, stated later he saw two couples inside the auto. The man and woman in the back seat, he said, plainly had been drinking and the woman was "very drunk."

In front were Wiley Lynn and Mrs. Rose Lutke, who had been proprietor of the "Rose Rooms" at nearby Wewoka until Judge Crump closed them as a bawdy house. The woman in back, Eva Caton, operated the "Cozy Rooms," not yet closed. Her friend, an Army sergeant named Thompson, was on furlough and whooping it up. The four had been to the town of Okemah and were going back to Wewoka when Lynn drove into Cromwell.

Rose Lutke said that on their arrival, Lynn told her: "Let's get out and visit Murphy's Dance Hall that Crump closed up." When he took out his pistol, she asked what he planned to do.

"I'm going to see if this damned thing will shoot," he replied. He fired the pistol once into the ground. Then they headed for the dance hall.

Tilghman heard the shot. Telling Sirmans to "wait a minute," he pulled his revolver and went outside. There he encountered Lynn. Sirmans followed and saw Tilghman grab Lynn by the wrist of his gun arm, putting his automatic against him. Tilghman was strong despite his age. He flung Lynn, who was a large man still in his twenties, against the building, holding his pistol arm in the air.

Deputy Sawyer rushed up.

"Hugh, get his gun!" Tilghman commanded.

Sawyer wrenched the six-shooter away and Tilghman, thinking Lynn disarmed, let go the arm.

Lightning-fast, Lynn reached in his

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coat, got another pistol and fired as he drew it out. Sirmans had seen Lynn go for the gun.

"I made a jump to grab his arm but it was so quick I couldn't get to him," he said. "He shot Tilghman into my arms and I caught him as he was falling." Officer and friend went to the sidewalk.

Lynn whirled to face Sawyer. "Give me my gun or I'll shoot your guts out," he ordered. Sawyer handed it to him. Lynn and the woman darted to the car, jumped in it, and careened away.

TILGHMAN had been mortally wounded ("shot twice under the left nipple," Sirmans said). Taken into a nearby furniture store and placed on a couch, he died in minutes without regaining consciousness.

Wiley Lynn drove to Holdenville, location of the federal district headquarters, and surrendered. His plea from the very first was that he had killed in self-defense. Sirmans held a far different view of Tilghman's death.

"There is no question," he said in a letter to Nix, "but what he was murdered in cold blood. Lynn had been getting graft from these liquor people and Tilghman had been breaking into it too much."

He added that the lawman was "liked by everyone here except the 'graft ring' that he was breaking up." Sirmans felt Lynn would have been lynched if he'd stayed in town.

The killing deeply disturbed Governor Trapp, who conferred at length with Judge Crump about conditions at Cromwell. Martial law might have been imposed except that a strange quiet had settled over the town. Perhaps the officer's values made more impact in death than in life, for there was little roistering the next day, or apparent desire for it. The dance halls closed their doors —a silent tribute, if only for a night.

The governor, lauding Tilghman as one who "died for Oklahoma," directed that his body lie in state in the capitol rotunda and be attended by an honor guard. No other Oklahoman who was not a high state official had been so honored. Hundreds of citizens filed by the casket. Some wept.

Bill Tilghman's funeral was held in the First Presbyterian Church of Oklahoma City, where he was a member. Pall bearers included Governor Trapp, former Governor J. B. A. Robertson; States Attorney General George Short; and U. S. Marshal Alva McDonald. The funeral procession drove fifty miles to Chandler where, after a journey down the main street, burial took place in a small cemetery. A delegation from Cromwell made the last ride with the body.

LYNN was to be tried. Sirmans, potentially the most damaging witness against him, began to hear vague threats against his life. Leaving sworn statements giving his version of the shooting, he fled Oklahoma for Florida.

Had Sirmans been present to testify, the trial's outcome might have been different. Lynn's attorneys produced a

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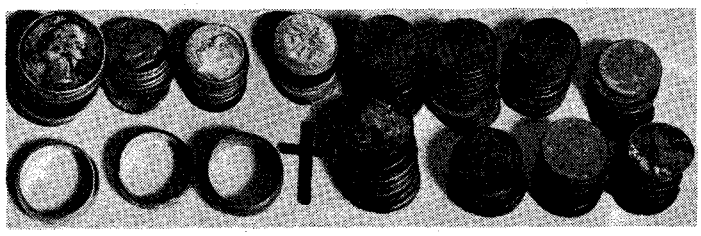

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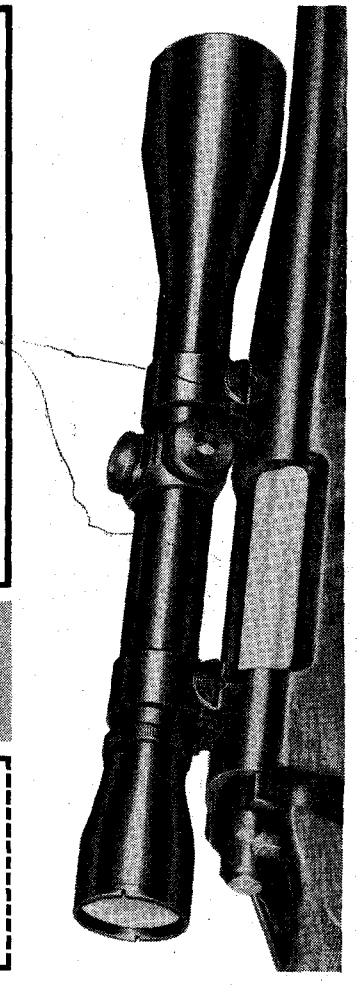

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search warrant, issued before the shooting, authorizing him to search Murphy's for liquor. Lynn maintained that Tilghman deliberately prevented him from making that search. The pistol shot in the street, he declared, was accidental, and Rose Lutke was along for the purpose of searching women prisoners.

Lynn, in what a reporter at the trial called "an amazing jury verdict," was acquitted of murder charges. This outcome angered the judge, who fined Lynn $50 anyway, for contempt of court in carrying a pistol in the courtroom in which he was on trial. The weapon had fallen out of his hip pocket during the proceedings.

Lynn's life after that seemed to be cursed, for he went from one misadventure to another. Once he was arrested for inciting a riot, another time for drunkenness. In 1932 he walked into a crowded drugstore in Madill, Oklahoma, with gun in hand and ordered Crockett Long, a state police officer, to draw. It later was said that Lynn held a grudge because Long had arrested him once on a bootlegging charge. The drugstore gun battle claimed both their lives, as well as that of an innocent bystander.

And so Lynn made his last headlines, like his first, with a blazing gun. Directly or indirectly, he took three men to the grave with him.

His first victim, Bill Tilghman, had dedicated fifty years to the ideal of men living lawfully and at peace with each other. He died enforcing that code. Marshal McDonald said Tilghman "always gave the other fellow, the outlaw, too much of a chance."

Perhaps so. But that was the way Bill Tilghman lived. And when it came time to die, he went out—as have so many other good men—"in the smoke!"

The Inimitable Breezy Cox

(Continued from page 17)

around. She nodded and put the unopened box of cornflakes under the counter. I'd managed to clean up my steerburger.

I had quite a time shaking Breezy awake. He came out of it mumbling and muttering and hooking one of the dislodged rims of his dark glasses back behind an ear.

"There's the grub you've been hollering for, all stirred up and ready to tie into. Prepared by that good looking waitress you was giving the eye to before you passed out. Have at 'er, farmer!" I advised.

Both elbows on the counter, one hand propping up his weary head, Breezy, hung-over and half asleep, his bloodshot eyes bleary behind the smoked glasses, bent over the bowl and dipped into the syrupy gluck with a large spoon, slurping it down like a starved man. Soon the sodden mixture was gone.

"Shore good," Breezy gave the waitress the benefit of his toothless grin. "Shore took the wrinkles outa my belly. How much do I owe the house, lady?"

Bill Tilghman among celebrities. Sitting with Tilghman is Jack Dempsey, World Champion Fighter. Standing, left to right: comedian Dan Sullivan; Dempsey's sparring partner, Charles Myton; and wrestler Marty Cutler.

Courtesy Library University of Oklahoma

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"Everything's paid for," I told him.

Breezy took the half-empty package of Mail Pouch from his pocket and shoved a wad of the pipe tobacco into his mouth, tonguing it into his cheek. Then he looked around for his straw hat.

"What's become of my hat?" Breezy wanted to know. "Where the hell's my hat?"

"You just finished eating your hat, feller," I informed him as I slid off my stool and out of reach. The waitress kept giggling and decided to leave the counter.

Breezy Cox shook his head slowly in hazy bewilderment. Still convinced he had eaten a big bait of cornflakes, he cussed me out for a liar.

He unstraddled his stool and stood there for a long moment, his eyes narrowed a little behind the dark glasses, scratching his head, sunken lips thinned in a one-sided grin of disbelief as he picked up the torn-out sweatband with a few loose threads dangling from it.

"You better be lyin'," Breezy gave me the benefit of his toothless grin, "or I might take a notion to climb your carcass."

He stood there looking down from his six-foot advantage and I had a strong hunch that the tough hombre meant what he said, and I wanted no part of it. I just stood my ground and grinned back at him, and said nothing. We stood there eyeing one another in what seemed a long silence, then he finally tossed the sweatband back into the gaboon, sprayed it with tobacco juice, and headed out the door. I followed him out and into the swinging half-doors of the Palace Saloon.

THE SALOON was jam-packed and noisy as we shouldered our way through the milling crowd to line up at the bar. Barney filled large shot glasses from an unlabeled bottle and opened two pint bottles of needled beer for chasers, and I paid for the drinks with a five-dollar bill.

"Where's your cotton-picker hat?" Barney asked.

"Accordin' to this short-complected gent," Breezy volunteered, "I et it for breakfast. But he's wrote so many stories for them magazines a man can't believe a damn thing he says. He makes up lies outa his gourd head when he writes them wild cowboy yarns. Now he's got one for the book—how Old Man Cox's boy Breezy et his beat-up hayseed hat."

"A man feels plumb naked without a hat," Breezy said and reached out a quick hand to grab my Stetson. He tried the hat on but it was several sizes too small so he tossed it back to me.

"Lucky you're a pinhead," Breezy belched out a belly laugh, "or you'd be out a fifty buck Jawn Bay!"

Barney went back to a cluttered storeroom and came back with a sweat-stained old black Stetson. "Try this on for size, Breezy," he said, tossing the hat on the bar.

Breezy slapped the hat on his leg to get the dust out, then tried it on. "Shore a good fit," he said.

"Should be, Breezy," Barney agreed.

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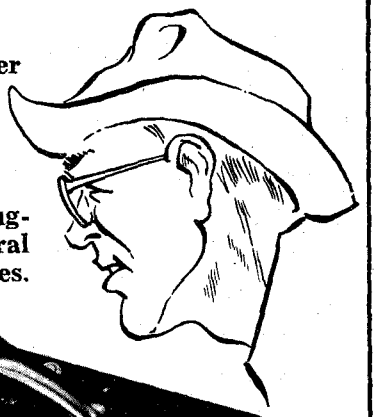

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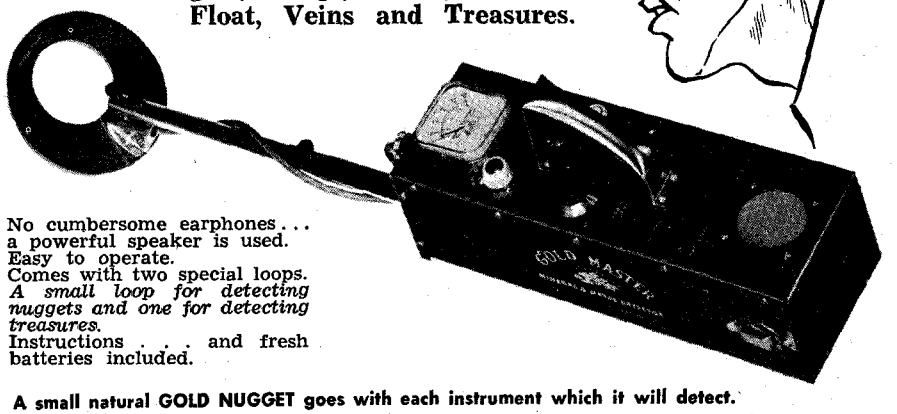

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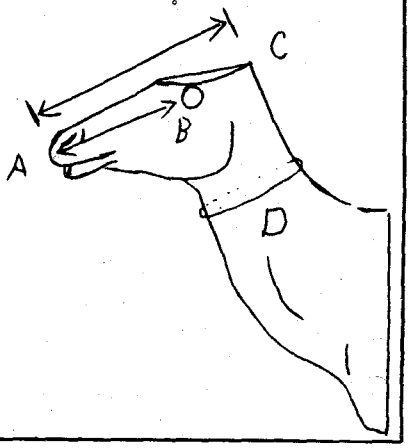

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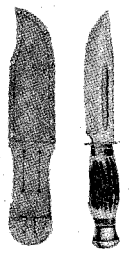

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Breezy pulled the hat on slaunchwise and admired his image in the back bar mirror, talking to himself in that inimitable voice of his, declaring he'd won the 5X Stetson as a prize in a bronc riding contest some years ago at the Prescott rodeo. He claimed it was his lucky hat that he wore in many a contest, and beat-up as it was, he wouldn't take a hundred bucks for it if he was dead broke. He told how when the lucky hat had turned up missing after that fight, he had blamed it on the cops. Now that he'd got it back, it called for a drink.

About that time Breezy's old man showed up. Old Man Cox was a character in his own right, tough as a boot and a shrewd horseman. Every year he would show up at the Prescott Frontier Days Show with one or two race horses that were hard to beat in matched race.

After a round or two of drinks Old Man Cox and his boy Breezy headed for the fairgrounds. I gave them five or ten minutes by the clock and then I left.

The following morning when I went to the barn to tend to my saddle horse, I pawed around in the loose hay of the manger. The two gunnysacks were gone. Whether or not they held the loot from a New Mexico holdup the previous week I had no way of knowing.

DURING the four-day Frontier Days celebration Breezy Cox never changed his so-called disguise. Nights he mingled with the other contestants at the bars, or sat in a poker game. One evening I remember seeing him milling around in the crowd at Slippery Gulch where the carnival concessions were set up. I watched the cowboy contestants trying their luck at the shooting gallery, where a colored boy shoved his grinning face through a round hole and dodged the baseball-type balls thrown by the crowd. Whenever a hit was scored the winner got a prize of a kewpie doll or a stag-handled Bowie knife in a leather scabbard. The cowboys were expert ropers and bulldoggers and bronc riders, but for the most part they were sorry hands at pitching baseballs. Only on rare occasions did a lucky throw win a prize.

About the time they began losing interest in the game, somebody suggested that one of the cowboys replace the Negro boy, taking turns, and the idea was met with unanimous approval. It was ruled that when a man made a hit, he replaced the man whose head he had hit. So, one by one, the rodeo contestants took turns shoving their heads through the hole in the large canvas, where they got bloody noses, lumpy jaws, and knots on their heads.

When the word spread, there was a small stampede to Slippery Gulch. Three balls for a quarter was a small price to pay to hit some rival contestant on the head or give him a black eye. The newcomers were blissfully unaware that if they registered a hit the winner would replace the victim, the rule kept secret by the originators of the game. Let some outsider enter the game, sooner or later he wound up with a battered face, while the gathering crowd let out ribald cheers.

I purposely mention Slippery Gulch because it was a week or two later, when Prescott had settled down to its customary routine, that the rumor spread by word of mouth along Whiskey Row that the serial numbers on a considerable amount of folding money that was passed at the carnival concessions corresponded to the stolen money from the bank robbery. There was also the vague rumor that there was considerable silver in the loot. That rumor brought to my mind the disturbing recollection that those gunnysacks had been somewhat hefty as I lent Breezy a hand burying them in the hay. But whether there ever was a holdup in which he figured remains a mystery to this day.

That cotton-picker disguise Breezy Cox effected might have been one of his jokes. His vague hints of a bank holdup in New Mexico were probably based on facts, but whether or not Breezy had any part in it was any man's guess.

It was Breezy himself who spread the vague rumors around town. A damnfool act on his part if he had any part in the holdup, and let it be said that drunk or sober Breezy Cox was never a damnfool.

If it came to a showdown and Breezy Cox was arrested, he could prove an ironclad alibi. It was an old cowboy-outlaw trick, and the loud-mouthed, hurrawing, tough brush-popper cowhand and rodeo contestant was made to order for the job of thumbing his nose at the law. A man never knew for sure when Breezy was telling the truth or spilling one of his big windies to attract attention to himself.

During the following years, whenever our trails crossed, I never mentioned the New Mexico holdup, nor did Breezy Cox ever bring up the subject. And for as long as Breezy Cox and I were friends, up until he rode his long last circle a few years ago, he was never for certain sure about eating his own hat.

For many years afterwards Breezy Cox continued to contest at all the big rodeos throughout the Southwest, in spite of having to wear a shoulder harness made of strap-leather to hold a floating shoulder in place.

THE LAST TIME I saw Breezy was several years ago, the year Prescott Downs was organized in connection with the Arizona Horse Racing Association. Old Man Cox and Breezy had bought a string of race horses and they were camped at the fairgrounds with their stabled horses.

I drove out to the fairgrounds early one morning to watch the horses being breezed out, and just as I sighted this heavyset character riding a big white mule leading a sleek looking thoroughbred, I heard that wild cowboy yell behind me and knew it belonged to the one

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and only Breezy Cox.

"Long time no see," he spoke in the same inimitable, brassy voice. He leaned over and sprayed the ground with a gob of brown tobacco juice, then hollered for a barn hand to take the race horse.

"Throw a blanket on him," he told the boy, "and walk him around to cool him out."

Like a lot of athletes getting along in years, Breezy had put on weight. His belly filled the tree of a cowboy saddle and he still wore the shoulder harness. His black hat was slanted at the usual jack-deuce angle on his head. He rode with his weight in one stirrup; his other foot was heavily bandaged and was shoved out at an awkward angle. A week's stubble of graying sandy whiskers covered his face.

Breezy cussed me out in his hurraw-ing voice and asked how I was fixed for drinkin' likker. I pulled a pint from my pocket and we had a drink. I joshed him about riding a pack mule. He said it was one of Wirt Bowman's mules he was raising at his ranch at Nogales, out of a registered quarter horse mare. He said the white mule could daylight any thoroughbred horse for a quarter-mile matched race.

Breezy said he had quit rodeoing on account of his bad foot. When I asked him what was wrong with it, he said it just wouldn't heal up and that the doctors wanted to cut it off. But to hell with them, he was doctoring it himself with horse liniment. He wasn't about to stomp around on no pegleg. Breezy passed it off with a braying horse laugh.

"You owe me a hat," he grinned. I agreed and we had a drink on it. Then Breezy said he had some more horses to lead around the track. I told him to keep what was left of the pint and he shoved it in his flank pocket.

"So long, pardner," he called over his shoulder as he rode away on the mule, sitting half-rumped, his bandaged foot shoved out, with the same old Breezy Cox saddle swagger, still tough as a boot.

An aching lump came into my throat. The early sun had lost something of its brightness. I was somehow poignantly aware then that our trails had crossed for the last time. That my old friend was living on borrowed time, and that no man knew it as fully as Breezy Cox as he rode yonderly. That was his farewell gesture, his final words at parting.

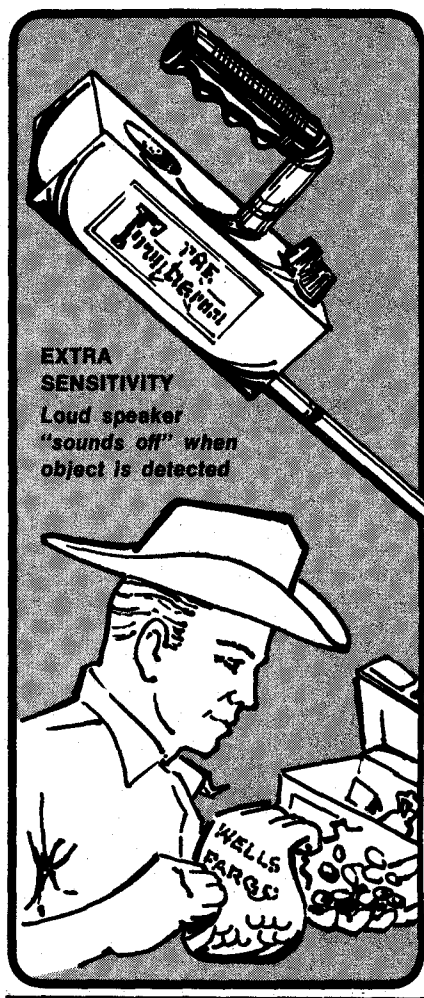
"So long, pardner!"

When I learned of his death shortly afterwards, I knew that no gamer, bigger-hearted, tougher cowhand ever paid his entry fee at the Big Divide than my old friend, Breezy Cox.

Bugler, Sound the Advance!

(Continued from page 13)

falling back on the main body as we approached. Colonel Sumner seemed to fear that the Cheyennes were all on the retreat and might escape us; so he determined to push on with the six companies of cavalry, and try to bring the enemy to a fight, even if he had to leave the infantry and artillery behind. And it is probable that the Indians had



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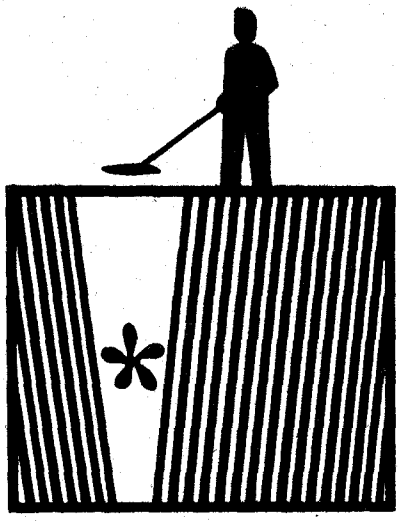

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planned to draw us out in a rapid pursuit of that decoy party, and after getting us well strung out to fall on us with their whole force and clean us up in detail; for, as we afterwards learned, they had no notion of running from us. Instead, they had come out fifteen miles from their village, selected their ground to fight on, and were coolly awaiting our approach apparently so confident of defeating us that they had made no preparations for moving their village, a precaution they seldom neglect when they are about to have a fight near their camps.

"As soon as the colonel got the word that the Indians had been sighted, he halted the command and sent orders to all company commanders to see that their men were prepared for action. At the command, we dismounted, tightened up saddlegirths, and examined arms and equipment to see that everything was in fighting order. Little preparation was necessary for we had frequently been admonished on the trip to keep our 'kits' in good shape, and were always ready for a call.

"As soon as the captains remounted their companies and reported ready for action, the 'old man' rode out in front of the center column and made a little speech. He had a very loud, strong voice, and I think this, together with his well-known fighting proclivities, had probably earned for him the name 'Bull o' the Woods,' by which sobriquet his men were fond of speaking of their old white-headed, white-bearded fighting colonel. His speech on this occasion was about as follows: 'My men! the enemy is at last in sight. I don't know how many warriors the Cheyennes can bring against us, but I do know that if officers and men obey orders promptly, and all pull together, we can whip the whole tribe. I have the utmost confidence in my officers and soldiers. Bugler, sound the advance!'

"As the clear notes of the bugle rang out, followed by the captains' 'Column forward! March!' we again struck the trail, and all seemed encouraged by the colonel's confidence. This was the first bugle-call we had heard for several days, Sumner having dispensed with those signals lately, lest the sound might be borne to the ears of some scouting Cheyenne, but now there was no longer any use for such precaution. A few minutes after we had resumed the march, the notes of 'Trot!' reached us from the colonel's orderly bugler, and each captain commanded: 'Trot! March!' Our pack-mules were also put in a trot, and kept close in our rear. The infantry, of course, now dropped behind. Lieutenant Bayard's battery kept up with us for a little while, but soon, in crossing a miry little creek, some of his mules bogged down, and we left them floundering in the mud, with Bayard swearing a blue streak at the unfortunate detention. We saw no more of the infantry or battery until after the fight.

"It seemed a little reckless of the colonel to scatter his command this way, and attack an enemy of unknown numbers on their chosen ground with only a part of his force, but he had probably estimated all the chances and was so much afraid that the Indians would get away from us that he decided to try to bring them to a fight and take the risk of either whipping them or holding them till our reenforcements came up. Deducting the 'sick, lame, and lazy,' who had been left behind with the train, and the men on detail manning the battery and attending to the pack-mules, we had scarcely an average of fifty fighting men in the ranks of each company of cavalry —a little less than 300 men all told— ready to go into action.

"As we came down a hollow from the upland prairie, debouching onto the Solomon River bottom, and rounded a bluff-point that had obstructed our view to the eastward, before us and extending down along the north bank of the river was an almost level valley of several miles, at the lower end of which stood a few scattering cottonwood trees. About these trees we could see a dense mass of moving animals that at first looked like a distant herd of buffalo. But we had been told by our guides that we were more than two days' march west of the buffalo range. Several of the officers halted long enough to take a look through their field glasses, and promptly announced: 'They are Indians, all right, and a swarm of them, but no sign of lodges; they seem to have been halted about those trees, and are now mounting and moving this way.'

"SOON we began to see the glint of a rifle barrel or lance point here and there, reflecting the rays of the sun. We afterwards discovered that the Cheyennes had been awaiting our arrival several hours, in the vicinity of the trees, had coolly unsaddled and turned their horses out to graze, and they and their mounts were well-rested and fresh when the fight began, while we and our horses were quite jaded. We found near those trees, after the fight, a number of their saddles, blankets, and other impediments that they had discarded; for, on going into battle, the Indian warrior wants the free use of every limb and muscle, usually dispensing with everything in the way of clothing but his 'gee-string,' leggings, and moccasins, often doffing even his leggings, many times throwing off his saddle and riding barebacked, to give his horse more freedom of action.

"When the Indians had approached near enough that we could make a rough estimate of their numbers we saw that they greatly outnumbered us, and noticed that they were advancing in a well-formed line of battle, but differing from our formation in being several ranks deep, and preserving sufficient intervals between the men to give each perfect freedom of action. And all the time they were yelling. . . .

"Just when we were nearly in rifle range of the enemy we saw our old Delaware chief, Fall Leaf, dash out from our line till he got about midway between the two bodies, when he suddenly halted his horse, raised his rifle, and fired at the Cheyennes. As he turned and rode back, followed by several shots from the enemy, we heard Colonel Sumner say in

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a loud voice to Lieutenant David Stanley, who was beside him: 'Bear witness, Lieutenant Stanley, that an Indian fired the first shot!'

"It is probable that he had been hampered by one of those milk-and-water orders from Washington, to 'first exhaust all means to conciliate the Indians before beginning hostilities,' and he seemed relieved to be able to establish the fact that an Indian fired the first shot, pretending not to have noticed that said first shot was fired by one of his own Indian scouts and not by a Cheyenne. Up to this time the colonel was possibly expecting that the Cheyennes might halt, display a white flag and request a 'pow-wow,' but now that he could establish the fact that an Indian had begun hostilities, he was under no obligations to wait longer for peaceful overtures from them to satisfy the demands of the weak-kneed sentimentalists of the East.

"When the Cheyennes were almost in rifle-shot they were outflanking us both right and left. Our right was moving along the bank of the river. A large party of the Indians had crossed the river, and, after passing our right, was about to recross and come into our pack-train in the rear. They were also turning our left, all the while keeping up that infernal yelling. Noticing that the Cheyennes were turning our left, the colonel ordered Captain Beall (the left company) to deploy his company to the left and head them off. He seemed to have determined to offset the disparity of numbers by a bold dash that would create a panic in the enemy's ranks, and roared out, 'Sling—carbine!' then immediately, 'Draw—saber!' and we knew the old man was going to try a saber charge on them.

"I noticed with some surprise that when the command 'Draw—saber' was given (which I then thought was a serious mistake in the colonel) and our 300 bright blades flashed out of their scabbards, the Cheyennes, who were coming on at a lope, checked up. The sight of so much cold steel seemed to cool their ardor. The party that had started to cross the river after passing our right also hesitated, and Captain Beall, with his company deployed to the left, easily turned back those that were turning our left flank. I then said to myself, 'I guess "Old Bull" knows what he is doing, after all; he knows the Indians will not stand a saber charge.' And so it proved.

"AT THEIR first checking of speed, a fine-looking warrior mounted on a spirited horse, probably their chief, dashed up and down in front of their line, with the tail of his war-bonnet flowing behind, brandishing his lance, shouting to his warriors, and gesticulating wildly, evidently urging his men to stand their ground, when he saw symptoms of a panic among them. Many of us found time to admire his superb horsemanship, for he presented a splendid sight as he wheeled his horse, charging back and forth, twirling the long lance over his head now and then.

"The Indians had almost ceased their yelling, had slowed down almost to a walk and were wavering. We had kept a steady trot, but now came the command in the well-known roar of 'Old Bull,' 'Gallop—March!' and then immediately 'Charge!' and with a wild yell we brought our sabers to a 'tierce point' and dashed at them.

"All their chief's fiery pleading could not hold them then, for every Redskin seemed suddenly to remember that he had urgent business in the other direction, but as they wheeled to run they sent a shower of arrows toward us, by way of a 'parting shot' as it were. Few of the missiles, however, took effect. They scattered as they ran, some going to the north, some east, but by far the greater number struck across the river and went south; and these, as we afterwards discovered, were heading for their village, which was about fifteen miles south of the Solomon, on the next creek.

"Our men, of course, became much scattered in following them, fighting occasionally, when a party of the Indians could be overtaken and brought to bay, but their horses were fresh and well-rested, while ours were jaded. It was a running fight, mostly a chase, for about seven miles, when the colonel had 'recall' sounded, calling us back to the Solomon where the fight began. Our pack-mules had been ordered halted there when the charge was made to await the result.

"It was estimated that about thirty Cheyennes were killed, though they were scattered over the country so far and wide that it was almost impossible to count the dead correctly. If it had not been for the fact that a number of their horses had stuck in the quicksands while crossing the river, we would have got but few of them. Some ten or twelve Indians who had been compelled to abandon their mired horses in the river, and who had reached the further side afoot, were soon overtaken and killed on the slope of the hill after crossing. They fought like devils as long as there was breath in them, never seeming to entertain the idea of surrendering, for they generally believed that if taken alive they would be tortured to death the same as they would have served us if taken prisoner by them. It was here on the slope of the hill, after crossing the river, that most of their casualties occurred. Quite a number of the dismounted Indians escaped by being taken up behind others of their comrades who had got through with their horses, but many of these were overtaken on account of the double load.

"Besides the dread of torture, Indians consider it a great disgrace to surrender while yet able to fight. As a rare instance of disregard of this rule, one strapping big Cheyenne, who had lost his horse, but was not wounded at all, surrendered to a party of our men, without offering any resistance, seeing that there was no chance of escape.

"When I got back to the Solomon River, after the 'recall' had been sounded, I found the colonel establishing camp on the south bank, about opposite the ground where we made the charge. The three companions of the Sixth Infantry and Lieutenant Bayard's battery were

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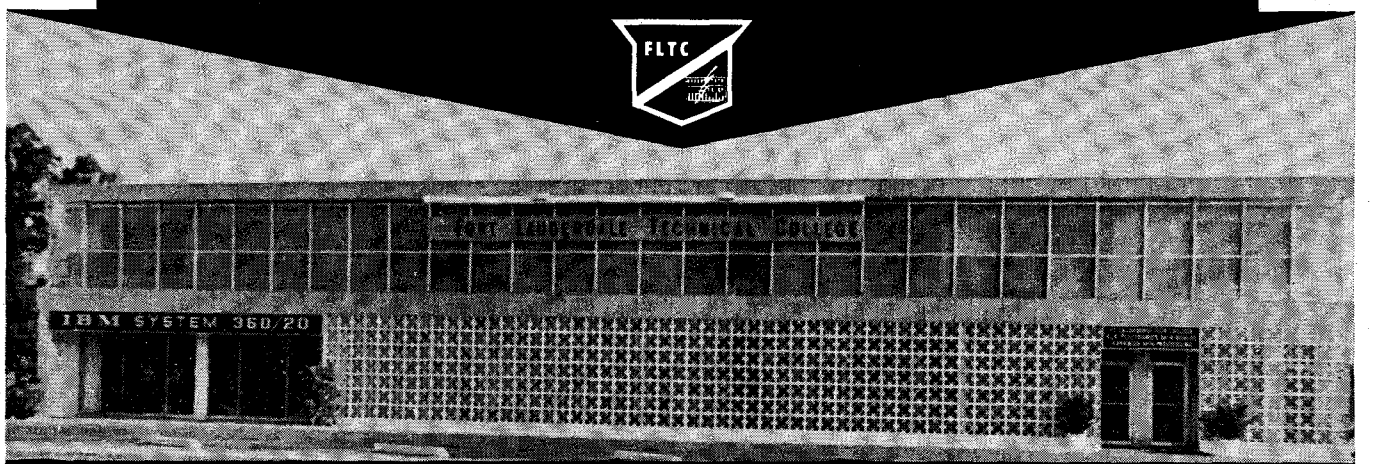

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just crossing the river, coming into camp, all cursing their luck at being left behind. The hospital tent-fly had been hastily put up to shelter the wounded from the hot sun, and I went there immediately after finding my company's camp and unsaddling and picketing out my horse, anxious to learn who had been killed or wounded. At the corner of the hospital tent my attention was first drawn to two still forms, side by side, covered by a saddle-blanket, and on turning back the blanket I was shocked to meet the dead face of an intimate comrade, Private George Cade, of G Company, and alongside of him Private Lynch, of A Company. A small hole in Cade's breast, over the heart, showed where a Cheyenne's arrow had gone through him, which must have killed him instantly.

"Lynch had been shot several times with arrows and twice with his own pistol, and a cut around the edge of his hair, with the edge of the scalp turned back, showed that the Indians had also attempted to scalp him. He had been detailed to lead his company's pack-mules for the day, and was so occupied just before we came into line to make the charge. Seeing his first sergeant passing near, Lynch called to him to ask if he couldn't send another man to relieve him, as he wanted to go into the fight. The sergeant replied: 'No time for any change now, Lynch; you'll have to stay and hold the mules,' and then rode on to join his company. Just then the charge was ordered. Lynch was heard to exclaim, indignantly: 'Hold hell in a fight! Does he suppose I've come all this way out in the wilderness to hold pack-mules when there's a fight going on?' And with that he dropped his leading strap, drew his saber, and charged with his company. After crossing the river, Lynch's horse—a fiery, hard-mouthed thing—took the bit in his teeth and ran away with him, outrunning his company, overtaking a party of the Indians who shot him with arrows until he fell off his horse; then, halting and dismounting quickly, they drew Lynch's pistol out of its scabbard, shot him twice with it, and one Cheyenne had boldly begun scalping him when our men overtook them and killed several near where he lay. His revolver was found in the hand of one of the dead Indians, but his horse had continued running with the fleeing Cheyennes, and we never saw it again.

"Cade and Lynch were all the killed, but under the tent-fly were twelve wounded. Among the number, First Lieutenant James Ewell Brown Stuart had received a pistol ball in the shoulder from an unhorsed Cheyenne whose life Stuart was trying to save; it is possible that the Indian had misunderstood his intentions. . . .

"IT WAS estimated that there were about 900 or 1,000 of the Cheyenne warriors. If Colonel Sumner had known that we were almost in sight of their village when he gave up the pursuit, it is probable that he would have gathered his men and followed them right on, but we did not discover that their camp was so near in time to take advantage of the opportunity to inflict further punishment on them. The fact was we were all pretty well tuckered out, as were our horses, also; and probably our Delaware scouts were in a similar condition, and, on that account, had failed to penetrate the country far enough in advance to detect the Cheyenne village.

"Old Fall Leaf and his Delawares went into the fight with us, and did good service, but the cowardly Pawnees, that Colonel Sumner had brought with him from Fort Kearney, only followed in our wake, scalping the dead Cheyennes, and gathering up their abandoned ponies, of which they had collected about sixty head, which the colonel agreed to let them keep as part pay for their services.

"As I have before mentioned, some of our men had taken one Cheyenne prisoner. On hearing of this, after the fight, the Pawnees went in a body to Sumner's headquarters and tried to buy the prisoner off him, in order to have a grand scalp-dance over him, and put him to death by torture, offering to surrender to the colonel the sixty captured ponies, and also to forfeit the money that was to be paid them on their return to Fort Kearney, if he would only give them that Cheyenne, and they seemed fairly wild with a fiendish desire to get him into their possession. Of course, the old man would not listen to any such a barbarous proposition, and promptly ordered them back to their own camp, on the outskirts of ours. They went away, very angry at his refusal. The 'Old Bull' was so disgusted with the conduct of the skulking

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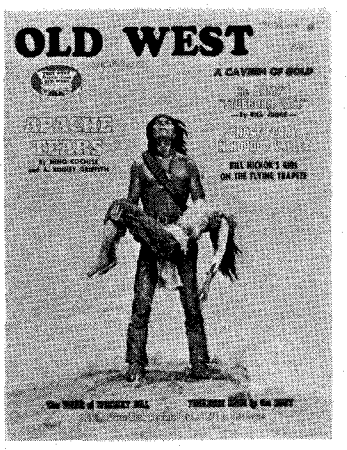

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Pawnees this day that he immediately discharged them, and they started next morning back to their village, near Fort Kearney.

"I have an unpleasant remembrance of our experience for the next twenty-three days after the battle; of long and exhaustive marches in the driest part of the season, and almost at the point of starvation. Our miserable pittance of three-fourths of a pound of fresh beef to the man, of the poorest quality, issued each afternoon after camping (and in a day or so after the fight we hadn't a bit of anything else in the way of food, not even a grain of salt), was sometimes eked out by using the meat of a horse or mule that chanced to give out and would be shot to prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy.

"We found frequently along the trail freshly made graves, showing that a number of the Cheyenne had succumbed from their wounds after the fight. It soon became evident that there was little prospect of our catching them again, for the trail showed that several parties had split off from the main body since leaving their village; and by the time we reached the Arkansas River the band we were following was small, and well in the lead of us."

While elements of Sumner's command headed either for Fort Kearny or Fort Leavenworth, other horse regiments secured the peace in remote regions of the American West during the years immediately prior to the Civil War. The horse cavalry lived for just 110 years. It fought our battles; then progress, in the form of the tank, airplane, and new weapons, passed it by. The job of the cavalry was done. The long ride to glory was ended.

The Bitter Trip Back

(Continued from page 23)

on July 15, 1833. Here were gathered numberless Indians and about 300 whites, among them Captain Bonneville and Milton Sublette. For the first time since leaving Boston, Wyeth received letters from home.

The Rendezvous was the high point of the year for the trappers and mountain men. With utter contempt for distance, they brought their furs to meet representatives of fur-trading companies who had brought trade goods. Here was a noisy confusion of cracking rifles, fights and drunkenness, of fur traders and their employees, mountain men, trappers, French *voyaguers*, Mexicans and Indians of several tribes. With whiskey at three dollars per pint, gunpowder at six, tobacco at five dollars per pound and fancy articles at fancy prices, the trappers not only squandered a year's profits in a few days but many of them left heavily in debt to the fur companies.

Leaving the Rendezvous, Wyeth arrived at the Big Horn River and he and his party spent August 12, 13 and 14 constructing a "bull boat" of buffalo hides stretched over a willow frame. It was about eighteen feet long, five feet wide and drew eighteen inches of water, which proved to be too much. As Wyeth wrote, "The boat should have been flatter as the upper reaches of the Bighorn had many shallows and sand bars."

MOUNTAIN MAN Milton Sublette, who was establishing posts for the American Fur Company, elected to travel with Wyeth. Also in the small crew were three half-breeds and one Nez Percé lad. One of the half-breeds, Baptiste, was the son of a Hudson's Bay trader and was traveling with Wyeth to see the world and complete his education. The Nez Percé had been with Wyeth for the entire trip.

They proceeded down the river at a rate of about six miles per hour, frequently running aground in the shallow water. The buffalo skin boat withstood an amazing amount of bumps and abuse but, since it was caulked only with grease and ashes, it had to be hauled ashore frequently, dried out, and recaulked. The party was greatly annoyed by mosquitoes, too, which, Wyeth says, affected him almost as much as a rattlesnake bite.

In Crow country, they were somewhat apprehensive because of the small size of their party. These Indians, who were an unpredictable, wandering nation of hunters and warriors, often split into vagabond bands and could not be trusted to always be friendly.

When Wyeth and his companions saw their first group of Crow Indians on shore, the white men tried to float by but several of the Indians entered the river and swam toward their boat, forcing them to land. In fact, landings were made six times in one day, but the Indians accepted gifts and gave them no trouble. On August 17, Wyeth's party arrived at Ft. Cass of the American Fur Company and there traded what furs they had collected. Wyeth mentions the inhospitality of a Mr. Tullock, who was in charge of the fort.

During the next several days they made from five to six miles per hour, some days going hungry and other days feasting on catfish, duck and deer. Their watersoaked boat was beginning to rot and required frequent drying and recaulking.

On August 24 they arrived at the mouth of the Missouri River and ascended it about five miles to the American Fur Company's Fort Union. They were received "with all possible hospitality and politeness by Mr. McKensie." At Fort Union, Wyeth was shown a powder flask by a Mr. Patton, which he had traded from the Blackfeet. From inscriptions carved on it, Wyeth recognized it as one which had belonged to a member of his party killed by the Blackfeet at Jackson Hole the year before.

WET, shivering a great deal of the time because of rains and storms, missing many meals and nearly overcome with fatigue, the small crew paddled down the Missouri, often traveling at night to make up lost time. One night they sighted what they assumed to be a hostile Arickaree village on the banks of the river. Fearing for their lives, they headed for shore and hid in a thicket until nightfall. Luckily there

(Continued on page 64)

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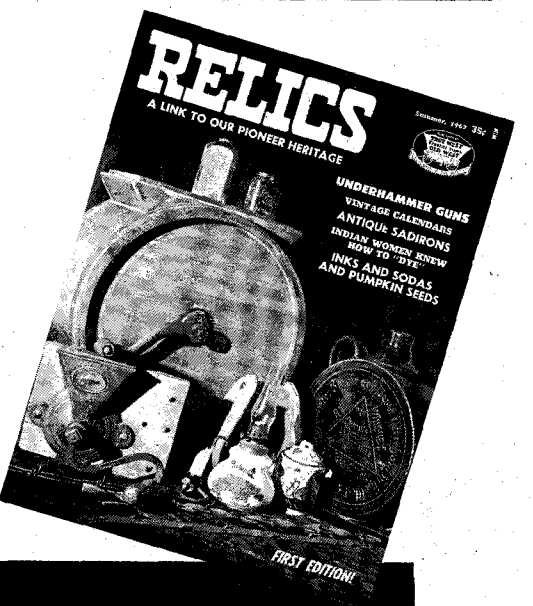

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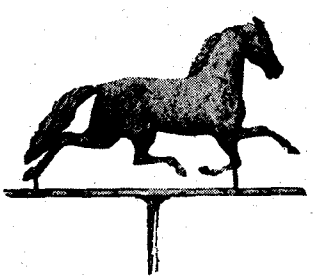

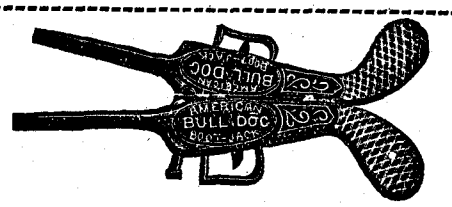

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was no moon.

As they floated in darkness by the village, which occupied both sides of the river, the boat grounded. After many uneasy moments, Wyeth and his companions got the craft free and passed the village undetected.

Cantonment Leavenworth was reached on September 27 and Lieutenant Richardson, officer of the day, welcomed them. Wyeth took Baptiste and the Nez Percé to the fort's doctor to be vaccinated against smallpox.

". . . As we went from the boat toward the Barracks, the boys followed me until I was hailed by the sentry. At view of one so strangely attired and with a knife on the end of his gun he (Baptiste) broke like a quarter nag, and the Indian was only prevented from taking the run also on being assured that he would not be harmed."

The doctor's wife and another lady happened to be in the doctor's quarters. The eyes of the boys remained riveted on them the whole time. On returning to the boat they told the other Indians about the beautiful squaws,—"Oh so pretty."

At Leavenworth the bullboat was abandoned. Wyeth proceeded to St. Louis aboard one of the fort's supply boats and from there traveled east by conventional means, arriving in Massachusetts the first part of November, 1833. One of the first men he met on arriving was Captain Lambert of the supply ship *Sultana*; only then did he learn of her foundering on an unknown reef off the coast of South America. Wyeth had wasted all winter at Vancouver, waiting for her coming.

Although his venture in Oregon was not successful, Wyeth—perhaps more than any other American of his day—stimulated interest in the raw country on America's perimeter. Partly through his efforts, the United States Government insisted on the acquisition of Oregon Territory in 1846, two years before the discovery which incited thousands of goldseekers and pioneers to push westward.

The "great sea of life" on which he floated, the wilderness and hardship with which he fought, soon were to become a permanent and flourishing land. The debt it owes to Nathaniel Wyeth may never be fully recognized. Despite his commercial failure and the long, hazardous trip which followed it, Wyeth retained his belief in Oregon Territory and his confidence that the West would someday become an integral part of our great land.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 4)

just outside of Vancouver, Washington.

Father was going down to catch a bus to Gresham, Oregon, when he was struck by a car. He was very badly banged up but lived for about six weeks, even regaining consciousness a few times.—John J. Jones, P. O. Box 726, Cascadia, Oregon.

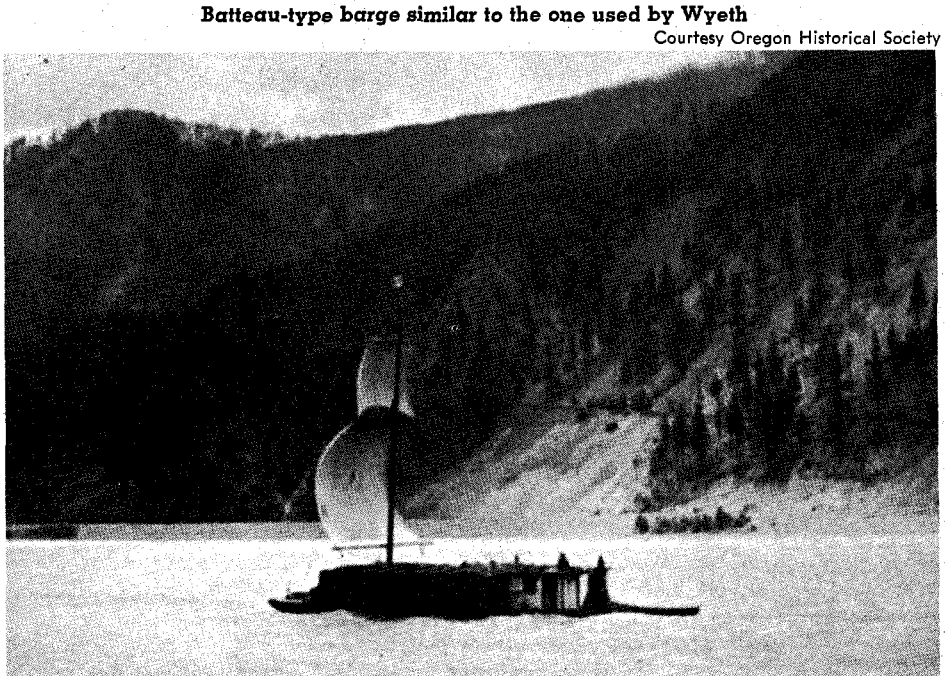
Edgar McMechen

Dear Pat:

The Jordan Bean story I re-read in an old August 1965 issue of TRUE WEST was right good. The explanatory note heading the article stated that the original publication was edited by Edgar C. McMechen. I knew Ed quite well. At the time of his death he was curator of the Denver Museum. Before he died he requested that his remains be cremated, and the ashes deposited on a certain mountain. His wife Marie, Fletcher Birney, Chester and Jennett Letts, Fred Mazzula, a hardrock miner and I took the ashes to the mountain and cemented the bronze container in a break of a huge rock high on the mountainside. Since then Marie McMechen has passed away, too, but the rest of us are still living.—Walter Gann, 31662 Scenic Drive, South Laguna, California.

Batteau-type barge similar to the one used by Wyeth

Courtesy Oregon Historical Society



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Early Cattle Ranching in Colorado

Dear Sirs:

My ancestors moved from Fayetteville, Arkansas, to Cherry Creek, Colorado, in 1858. Their gentle Durham cattle wouldn't ford the turbulent Arkansas River until a cattleman from Texas arrived and sold them a few Longhorns which took to the water immediately and led the Durhams across.

Due to Indian raids, the Steeles moved to a site a few miles north of Pueblo where they established the first cattle ranch on the Fountain River. It was owned by my family until 1908 and was then quite a large concern.

A number of streams and landmarks in Colorado are named after the Steele family, including the Steele Fork of the Big Sandy, Steele Hollow which empties into the Fountain at the old ranch site, and Steele Gulch west of Wetmore, where Jeff Steele had a summer ranch and mining property.—George Ted Steele, Box 465, Montrose, Colorado.

Free Homesteader

Dear Editor and Staff:

One of my great-grandfathers was a free homesteader in the mountains of Arkansas. Everything he had, he got it free—his timber and his land, his house of rocks, logs and boards, his fence made of post, slats, rails or rock. His bed of feathers, soft and fine, was from fowls of many kinds. He tanned some hides, or spun some wool to make his clothes. His dyes of many colors were made from various kinds of barks and plants. For his water, lights and fuel, there were no bills to pay—it, too, was all free. He got his meat—a dozen kinds or more—in the woods. Free from license, he could catch many fish. He knew where berries, nuts and fruit, free to all who cared to eat, grew. Honey he found in trees. His tea was made from leaves and roots. His medicine—hair tonic too—he made from vines and herbs. His soap—it was the best—made of fats and lye from ashes. He died a free man. His casket was made by friends. His grave was free and freely dug, now his soul is free in Heaven above.—Mrs. A. M. Evans, 834 Sams Drive, San Antonio, Texas 73221.

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Dear Sir:

It's very important that I get in touch with any old-timers who remember Keokuk Falls, Oklahoma, around 1910! Now Keokuk Falls is just a ghost town but she was once one of the rip-roaringest border settlements in the Seminole Nation.—Danny Cauthron, P. O. Box 408, Seminole, Oklahoma.

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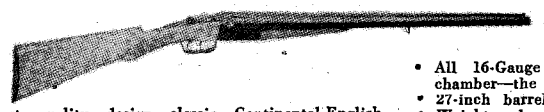

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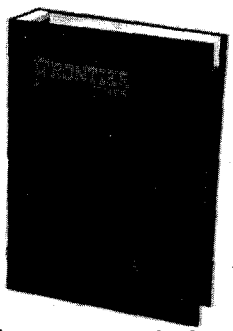

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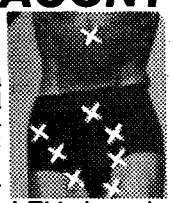

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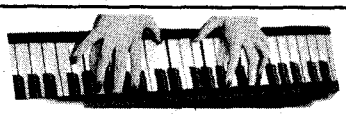

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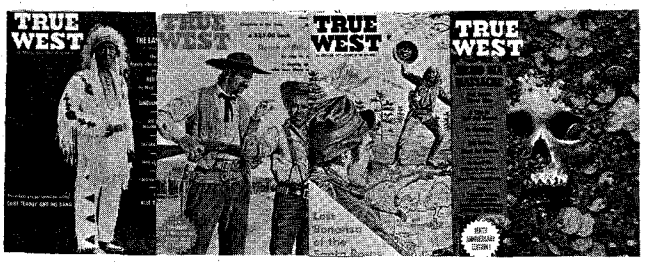

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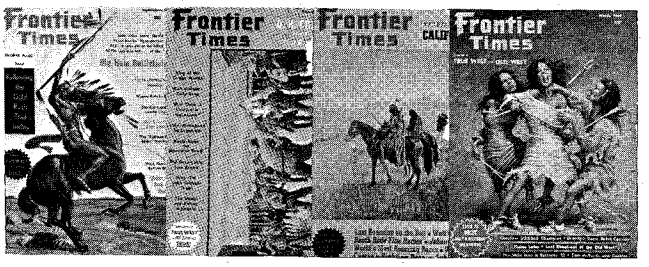

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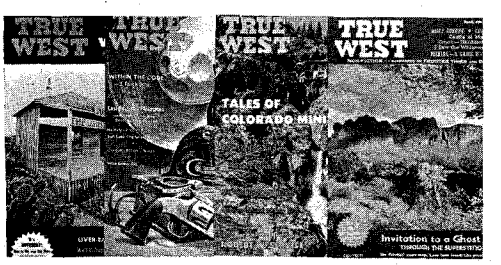

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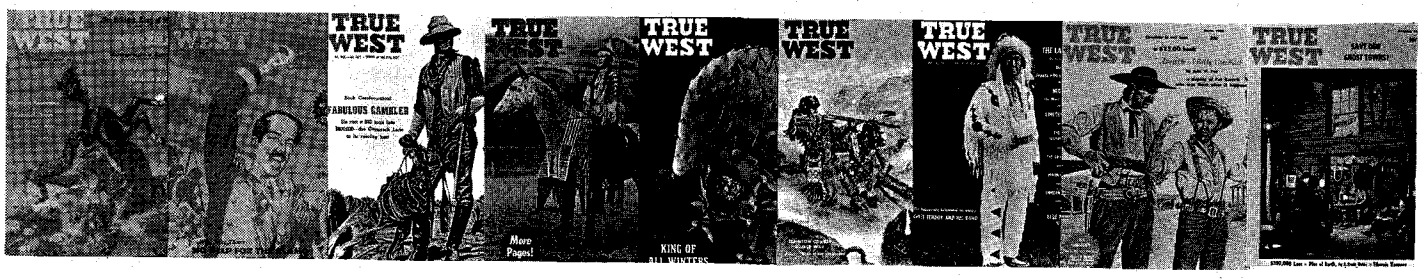

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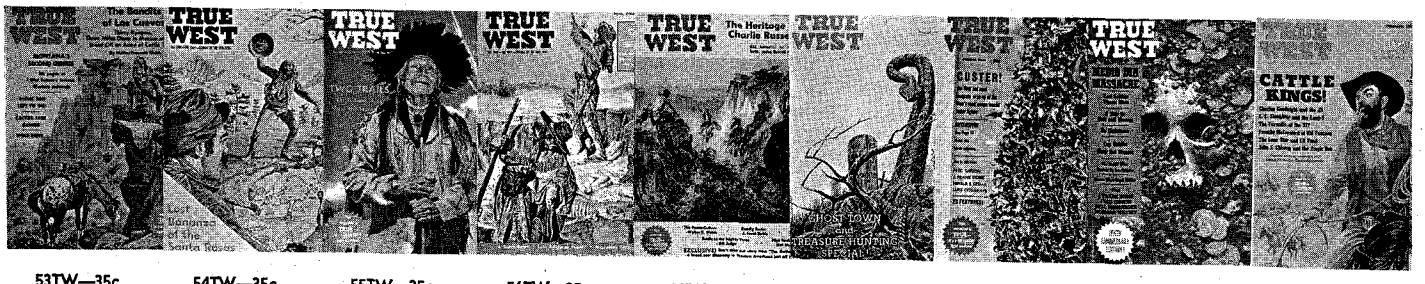

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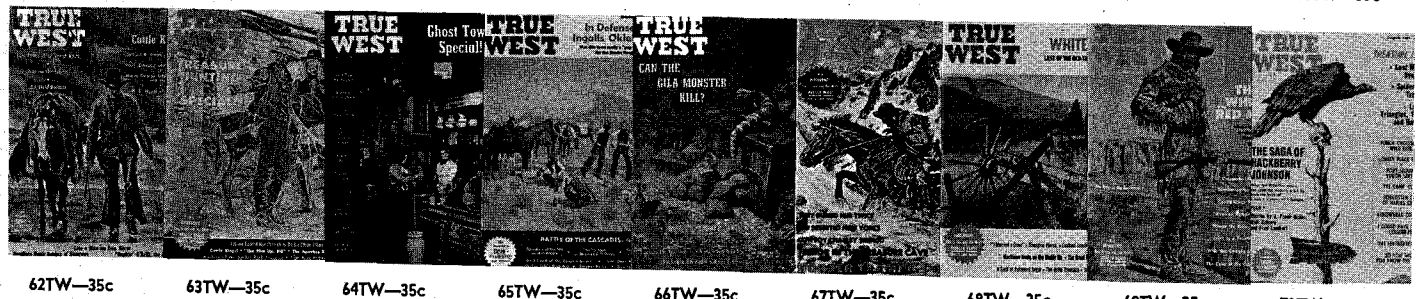

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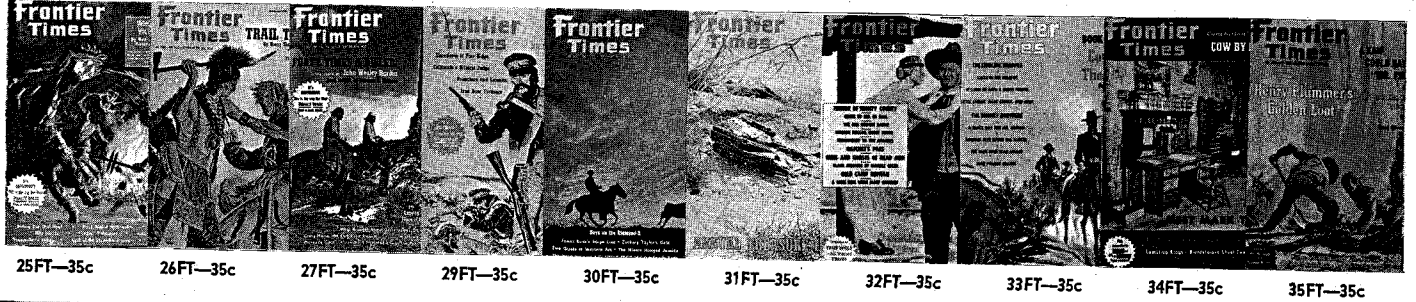

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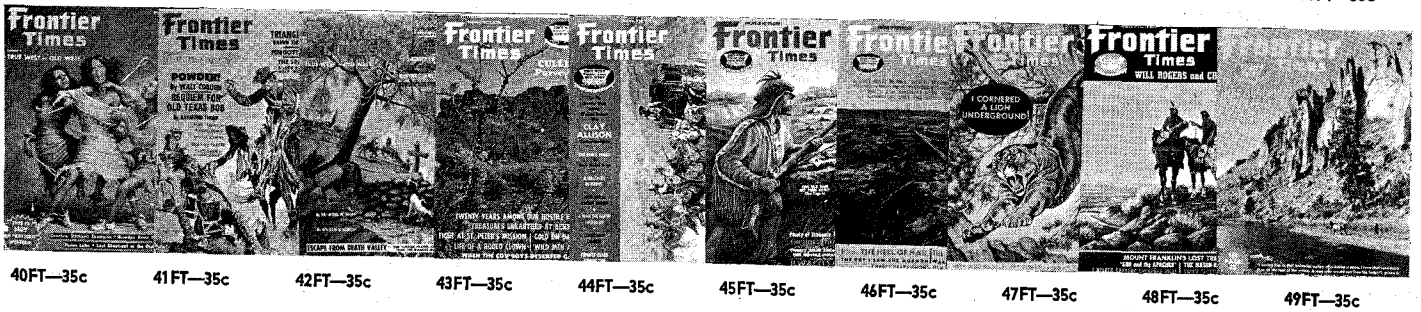

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N. C. Wyeth

(Continued from page 21)

paintings are masterpieces and go to make up a portfolio which ranks high on collectors' lists.

Wyeth's skill in this assignment was a tribute to his great teacher and a testimonial to his own superb craftsmanship. In executing these illustrations, he resorted to no gimmicks, no technical shortcuts nor flashy flourishes. Realism, stark truthfulness, soundness throughout—these were the hallmarks Wyeth stamped upon his canvases.

He was much more than a pictorial recorder; he was one of those gifted individuals whose paintings radiated the very substance and texture of things, the actual shouts and smells. His gunsmoke isn't simply blue-gray paint on canvas—it has the effect of actual, pungent wisps of burnt powder smoke. His dust isn't just earthy pigment; it's almost as if real alkaline dust has adhered to the canvas.

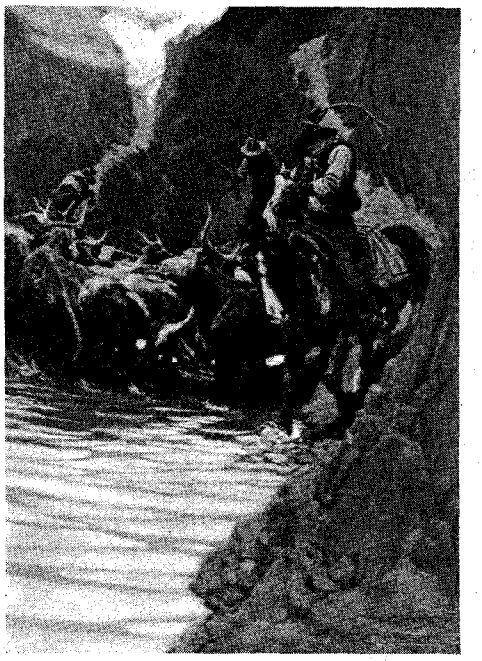
A superb colorist, Wyeth's tones are always rich in dusty tans, muted greens and warm shades of sandy ochre—real "western" colors. There's a swarthiness about his cattlemen reflecting long exposure to the elements.

We know the wrangler was partial to vivid neckerchiefs and jackets. Wyeth's treatment of these fabrics does not depict the newness of recent purchase, but rather the well-faded, soiled tonal values of long, hard use. The excellence of his brush work extends even to the "smell" of leather and animals—and his parched, gnarled mesquite exudes a determination completely its own. This "texturing" is what makes an illustrator a painter. Winslow Homer had it. So did Remington.

SPEAKING of texturing, illustrator Steven Kidd once spent an afternoon with Wyeth at his Chadds Ford studio viewing the paintings, chatting about the Howard Pyle tradition and American illustration in general. Presently, Wyeth walked over to a rack and brought out a still life he had done—a painting of a large green bottle. The canvas looked as though someone had taken a cloth and given the painting a couple of swipes to clean the surface but hadn't really done a decent job of it.

Wyeth set the painting up before his guest. Kidd, in order to acquire fuller appreciation of the painting technique, pulled out his handkerchief and made a pass at the canvas to complete the wiping job. He was flabbergasted to discover that Wyeth had *painted* the dust on the bottle, as well as the streaks of the "dusted clean" area! Here was texturing equal to the finest accomplishments of the Dutch Masters!

N. C. Wyeth was dedicated to do all he possibly could to advance the quality of American illustration. How well he succeeded, aside from his own work, can be appreciated when one scans the record of his immediate family. Readers of TRUE WEST need no introduction to the internationally famous Peter Hurd, New Mexico painter, muralist, illustrator and lithographer—a man who has



"Rounding Up" was painted by twenty-two-year-old Wyeth near Little Rattlesnake Creek, Colorado, in 1904.

attained the summit as a portrayer of the western scene. N. C. Wyeth's son Andrew enjoys a distinction unique in the history of American art . . . the recent sale of one of his paintings for $70,000 is the highest recorded by a living American painter! And there is Wyeth's daughter, Henrietta (Mrs. Peter Hurd), a portraitist of international prominence. And Mr. John McCoy, a watercolorist of note, the husband of Ann Wyeth, another of N. C. Wyeth's daughters. This all amounts to an artistic dynasty with N. C. Wyeth's influence as the fountainhead. The Chadds Ford clan is a phenomenon in American art.

In 1945 Wyeth died, a highway accident victim, near his home and studio at Chadds Ford. He was sixty-three. In later years he had strayed somewhat from pure illustration and had become engaged in endeavors which delved more into the methods of the great masters of earlier centuries. Doubtlessly, these later works will stand the test of time—Wyeth's integrity as an artist assures it—but I cannot help feeling that his "westerns" will fare more gloriously.

Why? Because in paint as well as in spirit, N. C. Wyeth was an adventurer—descended from a long line of adventurers. When he painted a western, he really felt and lived the role. He stood tall beside those men—those western men in action!

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 49)

married an old-time hereford breeder, Elmer Hester. His other daughter Nellie married a regular hereford breeder, Hector Peadalue. There are lots of Vint's descendants still living here in Chase County, Nebraska. We would like to know about other Kimberlings.—Vinta Kimberling Phillips, Old West Cafe, Champion, Nebraska 69023.

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John Wiley Woolever

I am in need of information on a John Wiley Woolever, born in 1862 in Little Rock, Arkansas. He had two brothers, Doug and Andrew. We believe his father's name was "Abe" Woolever, his mother Mary Elizabeth (maiden name unknown). She later married a man named Ezell.

John Wiley's first marriage was to a Martha McLain. His second wife was Georgia Ann (Annie) Johnson. The Woolevers, as far as I know, spent most of their life in Indian Territory after leaving Arkansas. John was a farmer but at one time he taught school and was an expert at playing the old-time fiddle.

I did find where John had secured a permit to work for a Choctaw by the name of Billy King in Indian Territory in 1889. Anyone who can supply any information could make my search much easier.—Mrs. M. L. Parsons, 11910 Ranchito Street, El Monte, California 91732.

Filey Goodpasture

Reference TRUE WEST, June, 1967, "A Cowboy's Funeral": I cannot fit Filey Goodpasture into the family history. Perhaps your readers can help me by giving any information they have on his parentage, children if any, other family relationships and place and date of passing.—Robert A. Goodpasture, 1185 Lerwick Court, Sunnyvale, California 94087.

Wild Old Days!

(Continued from page 41)

after Johnson had buried the money, the Mexican told him he wanted to quit. He had not said anything about wanting to quit before, and gave no reason for wanting to now, except that he wanted to go to Mexico.

So Johnson paid him off, and he lit out afoot through the woods, for there was no road from the ranch towards Mexico. That afternoon, several hours after the Mexican had left, Johnson rode out as usual and passed by where he had buried the money, and the money was gone. He said he knew right then why the Mexican wanted to quit. He had stolen the money.

He started after the Mexican, galloping in the direction in which he had last seen him, with the full determination to kill him if he didn't have the money with him, or if he wouldn't tell what he did with it.

Fortunately for both of them, Johnson never caught the Mexican. The next day he rode out by where he had buried the money, and about fifty feet from where he had placed it, he found every dollar. A hungry coyote had evidently smelled the buckskin pouch, dug it up and eaten the pouch, but left the money scattered on a patch of clear ground where every dollar of it could be seen at a glance. This case shows how circumstantial evidence came near leading to the death of an innocent man.

EVERYBODY'S IN THE ACT BUT US CHICKENS!

By Gerald Johnson

IN the settling of the West, both the egg and the hen played a very important part, but get little or no credit.

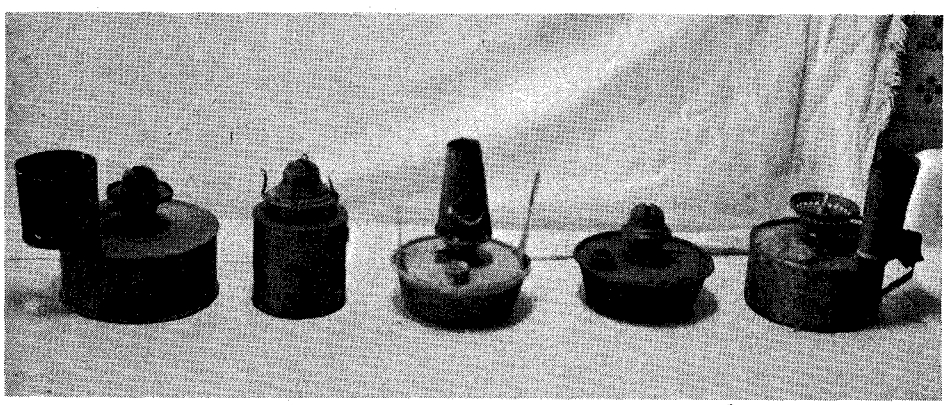
How would those picnics have gotten so much glory had it not been for the many fried-chicken baskets? Many of the immigrants had their crates of chickens, ducks, turkeys and geese tied under their wagons. When the homestead was selected, a pen was built for these fowls. In many cases, wild animals so depleted the birds it was necessary to bring them inside at night.

Many pictures have been made of early settlers driving their cattle to market or someone herding the animals to prevent thieves from driving them away, but somehow the chicken has failed to play much of a part in history.

Could a picture of a settler be painted without showing the family wagon or buggy going to town for supplies with a basket of eggs or a crate of chickens to trade? In many cases, there was no material to make a crate for the chickens so they were tied in a gunny sack. Sometimes a hole was cut for the heads to come through so the birds wouldn't smother. The basket for the eggs might have been the milk bucket or a ten-pound lard pail, or in some cases the family sewing basket.

When the homesteader first settled his claim, the old hen hatched her few chicks and guarded them very faithfully from the coming rainstorm or from the hovering hawks that were forever present in the West. Too, the hen did her part in giving the alarm when a

(Continued on page 72)



Courtesy Gerald Johnson

Brooder lamps. The lamp on the left is of tin while the one on the right is all copper. It's side tank is stamped "rain water."

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(MISCELLANEOUS continued on next page)

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Wild Old Days

(Continued on page 69)

skunk or coyote came around.

As the demand grew—both for the egg and the supply of fried chicken—the incubator and the brooder appeared on the scene. The first incubator I ever saw was a tub, with a lamp for heat. This worked very nicely for about fifty eggs. Then a manufacturing company took the family washtub and converted it into something where the heat could be regulated. From this came many versions or types, some large enough for several hundred eggs and some for only fifty or more.

While I was just a small lad, my father, Walter Johnson, of Coyle, Oklahoma, felt that poultry, for a ready cash income, would fit very nicely into his cattle venture. Several large incubators were purchased. These were the type which used a lamp for heat. The fuel was coal oil (or kerosene to most). As these lamps were small, it was necessary to fill the tank or fount twice a day, the first thing in the morning and the last thing before retiring at night. This was my job.

Most of these tanks were about six inches round at the bottom then flared out to about ten inches at the top and were four to six inches in depth. A common lamp burner was screwed to the middle and at one side of the top was a small opening where the oil was poured in. In the more expensive models this opening had a screw cap, but the cheaper ones had a cork stopper. Above the burner was a flue or heat spreader, made of tin or copper. This was usually eight inches in height and would fit the burner at the bottom and flare down to two inches at the top, making a funnel-shaped chimney or heat spreader.

At one side of this chimney would be an opening of about two inches to give light so the operator could see whether or not the lamp was burning without removing the tank or fount. This opening would be covered with isinglass.

In many cases the tank or fount would be made of copper. The cheaper ones were of tin and would rust out in a few years as most all tanks used to store fuel would contain some water. A fifty-five gallon barrel would be stored outside in the weather. The changing temperature would cause moisture to form, and some of this would be picked up in filling the founts. I mention this water as it was necessary to regulate the wick of the burner each time the fount was filled. Water would cause the wick to char and not siphon the oil from the fount properly as the flame burned. This char had to be removed and the wick regulated. Should the storage barrel have ever contained motor oil, then the operator was in just as much trouble as if it had contained water. The oil would cause the flame to smoke.

Most incubators had a chimney designed to take care of the smoke, and on top of this was a small automatic regulator. At a certain heat, this would rise and lower. A small weight was attached at the end of a rod so it could be screwed to a heavier or lighter weight as necessary.

THE metal tank or fount would have a certain size burner, one that could be purchased at any store which handled hardware. A regular lamp, glass flue or chimney could also be used except the small set screw at the side could not be screwed down on a glass flue. In many homes this lamp was the only one the family owned. On each side of the fount were two hooks so the fount could be

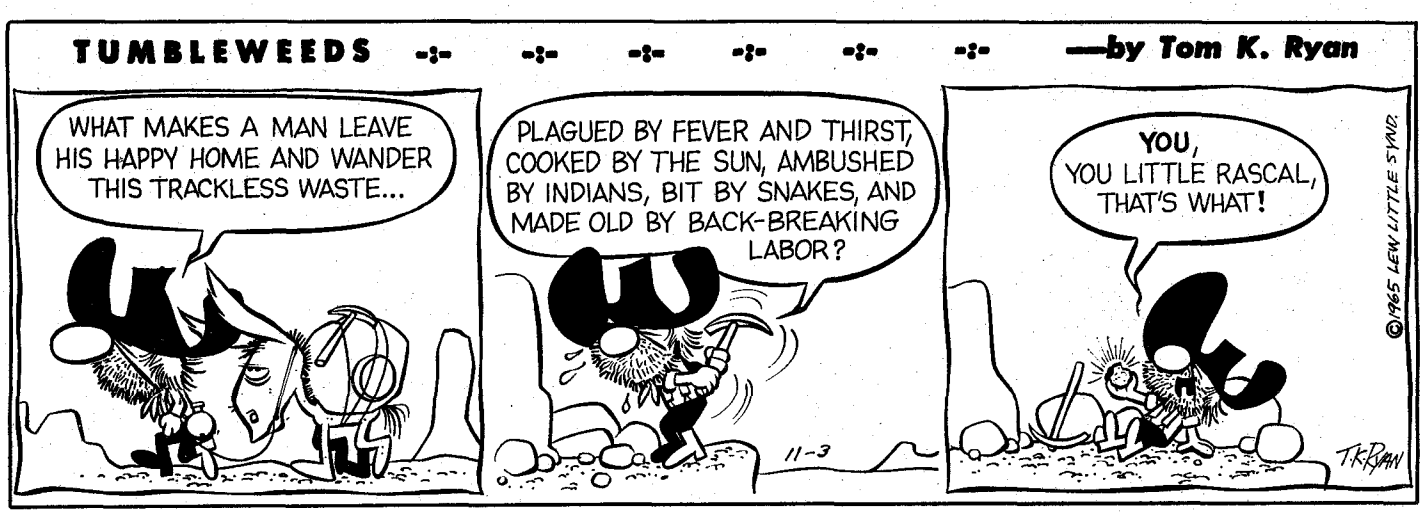
Incubator made in 1917

easily removed from the incubator for filling and regulating. These hooks were soldered to the fount or tank and were not removed when used as a lamp.

I have seen this lamp used as a parlor lamp by making a small ring, usually just a wee bit smaller than the top of the fount. Hooks were placed over this ring and a chain was hung to the ceiling of the room. Some manufacturing company soon developed a spring device which would pull the lamp up when released. I have one of these in my collection today.

This lowly little lamp has been called every name in the book. (I cannot put the name of it here that I used when having to fill the thing!) When visiting my old home, five miles west of Coyle, I made a visit to a junk heap and dug up a perfect specimen of what was called a Game Lamp. Its type hung from the rafters of most any saloon and the ceiling of most any parlor.

This same lamp was not only the mother to our chickens but a light for our storm cellar; for it was in the cellar that the incubator was kept because the heat was easier to regulate here. I can't really say that chickens won the West, but they did feather it over a bit and made the going a little easier.



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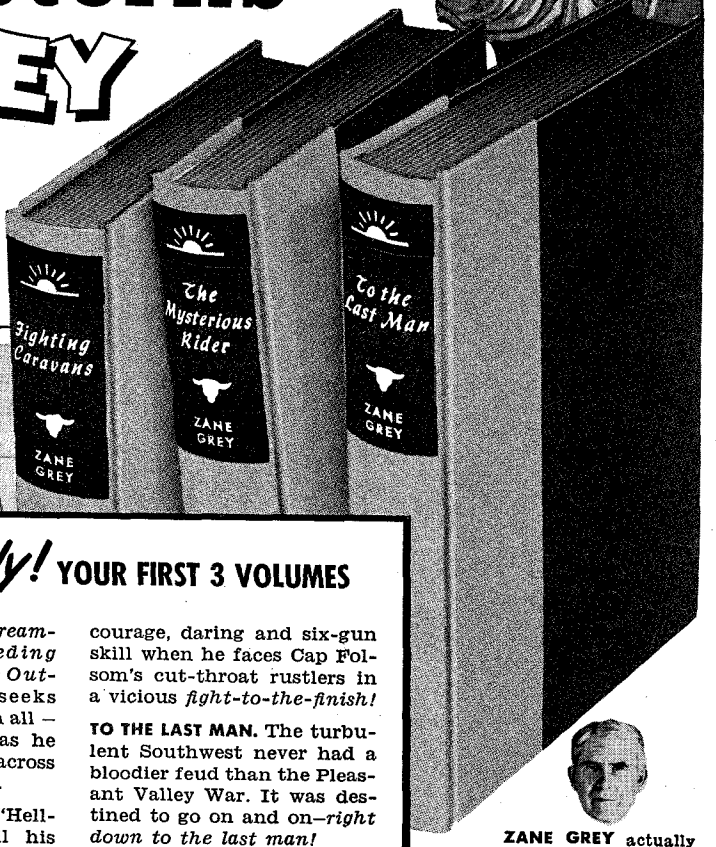

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